FROM THE PAGES OF HELLBOY

RASPUTIN™

THE VOICE OF THE DRAGON

MIKE
MIGNOLA

CHRIS
ROBERSON

CHRISTOPHER
MITTEN

DAVE
STEWART

RASPUTIN

THE VOICE OF THE DRAGON

Created by **MIKE MIGNOLA**

M
2016

RASPUTIN™
THE VOICE OF THE DRAGON

Story by
MIKE MIGNOLA AND CHRIS ROBERSON

Art by
CHRISTOPHER MITTEN

Colors by
DAVE STEWART

Letters by
CLEM ROBINS

Cover by
MIKE MIGNOLA WITH DAVE STEWART

Chapter break art by
MIKE HUDDLESTON

President and Publisher **MIKE RICHARDSON**

Editor **KATII O'BRIEN**

Consulting Editor **SCOTT ALLIE**

Collection Designer **ETHAN KIMBERLING**

Digital Art Technician **CHRISTINA McKENZIE**

DARK HORSE BOOKS

NEIL HANKERSON EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT **TOM WEDDLE** CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER **RANDY STRADLEY** VICE PRESIDENT OF PUBLISHING **NICK McWHORTER** CHIEF BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT OFFICER **MATT PARKINSON** VICE PRESIDENT OF MARKETING **DALE LaFOUNTAIN** VICE PRESIDENT OF INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY **CARA NIECE** VICE PRESIDENT OF PRODUCTION AND SCHEDULING **MARK BERNARDI** VICE PRESIDENT OF BOOK TRADE AND DIGITAL SALES **KEN LIZZI** GENERAL COUNSEL **DAVE MARSHALL** EDITOR IN CHIEF **DAVEY ESTRADA** EDITORIAL DIRECTOR **CHRIS WARNER** SENIOR BOOKS EDITOR **CARY GRAZZINI** DIRECTOR OF SPECIALTY PROJECTS **LIA RIBACCHI** ART DIRECTOR **VANESSA TODD-HOLMES** DIRECTOR OF PRINT PURCHASING **MATT DRYER** DIRECTOR OF DIGITAL ART AND PREPRESS **MICHAEL GOMBOS** DIRECTOR OF INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING AND LICENSING **KARI YADRO** DIRECTOR OF CUSTOM PROGRAMS

Published by Dark Horse Books
A division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

Comic Shop Locator Service Comicshoplocator.com

DarkHorse.com

First print edition: July 2018
Digital ISBN 978-1-63008-987-0

RASPUTIN: THE VOICE OF THE DRAGON

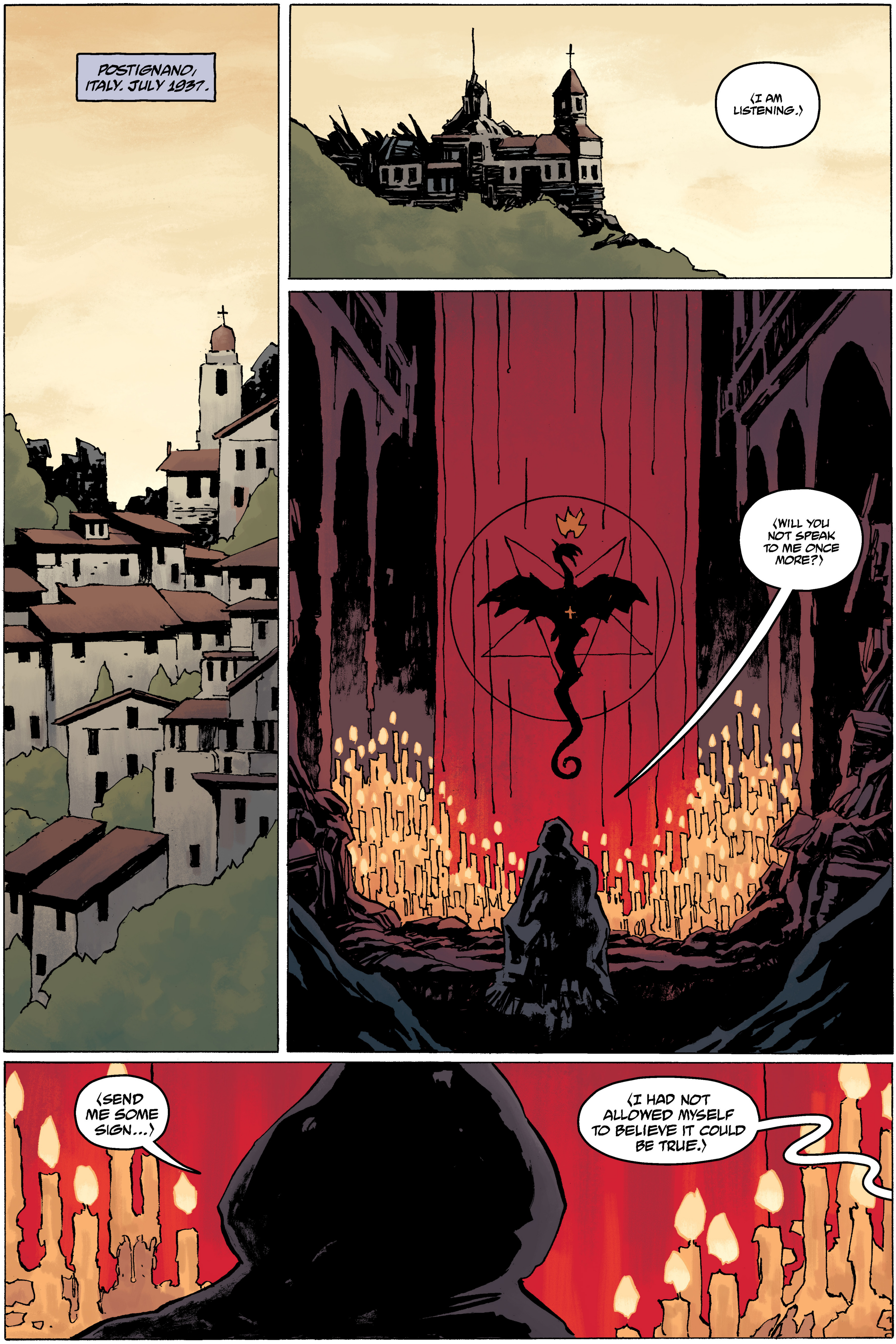
Rasputin: The Voice of the Dragon ™ © 2017, 2018 Mike Mignola. Dark Horse Books® and the Dark Horse logo are registered trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental.

This book collects *Rasputin: The Voice of the Dragon* #1–#5.

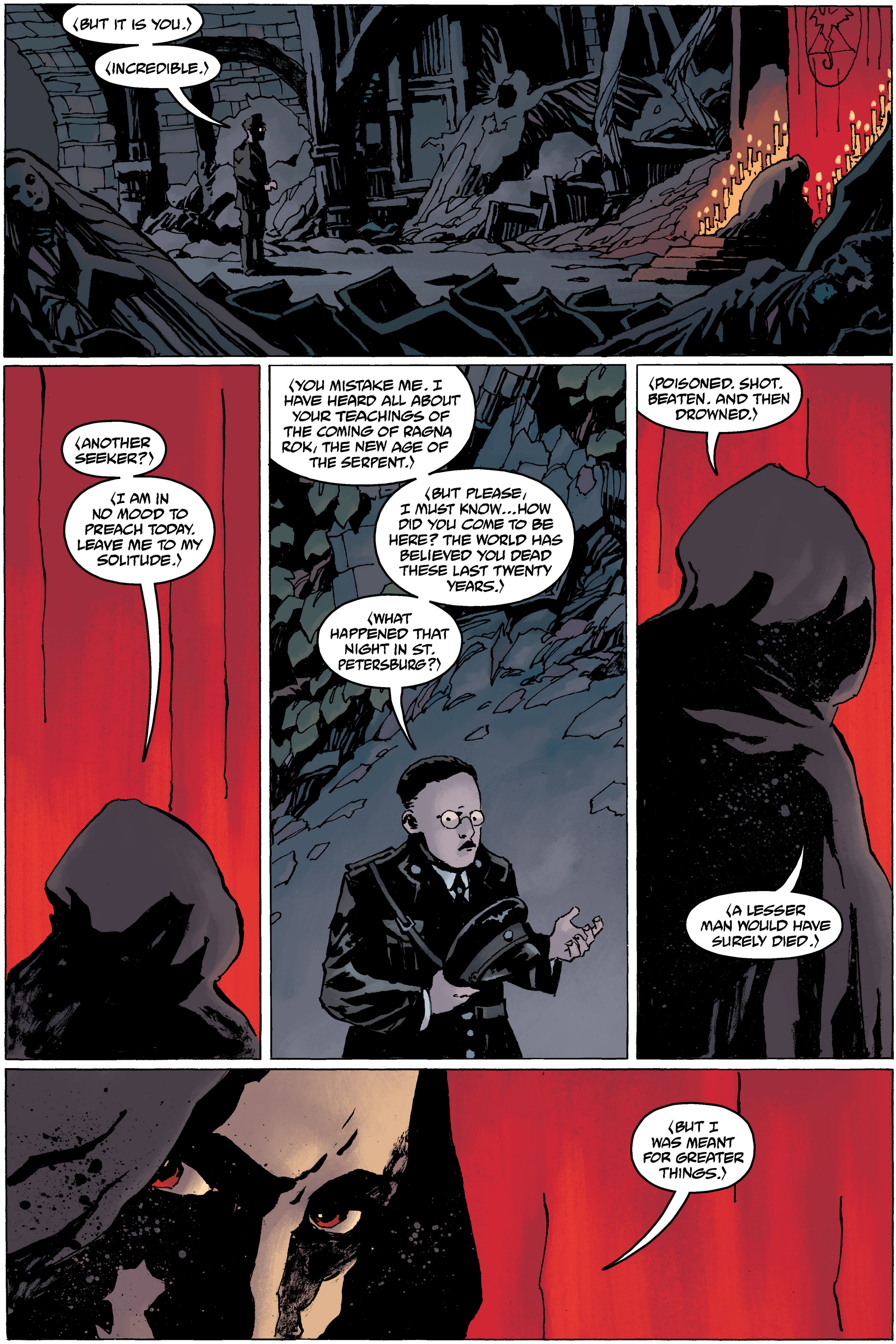
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

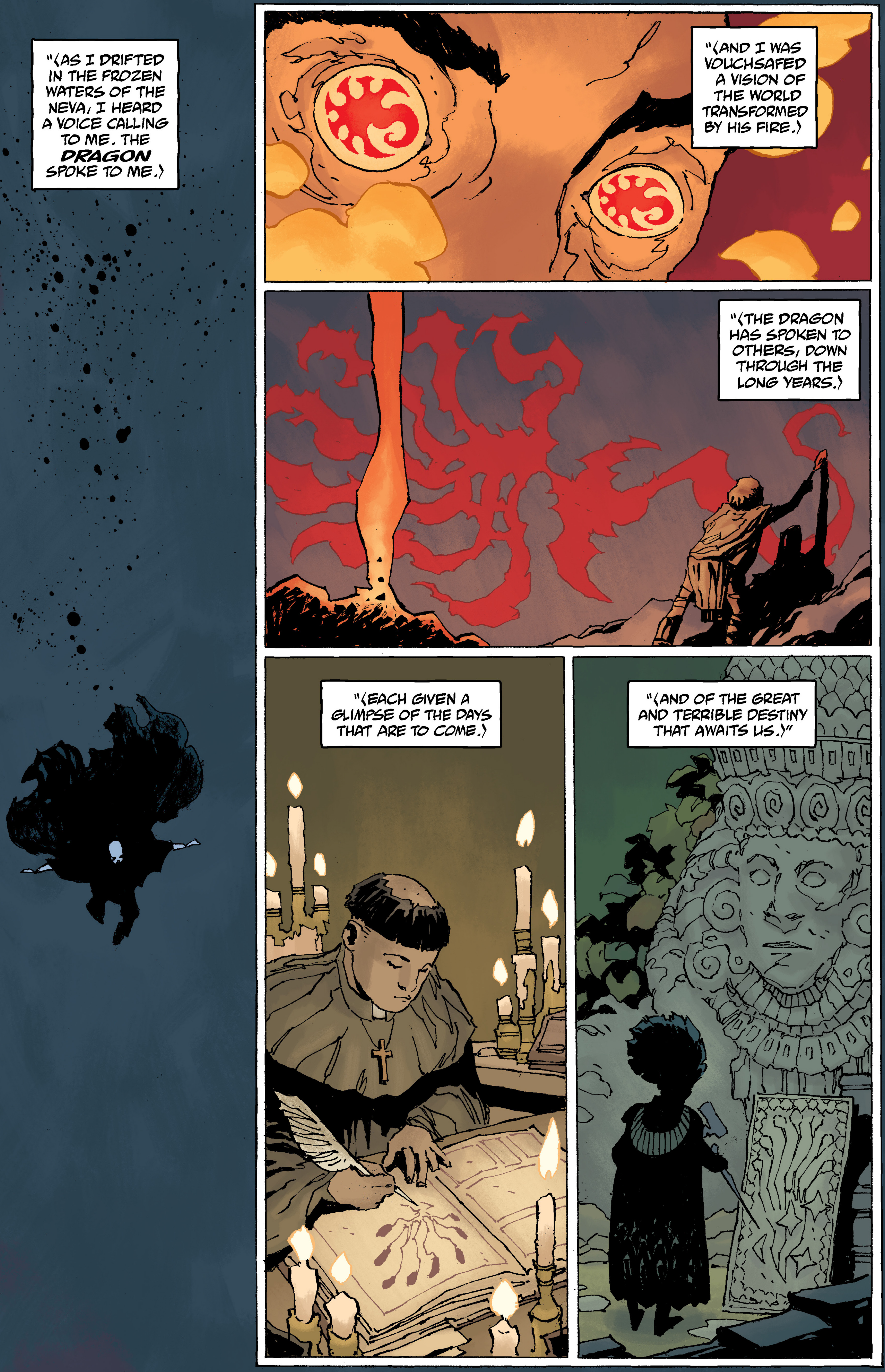
Names: Mignola, Michael, author, artist. | Roberson, Chris, author. | Mitten, Christopher (Christopher J.), artist. | Stewart, Dave, colourist, artist. | Robins, Clem, 1955- letterer. | Huddleston, Mike, artist.
Title: Rasputin : the voice of the dragon / story by Mike Mignola and Chris Roberson ; art by Christopher Mitten ; colors by Dave Stewart ; letters by Clem Robins ; cover by Mike Mignola with Dave Stewart ; chapter break art by Mike Huddleston.
Description: First edition. | Milwaukie, OR : Dark Horse Books, July 2018. | "This book collects Rasputin: The Voice of the Dragon #1-#5."
Identifiers: LCCN 2018002696 | ISBN 9781506704982 (paperback)
Subjects: LCSH: Comic books, strips, etc. | BISAC: COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS / Horror. | FICTION / Occult & Supernatural. | COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS / General.
Classification: LCC PN6728.R366 M54 2018 | DDC 741.5/973--dc23
LC record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2018002696

CHAPTER ONE


POSTIGNANO, ITALY. JULY 1937.
‹I AM LISTENING.›
‹WILL YOU NOT SPEAK TO ME ONCE MORE?›
‹SEND ME SOME SIGN...›
‹I HAD NOT ALLOWED MYSELF TO BELIEVE IT COULD BE TRUE.›

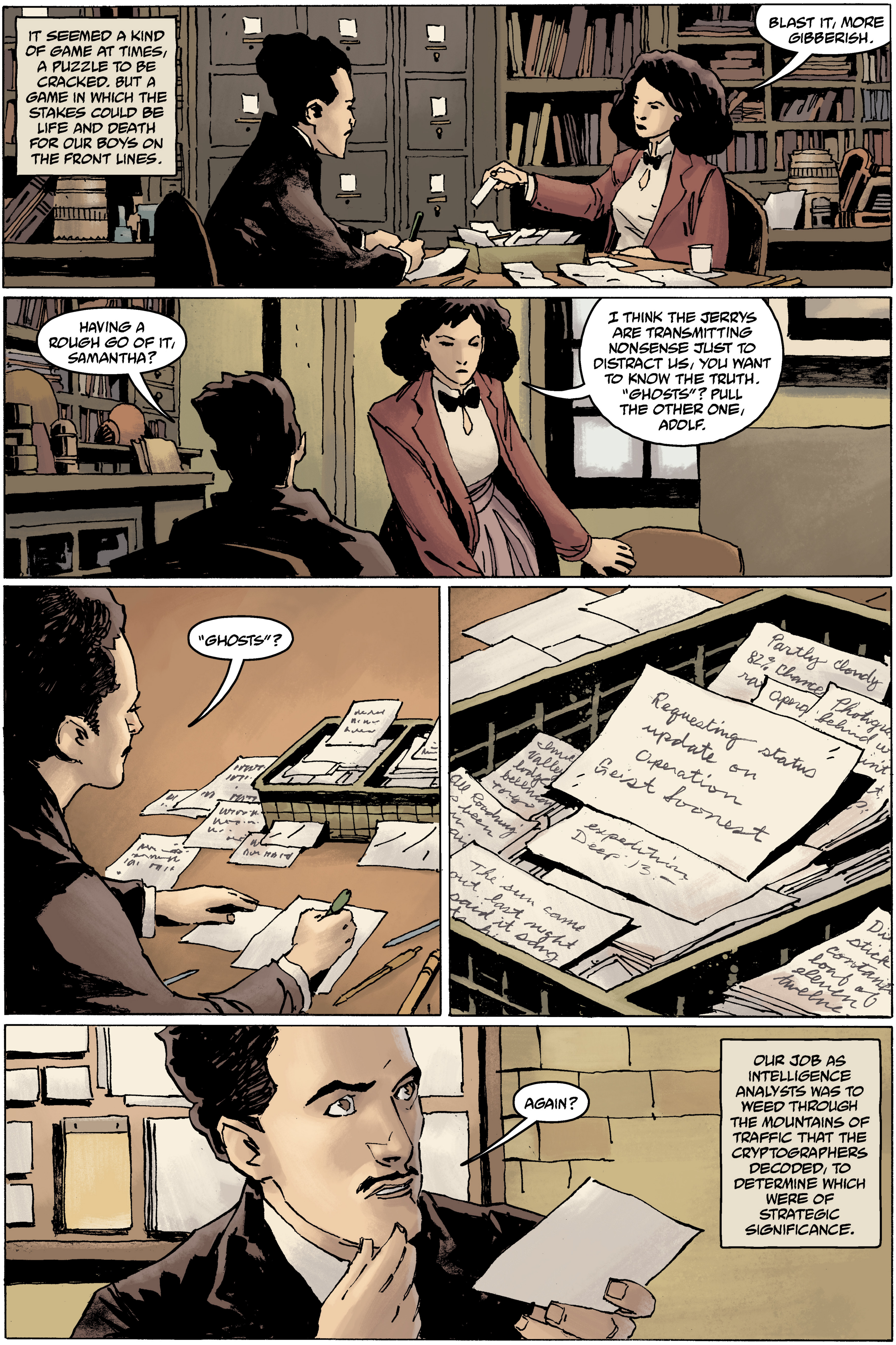
‹TRANSLATED FROM ITALIAN›


⟨BUT IT IS YOU.⟩
⟨INCREDIBLE.⟩
⟨ANOTHER SEEKER?⟩
⟨I AM IN NO MOOD TO PREACH TODAY. LEAVE ME TO MY SOLITUDE.⟩
⟨YOU MISTAKE ME. I HAVE HEARD ALL ABOUT YOUR TEACHINGS OF THE COMING OF RAGNA ROK, THE NEW AGE OF THE SERPENT.⟩
⟨BUT PLEASE, I MUST KNOW...HOW DID YOU COME TO BE HERE? THE WORLD HAS BELIEVED YOU DEAD THESE LAST TWENTY YEARS.⟩
⟨WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT IN ST. PETERSBURG?⟩
⟨POISONED. SHOT. BEATEN. AND THEN DROWNED.⟩
⟨A LESSER MAN WOULD HAVE SURELY DIED.⟩
⟨BUT I WAS MEANT FOR GREATER THINGS.⟩

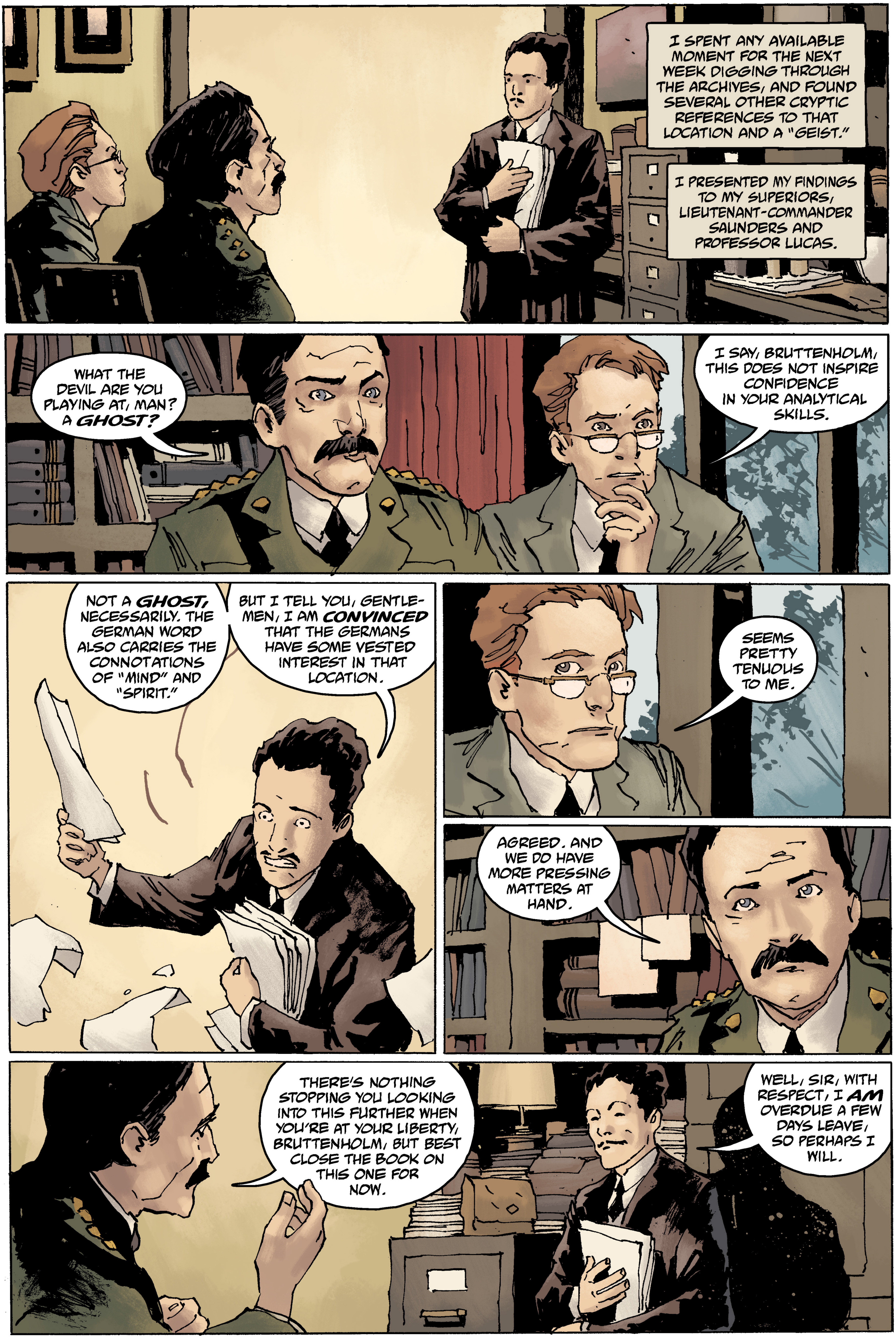

"⟨AS I DRIFTED IN THE FROZEN WATERS OF THE NEVA, I HEARD A VOICE CALLING TO ME. THE ***DRAGON*** SPOKE TO ME.⟩
"⟨AND I WAS VOUCHSAFED A VISION OF THE WORLD TRANSFORMED BY HIS FIRE.⟩
"⟨THE DRAGON HAS SPOKEN TO OTHERS, DOWN THROUGH THE LONG YEARS.⟩
"⟨EACH GIVEN A GLIMPSE OF THE DAYS THAT ARE TO COME.⟩
"⟨AND OF THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE DESTINY THAT AWAITS US.⟩"

⟨BUT I WAS SHOWN ONLY A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF THE WHOLE. THERE IS STILL SO MUCH I DO NOT YET UNDERSTAND.⟩
⟨PERHAPS THE VOICE OF THE DRAGON WILL SPEAK TO ME ONCE MORE. OR PERHAPS THE ANSWERS I SEEK MAY BE FOUND ELSEWHERE. EITHER WAY, I REMAIN FAITHFUL TO THAT VISION.⟩
⟨I CAN HELP YOU. I AM CERTAIN OF IT.⟩
⟨RETURN WITH ME TO GERMANY. LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.⟩
⟨TO GERMANY? THE ANCIENT ENEMY OF MY BELOVED RUSSIA? WHY SHOULD I DO SUCH A THING?⟩
⟨BECAUSE THE FUTURE IS OURS. WE ARE BUILDING AN EMPIRE THAT WILL STAND FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.⟩
⟨THE REICH HAS NEED OF YOUR WISDOM, HERR RASPUTIN. AND THERE IS MUCH THAT I CAN OFFER IN RETURN.⟩
⟨I AM LISTENING.⟩

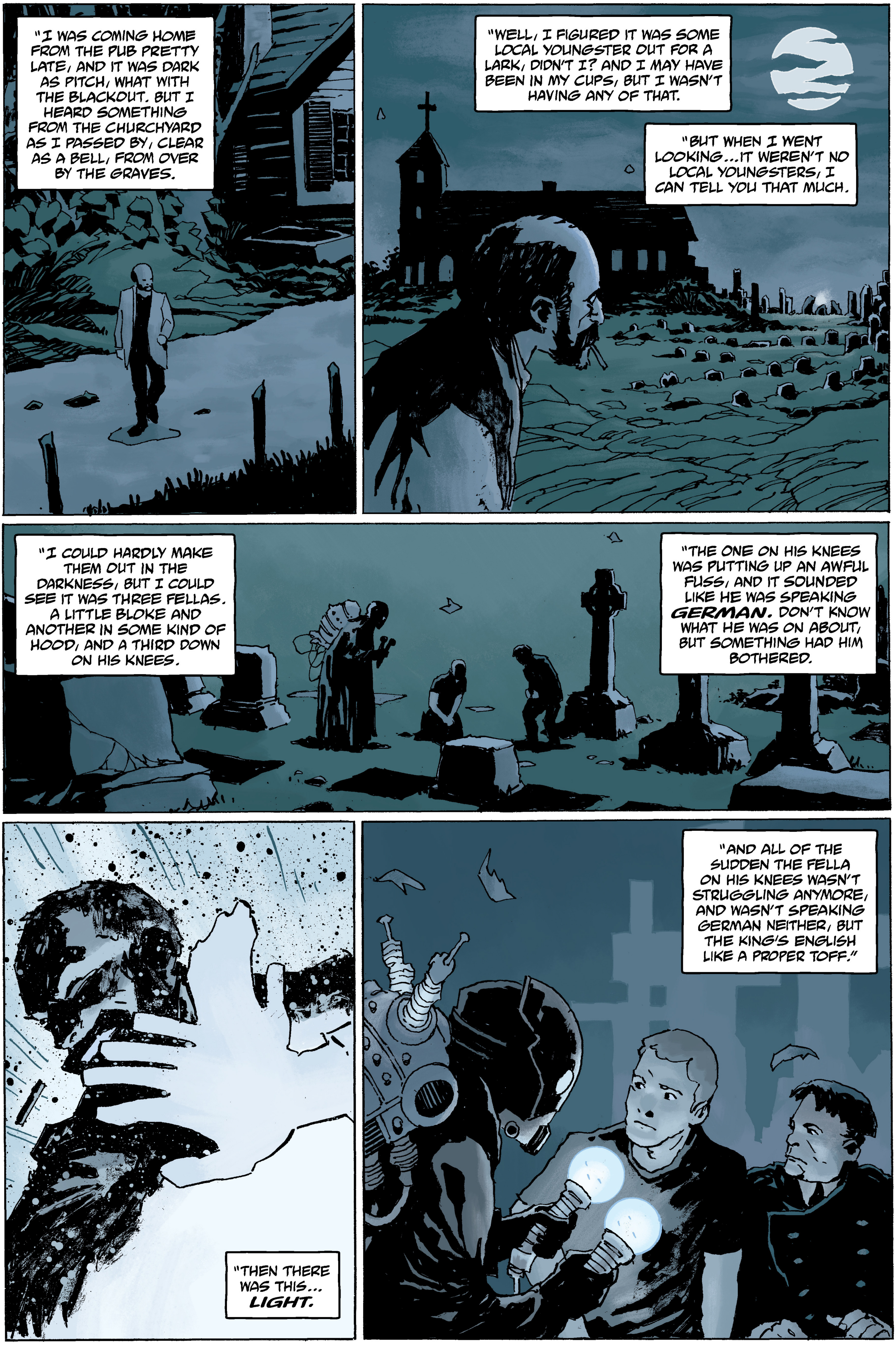
BLETCHLEY PARK, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, ENGLAND. JUNE 1941.
THERE WAS NO CORNER OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE THAT WAS NOT TOUCHED BY THE WAR, IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.
FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF PROFESSOR TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM.
BUT SOME EFFECTS REMAINED HIDDEN FROM THE PUBLIC VIEW.
4
ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, MEN AND WOMEN LISTENED FOR ENCODED ENEMY TRANSMISSIONS. PEOPLE FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE WERE RECRUITED TO DECRYPT AND ANALYZE THE INTERCEPTED MESSAGES.
EGYPTOLOGISTS, HISTORIANS, MATHEMATICIANS, LITERARY PROFESSORS...
...AND OXFORD GRADUATES WITH AN ABIDING INTEREST IN THE OCCULT.
A REFERENCE TO A TROOP CONVOY, PERHAPS...?

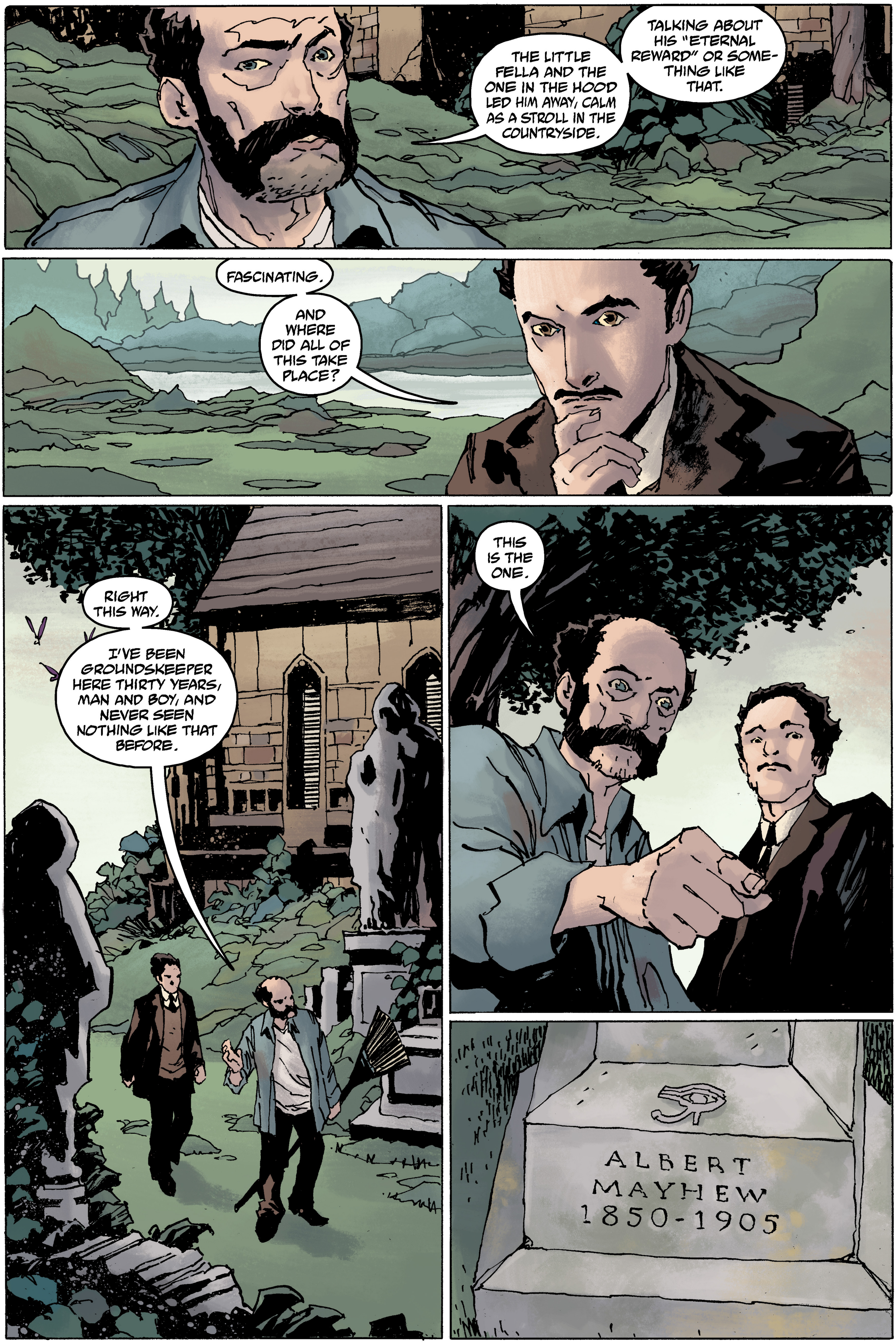

IT SEEMED A KIND OF GAME AT TIMES, A PUZZLE TO BE CRACKED. BUT A GAME IN WHICH THE STAKES COULD BE LIFE AND DEATH FOR OUR BOYS ON THE FRONT LINES.
BLAST IT, MORE GIBBERISH.
HAVING A ROUGH GO OF IT, SAMANTHA?
I THINK THE JERRYS ARE TRANSMITTING NONSENSE JUST TO DISTRACT US, YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH. "GHOSTS"? PULL THE OTHER ONE, ADOLF.
"GHOSTS"?
Partly cloudy 82% Chance
Requesting status update on Operation Geist soonest
expedition Deep 13
The sun came out last night said it sang
AGAIN?
OUR JOB AS INTELLIGENCE ANALYSTS WAS TO WEED THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF TRAFFIC THAT THE CRYPTOGRAPHERS DECODED, TO DETERMINE WHICH WERE OF STRATEGIC SIGNIFICANCE.

IF AN INTELLIGENCE ANALYST FOUND SOMETHING THAT HE OR SHE BELIEVED TO BE SIGNIFICANT THEY PASSED IT UP THE CHAIN, MAKING THE CASE TO THEIR SUPERIORS.
BUT EVEN IF A MESSAGE WAS DISCARDED AS BEING INCONSEQUENTIAL IT WAS FILED AWAY IN THE ARCHIVES, IN CASE IT LATER TURNED OUT TO BE SIGNIFICANT.
ANOTHER ANALYST HAD MENTIONED A REFERENCE TO AN "OPERATION GEIST" IN A DECRYPTED MESSAGE THE PREVIOUS WEEK, WHICH ALSO CONTAINED A SEQUENCE OF NUMBERS.
...AND THE NUMBERS ON THE MESSAGE APPEARED TO BE THE COORDINATES OF A VILLAGE IN HERTFORDSHIRE?
A BOMBING RAID, PERHAPS?
THAT WAS THE GENERAL THINKING, YES, DESPITE THE FACT THAT THERE'S NOTHING MUCH OF STRATEGIC SIGNIFICANCE IN HARPENDEN.
WE KEPT AN EYE ON IT, BUT NO AIRCRAFT WAS EVER SPOTTED IN THE AREA, AND NO BOMBS EVER FELL.
Mmm.
I WAS CERTAIN THERE WAS MORE TO IT.

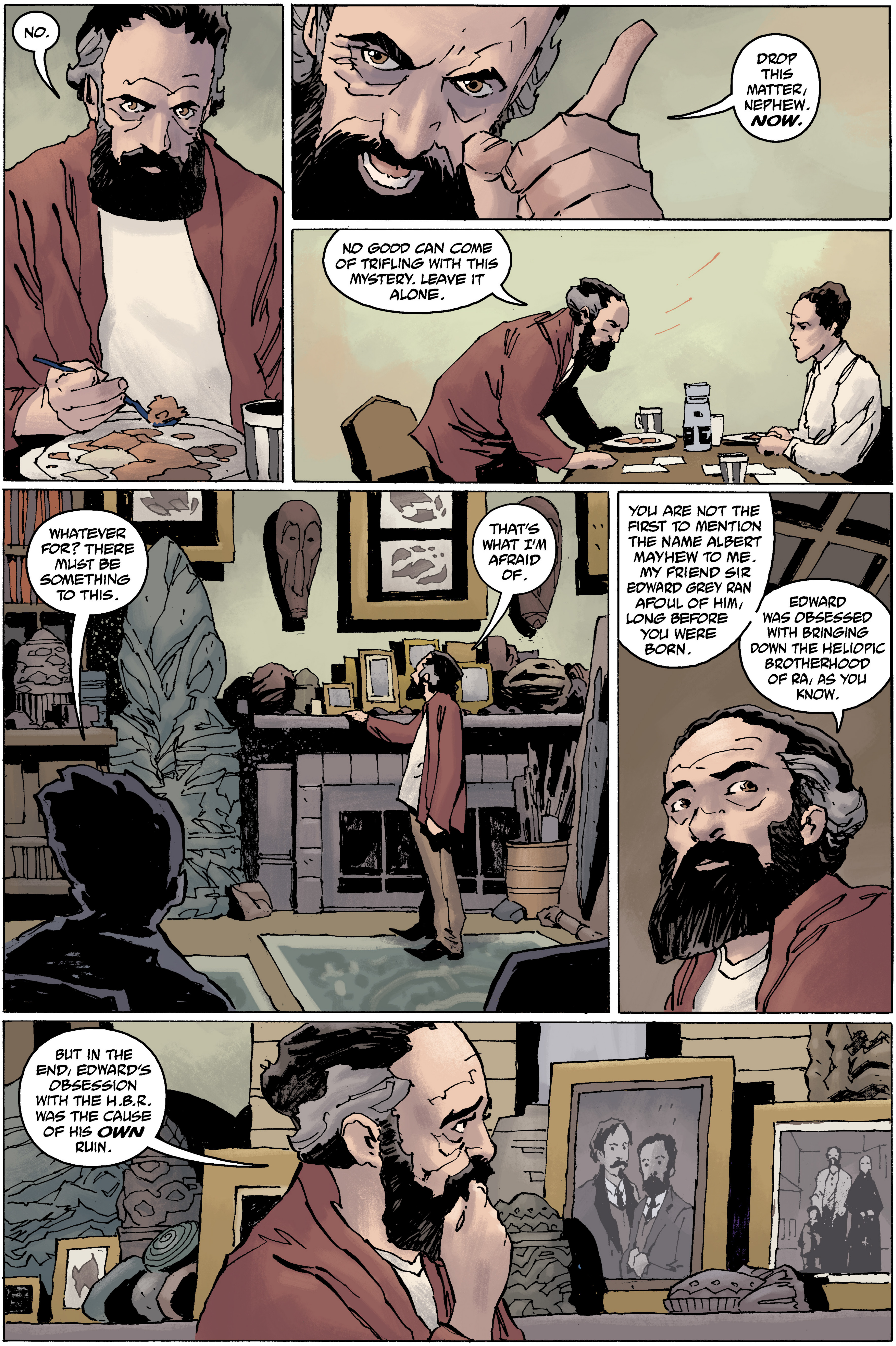

I SPENT ANY AVAILABLE MOMENT FOR THE NEXT WEEK DIGGING THROUGH THE ARCHIVES, AND FOUND SEVERAL OTHER CRYPTIC REFERENCES TO THAT LOCATION AND A "GEIST."
I PRESENTED MY FINDINGS TO MY SUPERIORS, LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER SAUNDERS AND PROFESSOR LUCAS.
WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU PLAYING AT, MAN? A ***GHOST?***
I SAY, BRUTTENHOLM, THIS DOES NOT INSPIRE CONFIDENCE IN YOUR ANALYTICAL SKILLS.
NOT A ***GHOST,*** NECESSARILY. THE GERMAN WORD ALSO CARRIES THE CONNOTATIONS OF "MIND" AND "SPIRIT."
BUT I TELL YOU, GENTLEMEN, I AM ***CONVINCED*** THAT THE GERMANS HAVE SOME VESTED INTEREST IN THAT LOCATION.
SEEMS PRETTY TENUOUS TO ME.
AGREED. AND WE DO HAVE MORE PRESSING MATTERS AT HAND.
THERE'S NOTHING STOPPING YOU LOOKING INTO THIS FURTHER WHEN YOU'RE AT YOUR LIBERTY, BRUTTENHOLM, BUT BEST CLOSE THE BOOK ON THIS ONE FOR NOW.
WELL, SIR, WITH RESPECT, I ***AM*** OVERDUE A FEW DAYS LEAVE, SO PERHAPS I WILL.

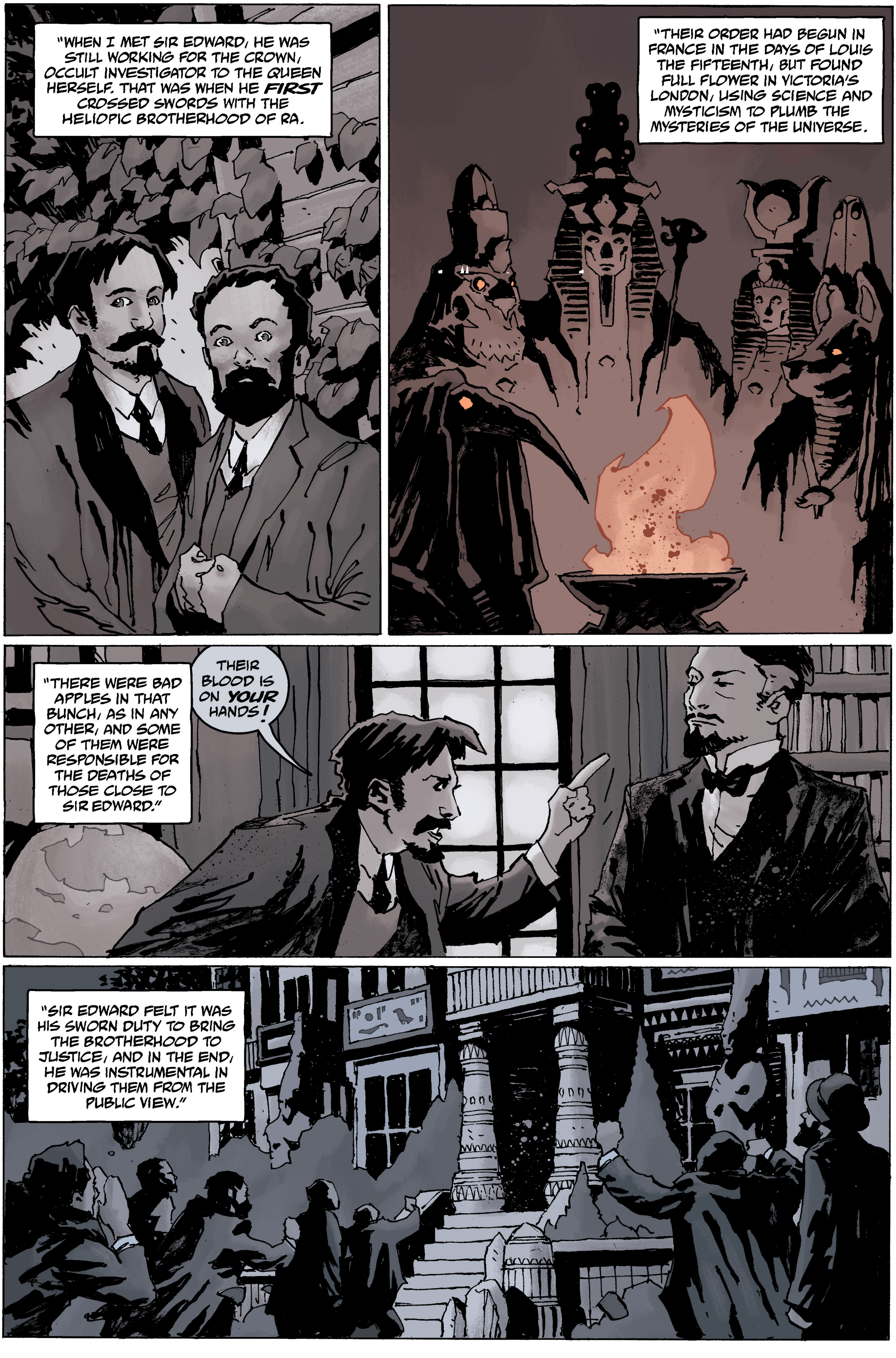
HERTFORDSHIRE.
INTERESTING...
TOOK YOUR OWN SWEET TIME GETTING HERE, YOU DID.
PARDON?
YOU'RE WITH THE GOVERNMENT, AIN'T YE? IT'S BEEN DAYS SINCE I PHONED IN THAT REPORT.
I...I WORK WITH THE GOVERNMENT, YES. BUT... "REPORT"?
MAN ON THE TELEPHONE ACTED LIKE I WAS A LUNATIC, BUT IT ALL HAPPENED, JUST AS I SAID.

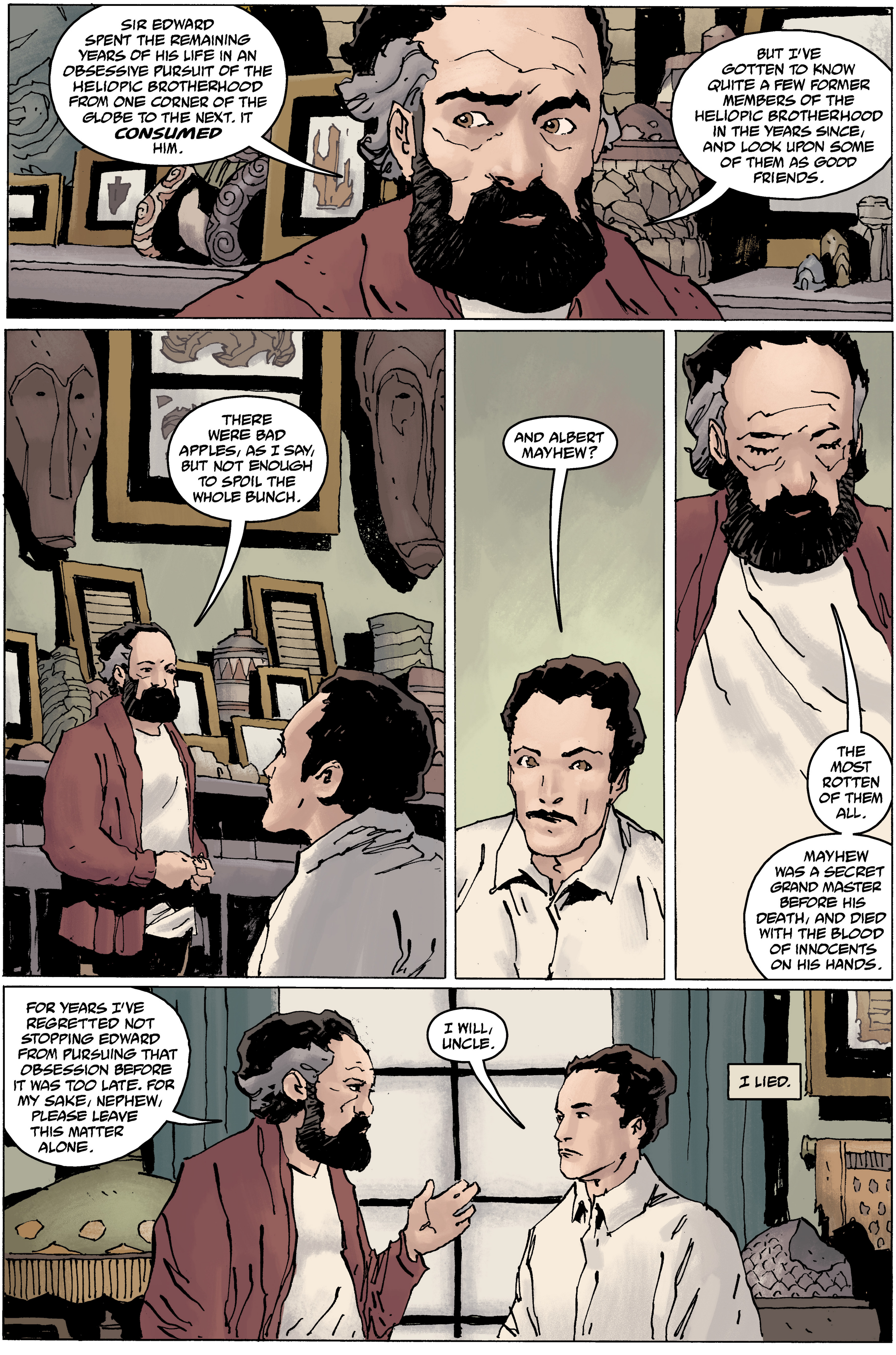

"I WAS COMING HOME FROM THE PUB PRETTY LATE, AND IT WAS DARK AS PITCH, WHAT WITH THE BLACKOUT. BUT I HEARD SOMETHING FROM THE CHURCHYARD AS I PASSED BY, CLEAR AS A BELL, FROM OVER BY THE GRAVES.
"WELL, I FIGURED IT WAS SOME LOCAL YOUNGSTER OUT FOR A LARK, DIDN'T I? AND I MAY HAVE BEEN IN MY CUPS, BUT I WASN'T HAVING ANY OF THAT.
"BUT WHEN I WENT LOOKING... IT WEREN'T NO LOCAL YOUNGSTERS, I CAN TELL YOU THAT MUCH.
"I COULD HARDLY MAKE THEM OUT IN THE DARKNESS, BUT I COULD SEE IT WAS THREE FELLAS. A LITTLE BLOKE AND ANOTHER IN SOME KIND OF HOOD, AND A THIRD DOWN ON HIS KNEES.
"THE ONE ON HIS KNEES WAS PUTTING UP AN AWFUL FUSS, AND IT SOUNDED LIKE HE WAS SPEAKING **GERMAN.** DON'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS ON ABOUT, BUT SOMETHING HAD HIM BOTHERED.
"THEN THERE WAS THIS... ***LIGHT.***
"AND ALL OF THE SUDDEN THE FELLA ON HIS KNEES WASN'T STRUGGLING ANYMORE, AND WASN'T SPEAKING GERMAN NEITHER, BUT THE KING'S ENGLISH LIKE A PROPER TOFF."

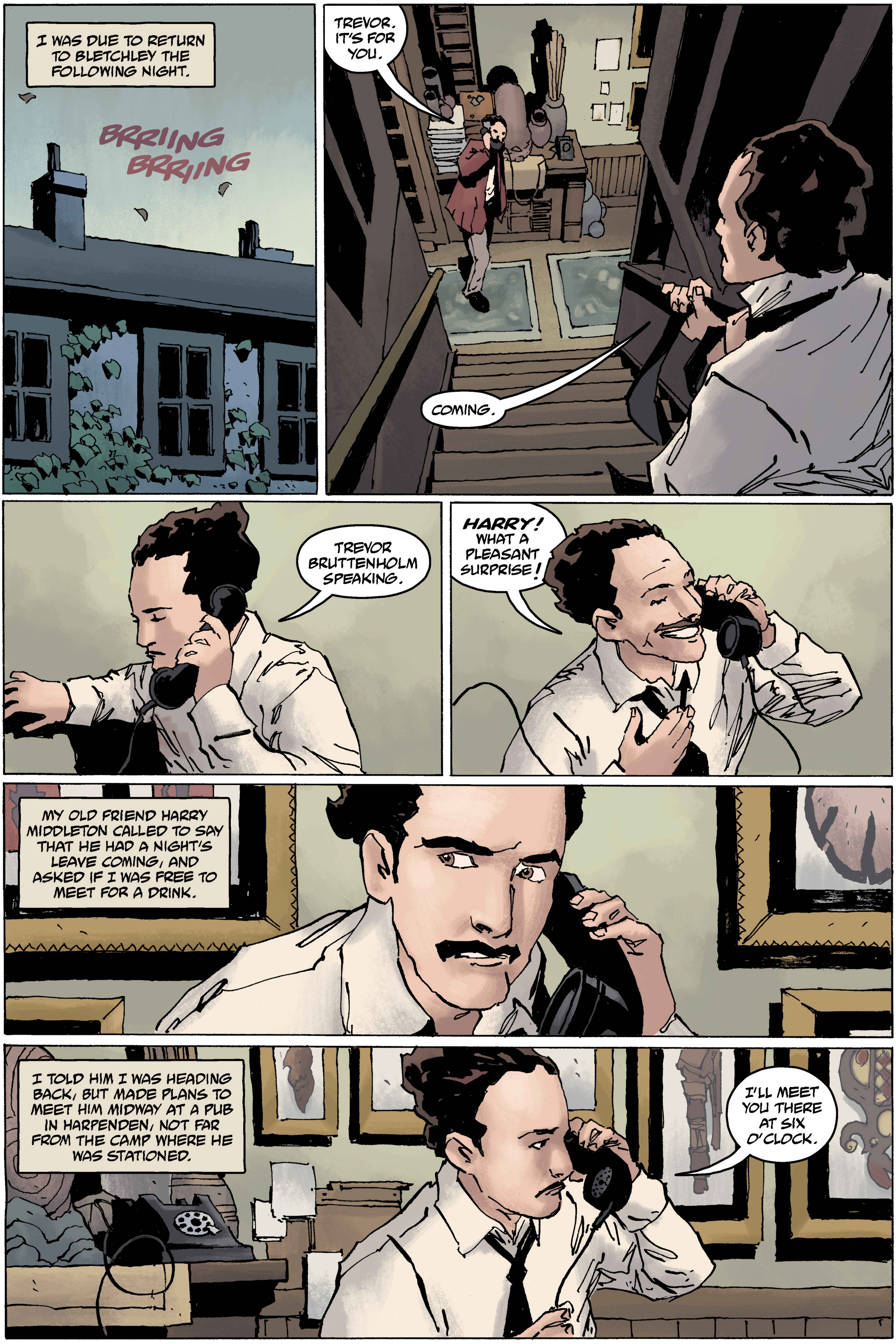

THE LITTLE FELLA AND THE ONE IN THE HOOD LED HIM AWAY, CALM AS A STROLL IN THE COUNTRYSIDE.
TALKING ABOUT HIS "ETERNAL REWARD" OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
FASCINATING.
AND WHERE DID ALL OF THIS TAKE PLACE?
RIGHT THIS WAY.
I'VE BEEN GROUNDSKEEPER HERE THIRTY YEARS, MAN AND BOY, AND NEVER SEEN NOTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE.
THIS IS THE ONE.
ALBERT MAYHEW 1850-1905

I'D PHONED AHEAD TO LET MY UNCLE SIMON KNOW THAT I'D BE STAYING WITH HIM FOR THE WEEKEND.
I'D SPENT THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR LIVING WITH HIM AT HIS HOUSE IN ESSEX, BEFORE RELOCATING TO BLETCHLEY, AND MISSED HIS LIBRARY WHILE I WAS AWAY.
I COULDN'T DISCUSS WITH HIM THE SPECIFICS OF MY INTELLIGENCE WORK, UNFORTUNATELY, WHAT WITH THE OFFICIAL SECRETS ACT.
BUT CONSIDERING THE FACT THAT THE INVESTIGATION THAT BROUGHT ME TO THE GRAVEYARD WAS IN MY FREE TIME, I FELT COMFORTABLE TELLING HIM A FEW GENERALITIES.
...DOESN'T SOUND QUITE LIKE ANY PARANORMAL SIGHTING I'VE ENCOUNTERED. MORE LIKE POSSESSION, MAYBE?
I KNOW, THAT WAS MY THINKING PRECISELY! BUT WHY THAT GRAVE IN PARTICULAR?
I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER WHAT SORT OF MAN THIS ALBERT MAYHEW HAD BEEN IN LIFE.
THERE WAS AN EYE OF HORUS CARVED ON HIS HEADSTONE. PERHAPS SUGGESTING AN AFFILIATION WITH THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA?


NO.
DROP THIS MATTER, NEPHEW. **NOW.**
NO GOOD CAN COME OF TRIFLING WITH THIS MYSTERY. LEAVE IT ALONE.
WHATEVER FOR? THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO THIS.
THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF.
YOU ARE NOT THE FIRST TO MENTION THE NAME ALBERT MAYHEW TO ME. MY FRIEND SIR EDWARD GREY RAN AFOUL OF HIM, LONG BEFORE YOU WERE BORN.
EDWARD WAS OBSESSED WITH BRINGING DOWN THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA, AS YOU KNOW.
BUT IN THE END, EDWARD'S OBSESSION WITH THE H.B.R. WAS THE CAUSE OF HIS **OWN** RUIN.

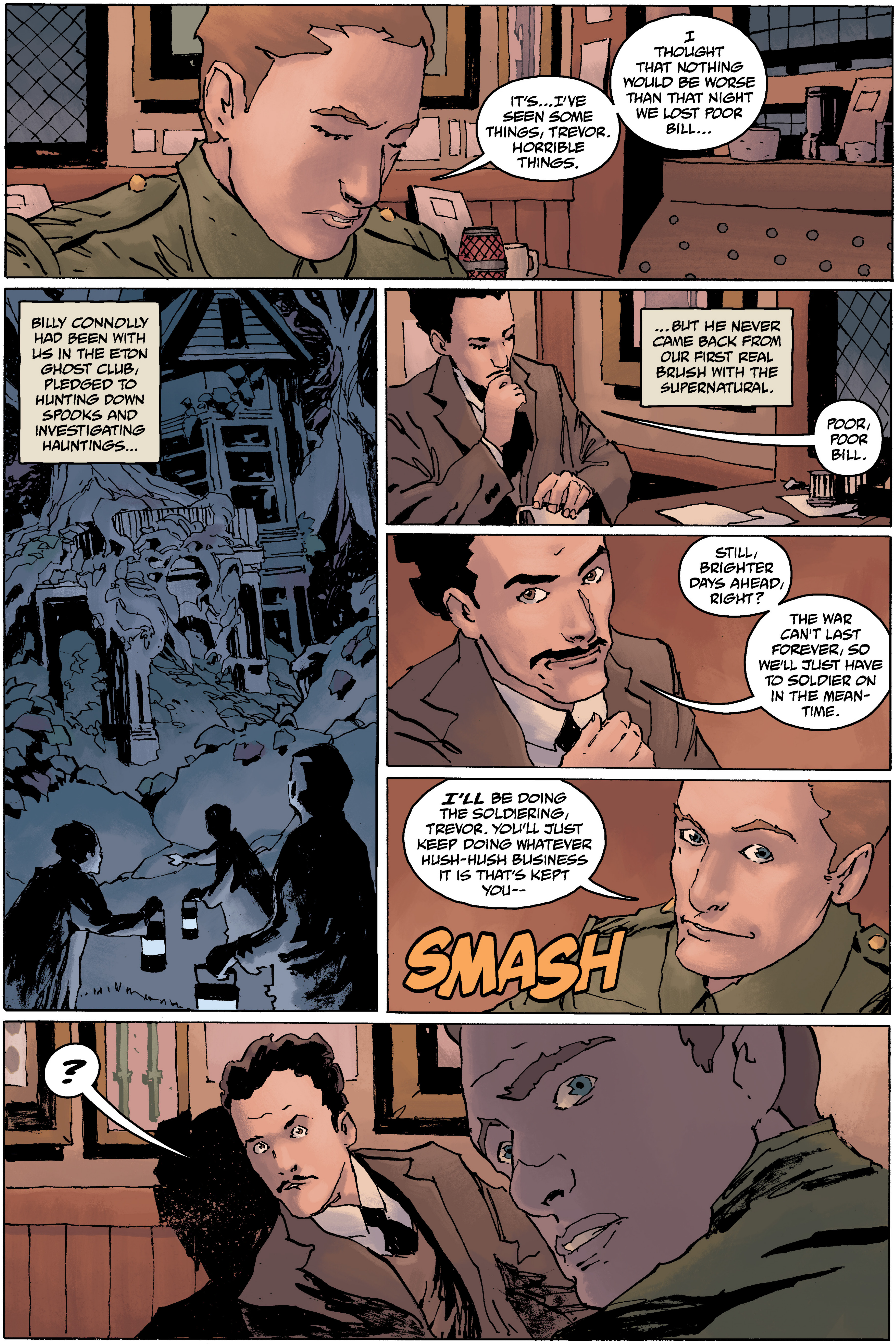

"WHEN I MET SIR EDWARD, HE WAS STILL WORKING FOR THE CROWN, OCCULT INVESTIGATOR TO THE QUEEN HERSELF. THAT WAS WHEN HE **FIRST** CROSSED SWORDS WITH THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA.
"THEIR ORDER HAD BEGUN IN FRANCE IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH, BUT FOUND FULL FLOWER IN VICTORIA'S LONDON, USING SCIENCE AND MYSTICISM TO PLUMB THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE.
"THERE WERE BAD APPLES IN THAT BUNCH, AS IN ANY OTHER, AND SOME OF THEM WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF THOSE CLOSE TO SIR EDWARD."
THEIR BLOOD IS ON **YOUR** HANDS!
"SIR EDWARD FELT IT WAS HIS SWORN DUTY TO BRING THE BROTHERHOOD TO JUSTICE, AND IN THE END, HE WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN DRIVING THEM FROM THE PUBLIC VIEW."


SIR EDWARD SPENT THE REMAINING YEARS OF HIS LIFE IN AN OBSESSIVE PURSUIT OF THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD FROM ONE CORNER OF THE GLOBE TO THE NEXT. IT **CONSUMED** HIM.
BUT I'VE GOTTEN TO KNOW QUITE A FEW FORMER MEMBERS OF THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD IN THE YEARS SINCE, AND LOOK UPON SOME OF THEM AS GOOD FRIENDS.
THERE WERE BAD APPLES, AS I SAY, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO SPOIL THE WHOLE BUNCH.
AND ALBERT MAYHEW?
THE MOST ROTTEN OF THEM ALL.
MAYHEW WAS A SECRET GRAND MASTER BEFORE HIS DEATH, AND DIED WITH THE BLOOD OF INNOCENTS ON HIS HANDS.
FOR YEARS I'VE REGRETTED NOT STOPPING EDWARD FROM PURSUING THAT OBSESSION BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE. FOR MY SAKE, NEPHEW, PLEASE LEAVE THIS MATTER ALONE.
I WILL, UNCLE.
I LIED.


I WAS DUE TO RETURN TO BLETCHLEY THE FOLLOWING NIGHT.
BRRIING BRRING
TREVOR. IT'S FOR YOU.
COMING.
TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM SPEAKING.
HARRY! WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE!
MY OLD FRIEND HARRY MIDDLETON CALLED TO SAY THAT HE HAD A NIGHT'S LEAVE COMING, AND ASKED IF I WAS FREE TO MEET FOR A DRINK.
I TOLD HIM I WAS HEADING BACK, BUT MADE PLANS TO MEET HIM MIDWAY AT A PUB IN HARPENDEN, NOT FAR FROM THE CAMP WHERE HE WAS STATIONED.
I'LL MEET YOU THERE AT SIX O'CLOCK.

OF COURSE, IT WAS ALSO NOT FAR FROM THE CHURCHYARD, AND I WAS HOPING TO GET ANOTHER LOOK AT ALBERT MAYHEW'S GRAVE ON THE WAY.
BUT AS IT HAPPENED, I SAW MORE OF IT THAN I'D ANTICIPATED.
WHAT THE DEVIL...?
CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER...

IT HAD BEEN MORE THAN NINE MONTHS SINCE THE BLITZ BEGAN DOWN IN LONDON, AND ALL UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRYSIDE PEOPLE WERE STILL PREPARED FOR THE WORST.
AND THOUGH WHISKEY AND OTHER SPIRITS WERE INCREASINGLY IN SHORT SUPPLY, THERE WAS STILL BEER ENOUGH LEFT TO SLAKE THE COUNTRY'S THIRSTS.
...LAST CALL, FOLKS.
HARRY HAD ENLISTED WITH THE BRITISH ARMY SOON AFTER THE BATTLE OF DUNKIRK, AND HAD ALREADY SEEN CONSIDERABLE ACTION IN THE YEAR THAT FOLLOWED.
...SHIPPING BACK OUT NEXT WEEK. CAN'T SAY JUST WHERE, BUT IT WON'T BE TO A COZY MANOR HOUSE, I CAN TELL YOU THAT MUCH.
WELL, HERE'S TO YOUR SAFE RETURN.
I'LL DRINK TO THAT!
WE HAD BEEN SCHOOLMATES, FIRST AT ETON, THEN OXFORD, AND SHARED AN INTEREST IN THE OCCULT AND THE UNEXPLAINED.


IT'S...I'VE SEEN SOME THINGS, TREVOR. HORRIBLE THINGS.
I THOUGHT THAT NOTHING WOULD BE WORSE THAN THAT NIGHT WE LOST POOR BILL...
BILLY CONNOLLY HAD BEEN WITH US IN THE ETON GHOST CLUB, PLEDGED TO HUNTING DOWN SPOOKS AND INVESTIGATING HAUNTINGS...
...BUT HE NEVER CAME BACK FROM OUR FIRST REAL BRUSH WITH THE SUPERNATURAL.
POOR, POOR BILL.
STILL, BRIGHTER DAYS AHEAD, RIGHT?
THE WAR CAN'T LAST FOREVER, SO WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SOLDIER ON IN THE MEANTIME.
I'LL BE DOING THE SOLDIERING, TREVOR. YOU'LL JUST KEEP DOING WHATEVER HUSH-HUSH BUSINESS IT IS THAT'S KEPT YOU--
SMASH
?

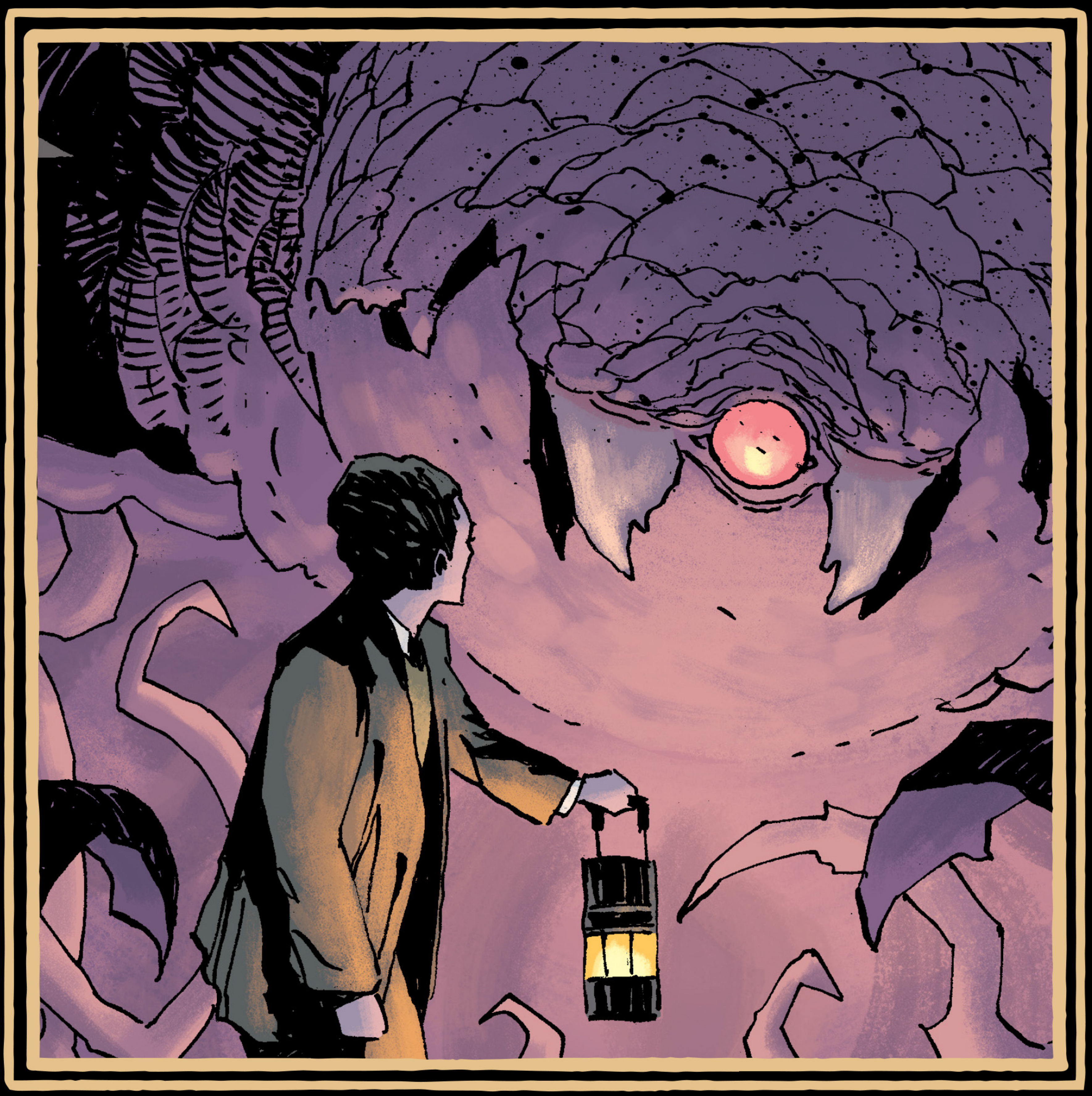
BUHHHH...
BLIMEY!
B-BITTE... KANNST DU MIR HELFEN...?
HARRY, IT'S NOT AN APPARITION! IT'S PHYSICAL!
A LITTLE TOO PHYSICAL FOR MY TASTES...

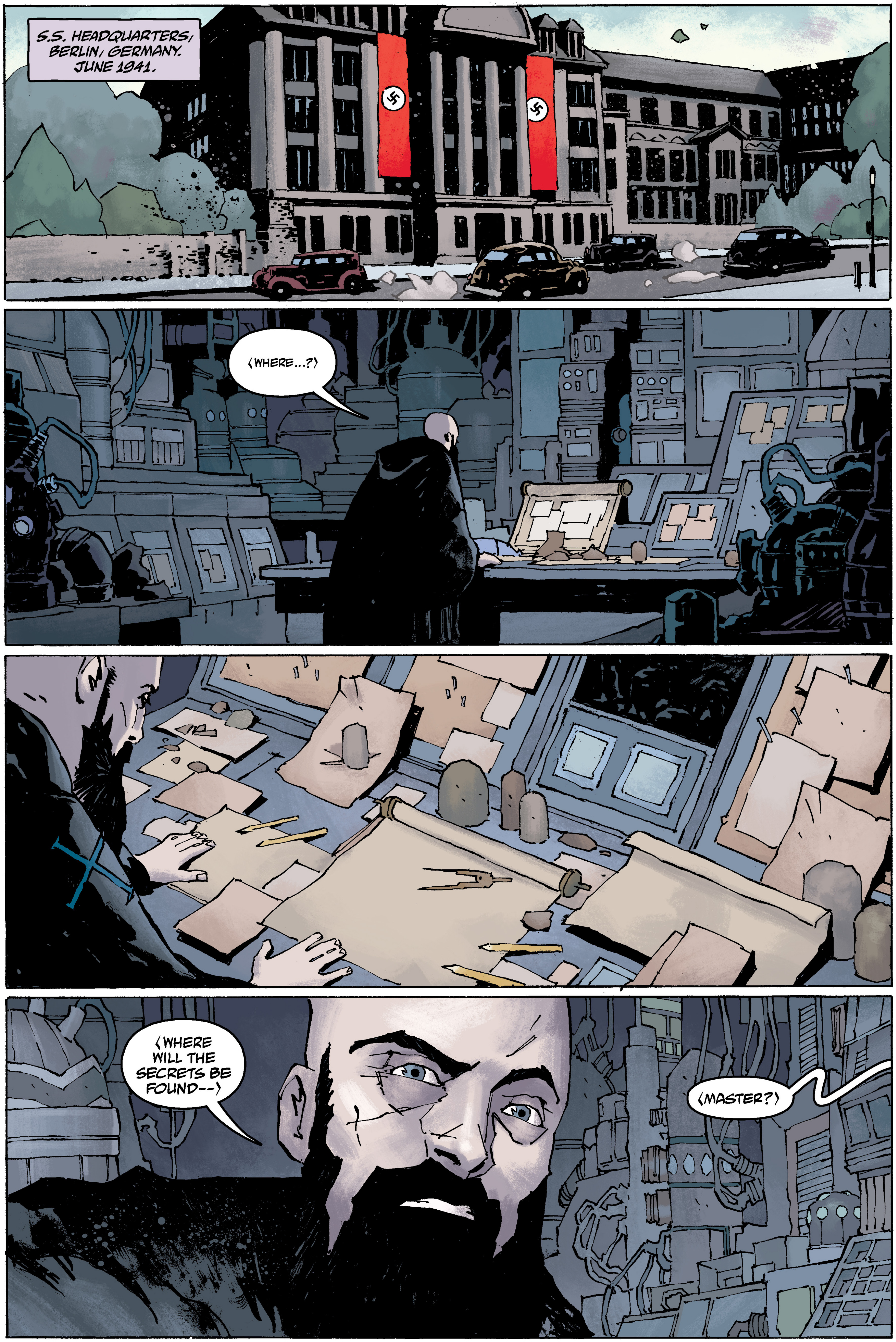
⟨PLEASE. SOMEONE HELP ME!⟩
MOVE!
⟨HELP...⟩
ICH...ah... SPRECHE KEIN DEUTSCH.
I WANT TO HELP BUT, UH...I DON'T REALLY SPEAK GERMAN. I CAN UNDERSTAND IT A LITTLE, BUT...
SPRECHEN... um...SPRECHEN SIE ENGLISCH?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT...
AAAARGH!

⟨TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN⟩

BLAM BLAM
ULP
THUD
BLOODY HELL!
IT APPEARED THAT OUR DAYS OF CHASING AFTER SPOOKS AND INVESTIGATING HAUNTINGS WERE FAR FROM OVER, AFTER ALL.

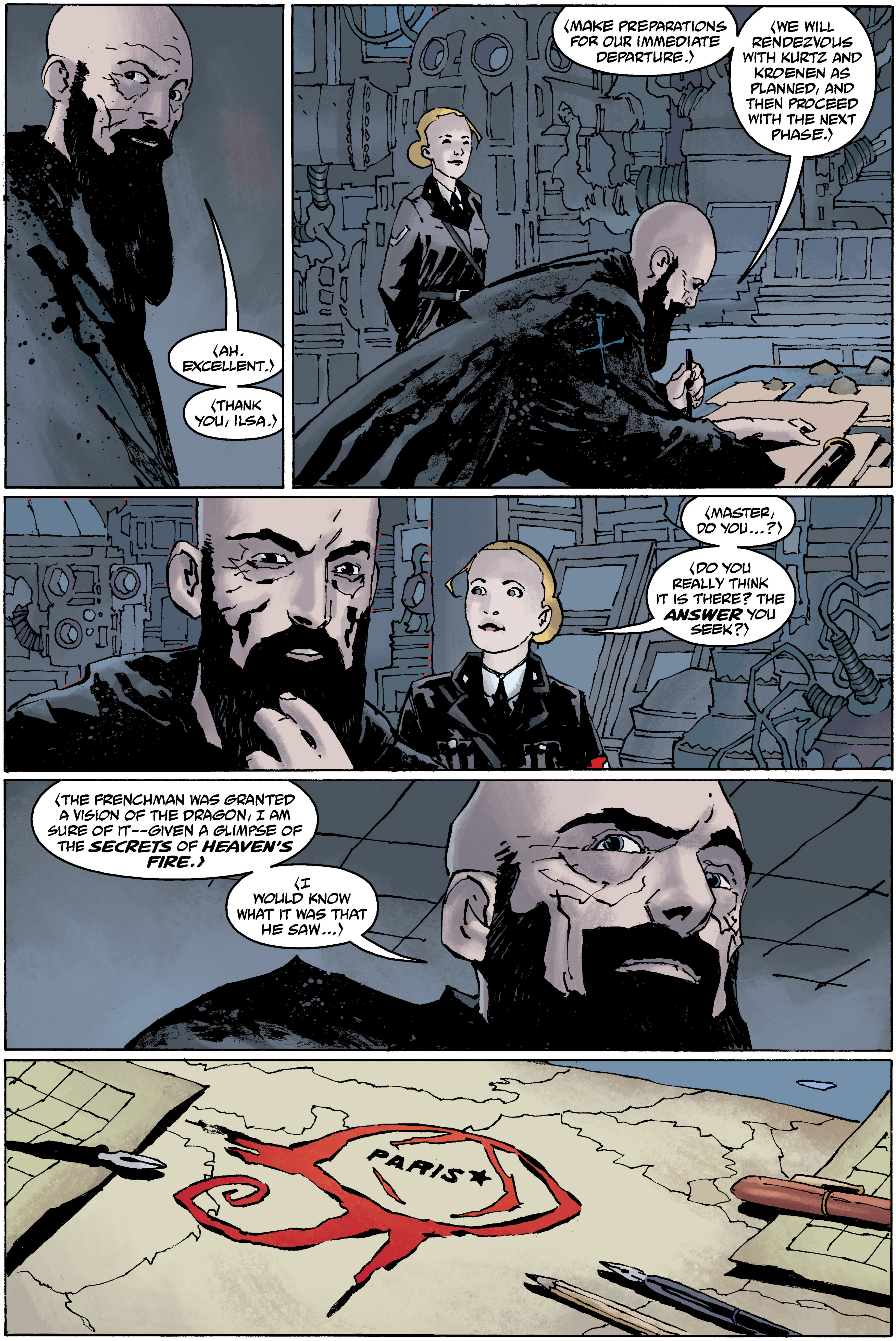
CHAPTER TWO

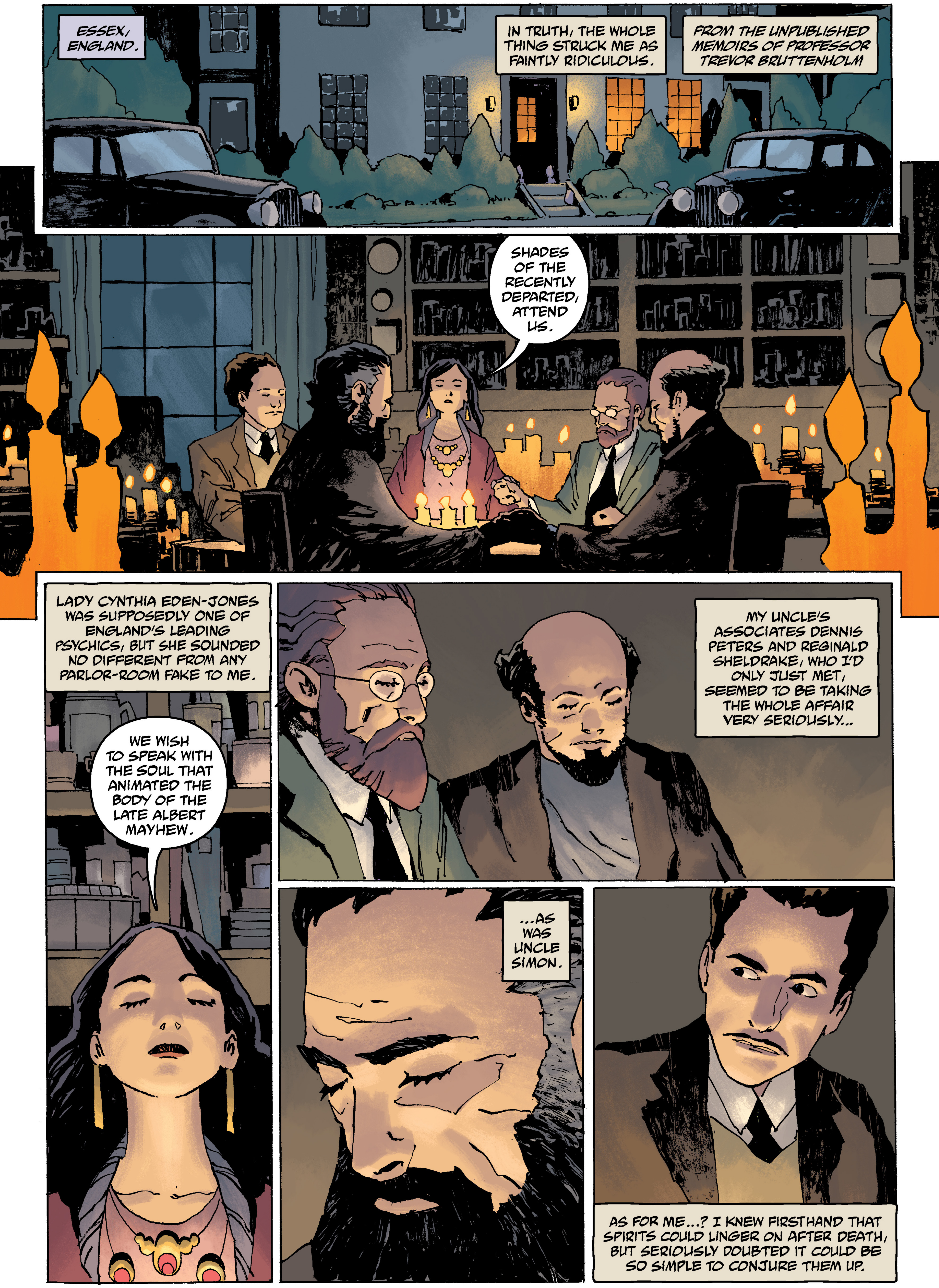


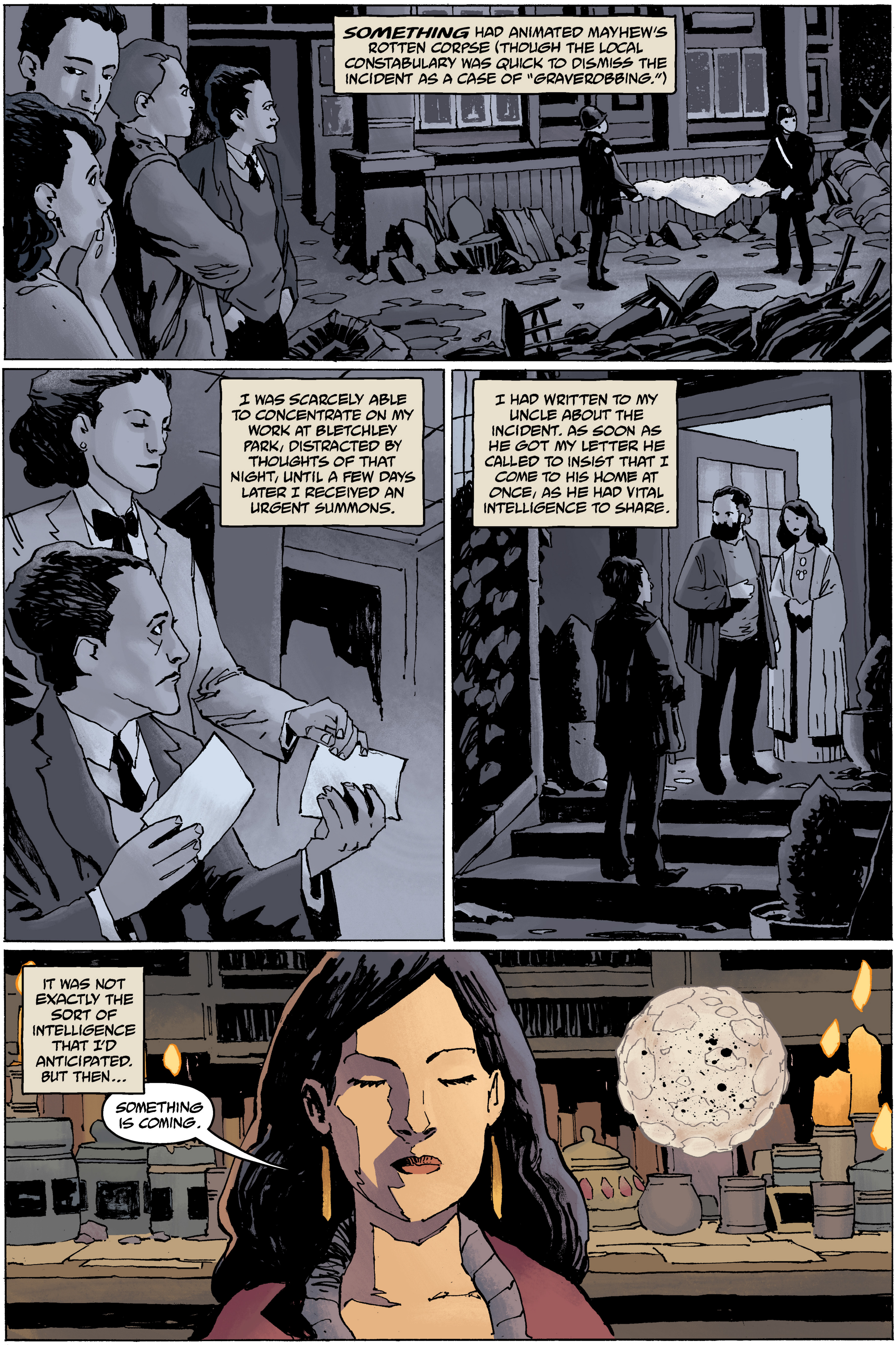

S.S. HEADQUARTERS, BERLIN, GERMANY. JUNE 1941.
⟨WHERE...?⟩
⟨WHERE WILL THE SECRETS BE FOUND--⟩
⟨MASTER?⟩

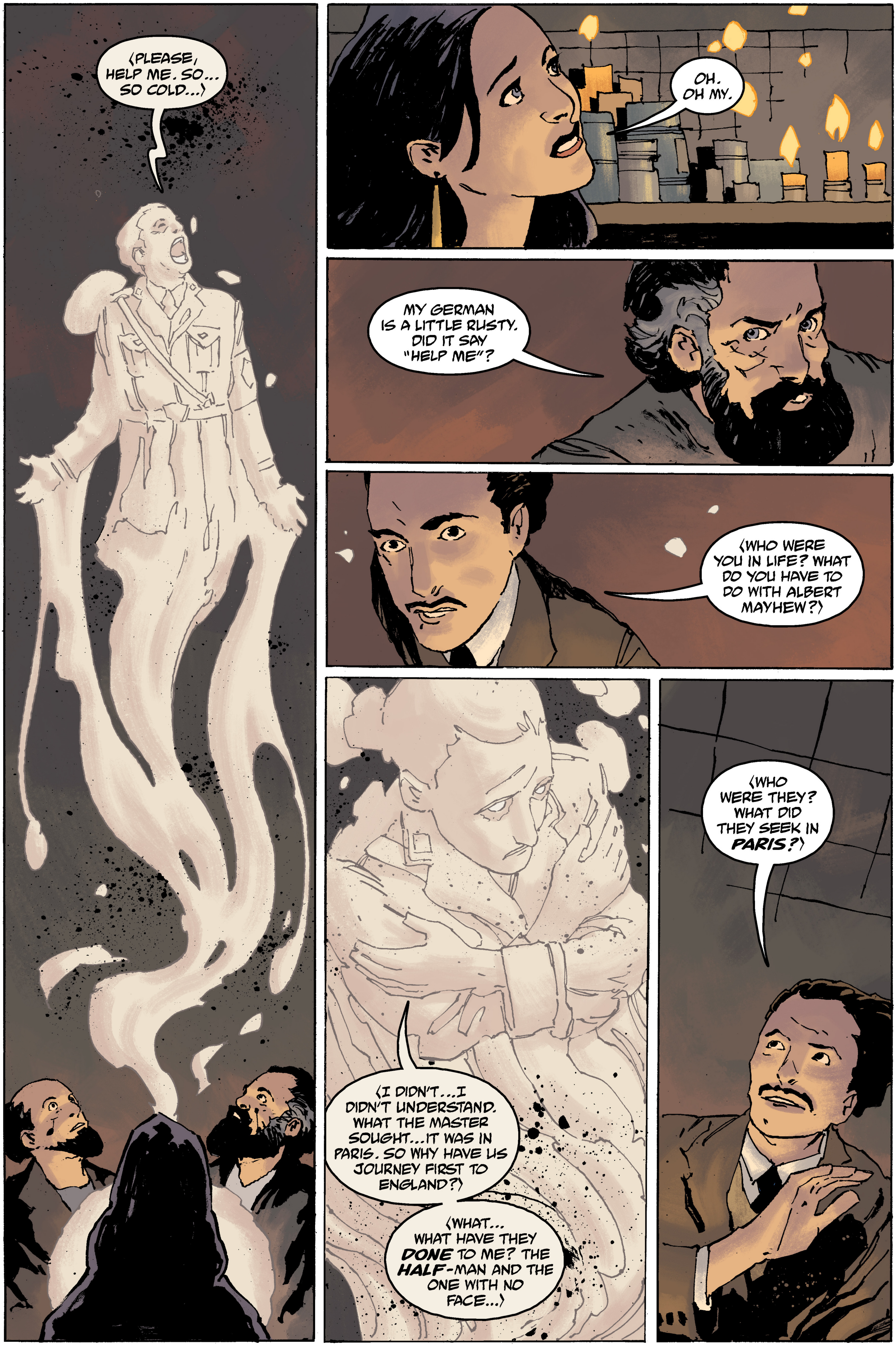
⟨TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN⟩

‹BLAST THESE INFERNAL INTERRUPTIONS!›
‹I...I APOLOGIZE, MASTER.›
‹I KNOW THAT YOU...VALUE YOUR SOLITUDE, AND I AM LOATH TO INTRUDE.›
‹BUT YOU ASKED TO BE UPDATED ON THE PROGRESS OF OPERATION GEIST.›
‹WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED WORD FROM KURTZ AND KROENEN THAT THEIR MISSION TO ENGLAND WAS A SUCCESS, AND THAT THEY ARE NOW PROCEEDING TO FRANCE.›


‹AH. EXCELLENT.›
‹THANK YOU, ILSA.›
‹MAKE PREPARATIONS FOR OUR IMMEDIATE DEPARTURE.›
‹WE WILL RENDEZVOUS WITH KURTZ AND KROENEN AS PLANNED, AND THEN PROCEED WITH THE NEXT PHASE.›
‹MASTER, DO YOU...?›
‹DO YOU REALLY THINK IT IS THERE? THE **ANSWER** YOU SEEK?›
‹THE FRENCHMAN WAS GRANTED A VISION OF THE DRAGON, I AM SURE OF IT--GIVEN A GLIMPSE OF THE **SECRETS** OF **HEAVEN'S FIRE.**›
‹I WOULD KNOW WHAT IT WAS THAT HE SAW...›
PARIS

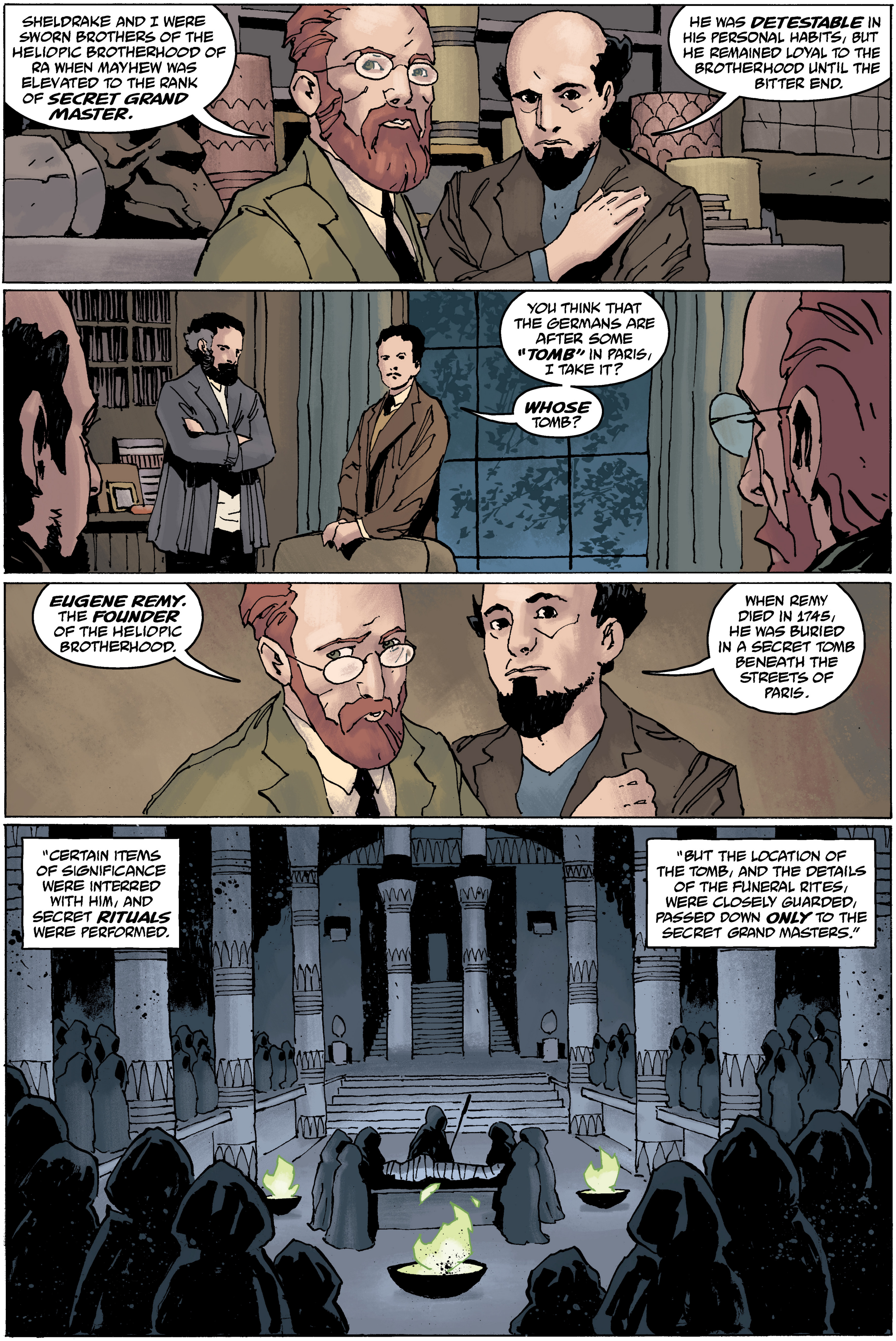

ESSEX, ENGLAND.
IN TRUTH, THE WHOLE THING STRUCK ME AS FAINTLY RIDICULOUS.
FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF PROFESSOR TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM
SHADES OF THE RECENTLY DEPARTED, ATTEND US.
LADY CYNTHIA EDEN-JONES WAS SUPPOSEDLY ONE OF ENGLAND'S LEADING PSYCHICS, BUT SHE SOUNDED NO DIFFERENT FROM ANY PARLOR-ROOM FAKE TO ME.
WE WISH TO SPEAK WITH THE SOUL THAT ANIMATED THE BODY OF THE LATE ALBERT MAYHEW.
MY UNCLE'S ASSOCIATES DENNIS PETERS AND REGINALD SHELDRAKE, WHO I'D ONLY JUST MET, SEEMED TO BE TAKING THE WHOLE AFFAIR VERY SERIOUSLY...
...AS WAS UNCLE SIMON.
AS FOR ME...? I KNEW FIRSTHAND THAT SPIRITS COULD LINGER ON AFTER DEATH, BUT SERIOUSLY DOUBTED IT COULD BE SO SIMPLE TO CONJURE THEM UP.

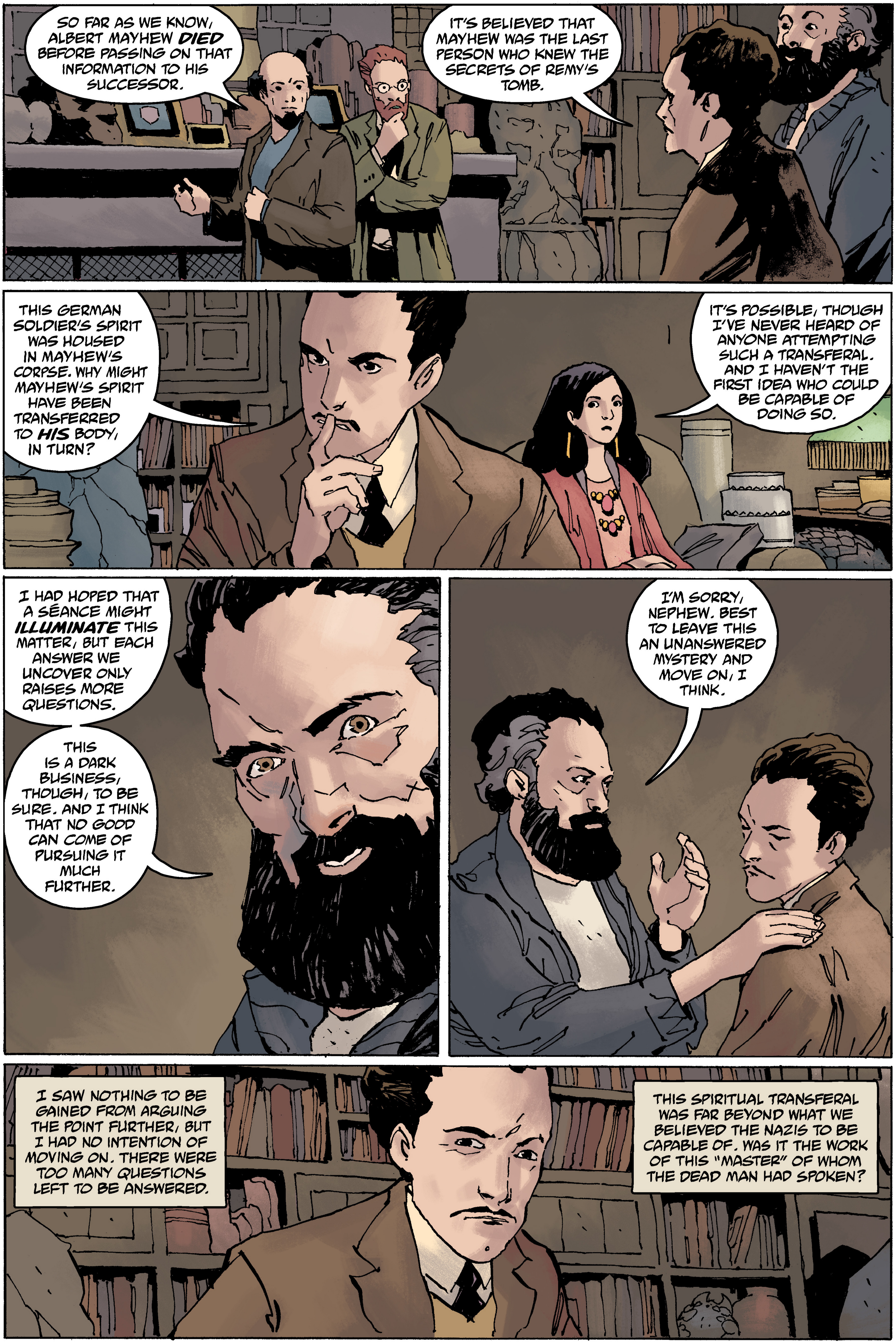

SOMETHING HAD ANIMATED MAYHEW'S ROTTEN CORPSE (THOUGH THE LOCAL CONSTABULARY WAS QUICK TO DISMISS THE INCIDENT AS A CASE OF "GRAVEROBBING.")
I WAS SCARCELY ABLE TO CONCENTRATE ON MY WORK AT BLETCHLEY PARK, DISTRACTED BY THOUGHTS OF THAT NIGHT, UNTIL A FEW DAYS LATER I RECEIVED AN URGENT SUMMONS.
I HAD WRITTEN TO MY UNCLE ABOUT THE INCIDENT. AS SOON AS HE GOT MY LETTER HE CALLED TO INSIST THAT I COME TO HIS HOME AT ONCE, AS HE HAD VITAL INTELLIGENCE TO SHARE.
IT WAS NOT EXACTLY THE SORT OF INTELLIGENCE THAT I'D ANTICIPATED. BUT THEN...
SOMETHING IS COMING.


⟨PLEASE, HELP ME. SO... SO COLD...⟩
OH. OH MY.
MY GERMAN IS A LITTLE RUSTY. DID IT SAY "HELP ME"?
⟨WHO WERE YOU IN LIFE? WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO DO WITH ALBERT MAYHEW?⟩
⟨I DIDN'T...I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT THE MASTER SOUGHT...IT WAS IN PARIS. SO WHY HAVE US JOURNEY FIRST TO ENGLAND?⟩
⟨WHAT... WHAT HAVE THEY **DONE** TO ME? THE **HALF**-MAN AND THE ONE WITH NO FACE...⟩
⟨WHO WERE THEY? WHAT DID THEY SEEK IN **PARIS?**⟩

<IT HURTS!>
AIIIE!!
UNGH!
SUCH...AGONY! BUT HOW CAN THE DEAD SUFFER SO--?
FWOOOSH
IT'S GONE...

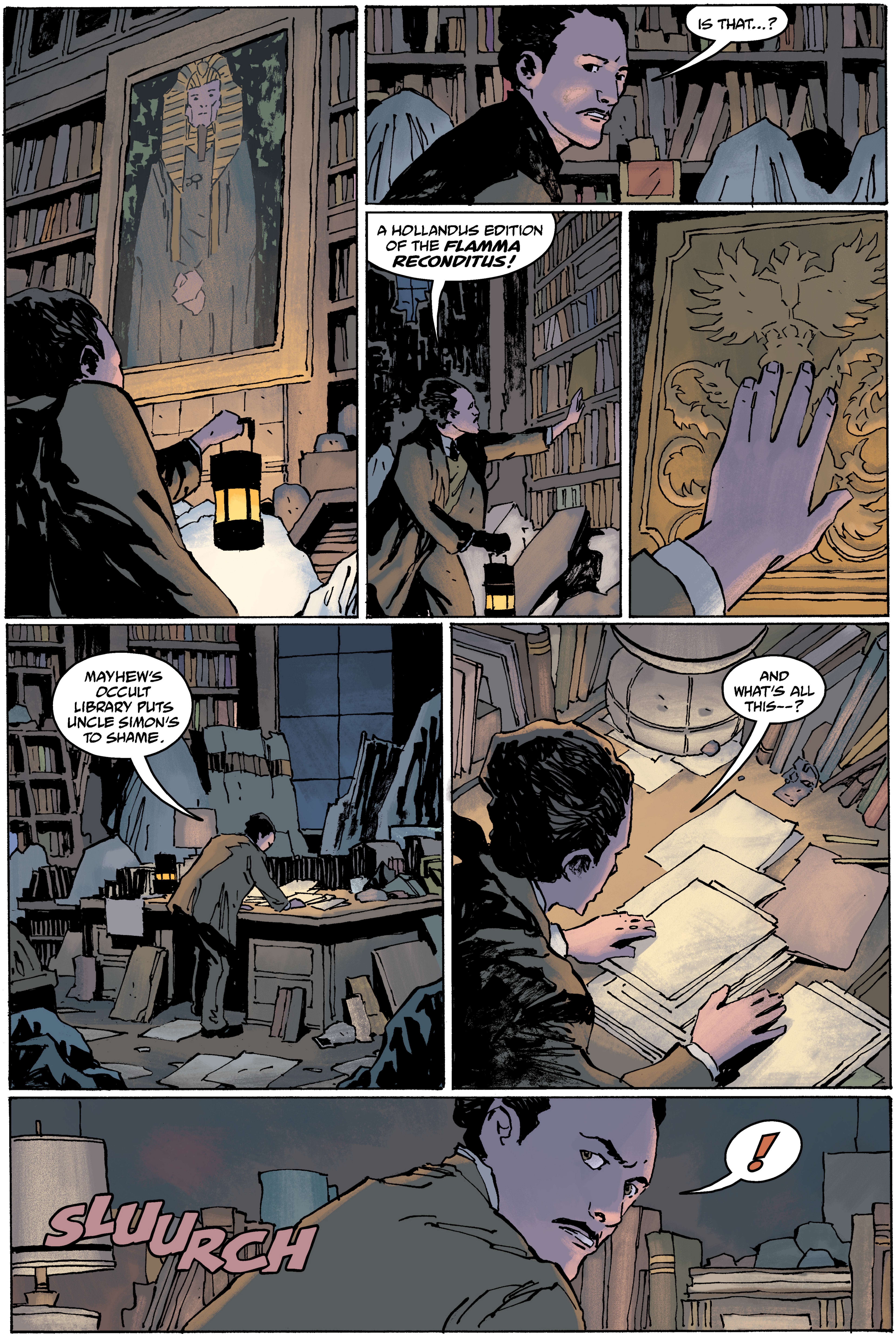
THE WHOLE EXPERIENCE RAISED MORE QUESTIONS THAN IT ANSWERED.
...AND WE ARE **CERTAIN** THAT WAS THE SPIRIT THAT WALKED IN THE DECAYED FLESH OF ALBERT MAYHEW?
HIS WAS THE DEPARTED SOUL THAT ANSWERED MY SUMMONS.
BUT I SENSE THAT HE HAS NOW TRAVELED BEYOND THE VEIL, BEYOND THE REACH OF ANY FURTHER QUESTIONING.
YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THAT THE GERMANS SEEK THE **TOMB,** DO YOU?
THEY CAN'T POSSIBLY HOPE TO...**COULD** THEY?
THESE **FRIENDS** OF YOURS, UNCLE SIMON. WHAT'S THEIR CONNECTION TO THIS BUSINESS?
WELL, AS I **THOUGHT** WE MIGHT BE CONJURING THE SOUL OF MAYHEW HIMSELF, I SUPPOSED IT BEST THAT WE INCLUDE IN OUR CIRCLE THOSE WHO KNEW HIM IN LIFE.
PETERS AND SHELDRAKE WERE BOTH... **ASSOCIATES** OF HIS.


SHELDRAKE AND I WERE SWORN BROTHERS OF THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA WHEN MAYHEW WAS ELEVATED TO THE RANK OF ***SECRET GRAND MASTER.***
HE WAS ***DETESTABLE*** IN HIS PERSONAL HABITS, BUT HE REMAINED LOYAL TO THE BROTHERHOOD UNTIL THE BITTER END.
YOU THINK THAT THE GERMANS ARE AFTER SOME ***"TOMB"*** IN PARIS, I TAKE IT?
WHOSE TOMB?
EUGENE REMY. THE ***FOUNDER*** OF THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD.
WHEN REMY DIED IN 1745, HE WAS BURIED IN A SECRET TOMB BENEATH THE STREETS OF PARIS.
"CERTAIN ITEMS OF SIGNIFICANCE WERE INTERRED WITH HIM, AND SECRET ***RITUALS*** WERE PERFORMED.
"BUT THE LOCATION OF THE TOMB, AND THE DETAILS OF THE FUNERAL RITES, WERE CLOSELY GUARDED, PASSED DOWN ***ONLY*** TO THE SECRET GRAND MASTERS."


SO FAR AS WE KNOW, ALBERT MAYHEW **DIED** BEFORE PASSING ON THAT INFORMATION TO HIS SUCCESSOR.
IT'S BELIEVED THAT MAYHEW WAS THE LAST PERSON WHO KNEW THE SECRETS OF REMY'S TOMB.
THIS GERMAN SOLDIER'S SPIRIT WAS HOUSED IN MAYHEW'S CORPSE. WHY MIGHT MAYHEW'S SPIRIT HAVE BEEN TRANSFERRED TO **HIS** BODY, IN TURN?
IT'S POSSIBLE, THOUGH I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANYONE ATTEMPTING SUCH A TRANSFERAL. AND I HAVEN'T THE FIRST IDEA WHO COULD BE CAPABLE OF DOING SO.
I HAD HOPED THAT A SÉANCE MIGHT **ILLUMINATE** THIS MATTER, BUT EACH ANSWER WE UNCOVER ONLY RAISES MORE QUESTIONS.
THIS IS A DARK BUSINESS, THOUGH, TO BE SURE. AND I THINK THAT NO GOOD CAN COME OF PURSUING IT MUCH FURTHER.
I'M SORRY, NEPHEW. BEST TO LEAVE THIS AN UNANSWERED MYSTERY AND MOVE ON, I THINK.
I SAW NOTHING TO BE GAINED FROM ARGUING THE POINT FURTHER, BUT I HAD NO INTENTION OF MOVING ON. THERE WERE TOO MANY QUESTIONS LEFT TO BE ANSWERED.
THIS SPIRITUAL TRANSFERAL WAS FAR BEYOND WHAT WE BELIEVED THE NAZIS TO BE CAPABLE OF. WAS IT THE WORK OF THIS "MASTER" OF WHOM THE DEAD MAN HAD SPOKEN?

I WAS TO RETURN TO BLETCHLEY THAT EVENING, BUT EN ROUTE I STOPPED BY THE LATE MAYHEW'S COUNTRY ESTATE.
CHARMING.
OTHER MANOR HOUSES UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRYSIDE HAD BEEN REQUISITIONED BY THE CROWN FOR THE WAR EFFORT, SERVING AS FIELD HOSPITALS, TRAINING BASES, AND SO ON.
THE R.A.F. HAD CONSIDERED USING IT FOR STAGING EXERCISES THE PREVIOUS YEAR, BUT ABANDONED THOSE PLANS BEFORE TAKING POSSESSION.
THE DETAILS WERE SKETCHY, BUT INVOLVED UNEXPLAINABLE ACCIDENTS AND A RASH OF DEATHS THAT BEFELL THE OFFICERS WHO ATTEMPTED TO SURVEY THE PROPERTY.
THE OFFICIAL REPORT STOPPED SHORT OF INCLUDING THE WORD "HAUNTED," BUT ONLY BY INCHES.

THIS IS PROMISING.
MR. MAYHEW, I PRESUME?


IS THAT...?
A HOLLANDUS EDITION OF THE *FLAMMA RECONDITUS!*
MAYHEW'S OCCULT LIBRARY PUTS UNCLE SIMON'S TO SHAME.
AND WHAT'S ALL THIS--?
SLUURCH
!

GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF, TREVOR. JUMPING AT SHADOWS LIKE A SCHOOLBOY...
NOW **THIS** LOOKS INTERESTING.
"HALLIWELL'S FINDINGS SUGGEST THAT THERE EXISTS AN OPPOSITE BUT EQUAL FORCE TO THE FIRE OF HEAVEN, THE NEGATIVE ENERGY OF THE VOID ITSELF. IF HARNESSED, IT COULD--"
FWOOOOOOSH
WHO...?

I KNOW THERE'S SOMEONE THERE.
SHOW YOURSELF!
STHUNK
UNGH!
WHAT WAS...?

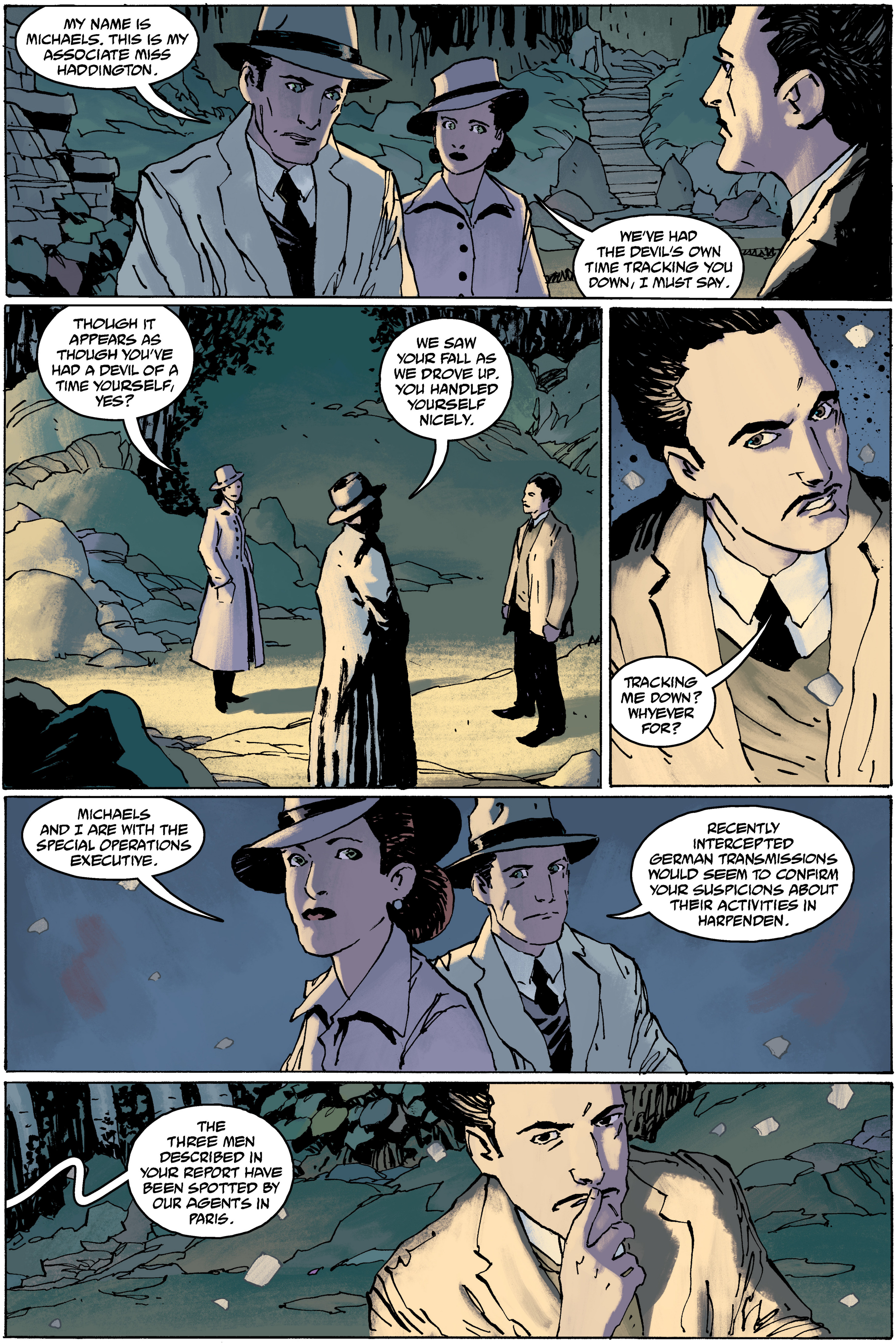
UUUURR...
WHAT THE DEVIL...!
SLURCH
GRN!
UUUUURR!
AH!

SMASH
LET GRN GO!
UUUUR!
UUUUR!
AHHH!
SMASH

UNF!
SNAP
GAH!
THUD
WHAT ≡PANT≡ WAS...?

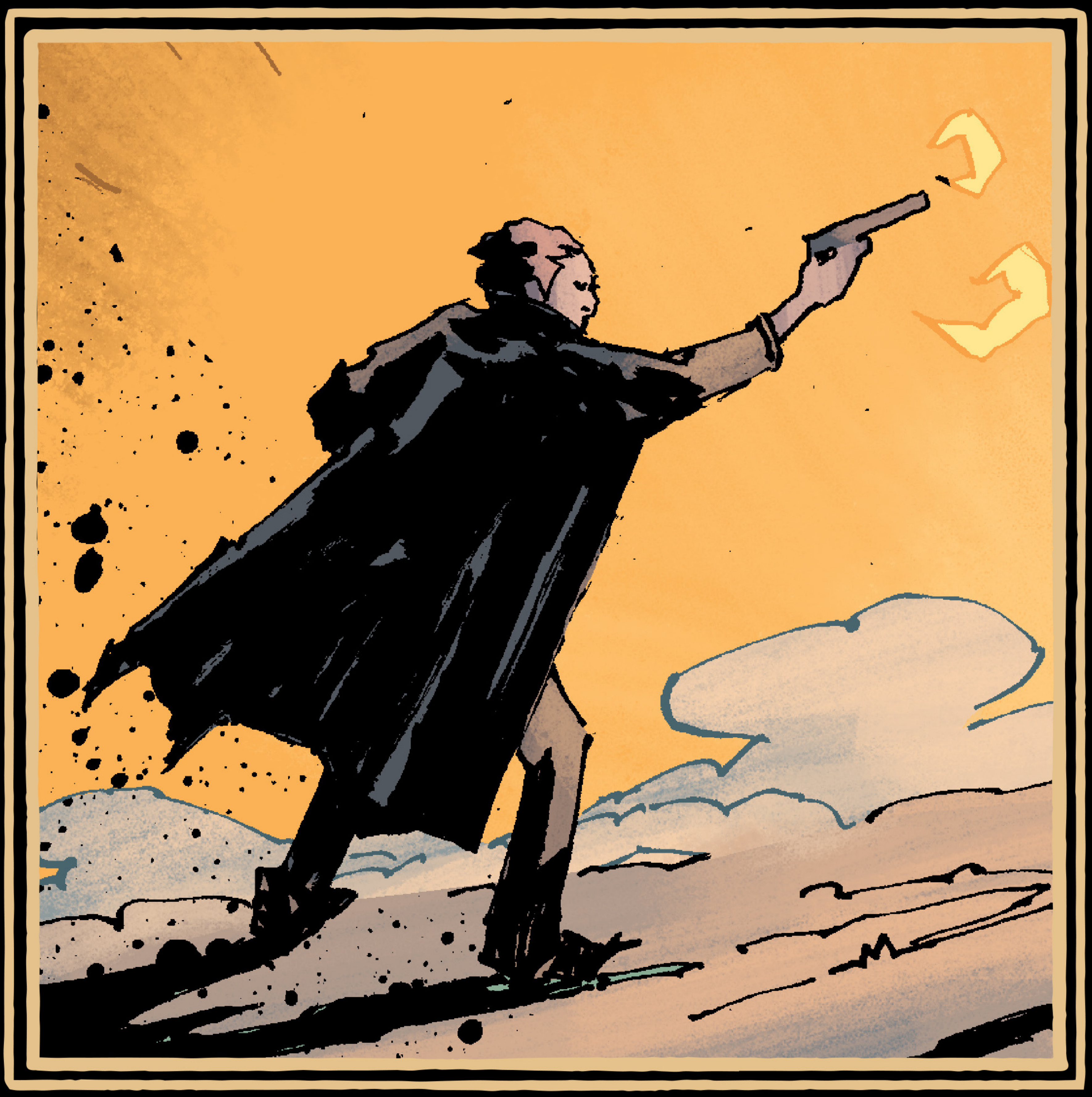
EXTRAORDINARY.
MAYHEW MUST HAVE CAST SOME KIND OF SPELL ON THE HOUSE. A SUPERNATURAL DETERRENT.
PROTECTING HIS SECRETS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.
UUUU...
WHAT A WASTE.
VROOOMM

?
SCREECH
WHO COULD *THAT* BE?
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE RIGHT ON TIME.
SO IT WOULD SEEM.
TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM, I PRESUME?
YES, BUT...
WHO ARE *YOU*?


MY NAME IS MICHAELS. THIS IS MY ASSOCIATE MISS HADDINGTON.
WE'VE HAD THE DEVIL'S OWN TIME TRACKING YOU DOWN, I MUST SAY.
THOUGH IT APPEARS AS THOUGH YOU'VE HAD A DEVIL OF A TIME YOURSELF, YES?
WE SAW YOUR FALL AS WE DROVE UP. YOU HANDLED YOURSELF NICELY.
TRACKING ME DOWN? WHYEVER FOR?
MICHAELS AND I ARE WITH THE SPECIAL OPERATIONS EXECUTIVE.
RECENTLY INTERCEPTED GERMAN TRANSMISSIONS WOULD SEEM TO CONFIRM YOUR SUSPICIONS ABOUT THEIR ACTIVITIES IN HARPENDEN.
THE THREE MEN DESCRIBED IN YOUR REPORT HAVE BEEN SPOTTED BY OUR AGENTS IN PARIS.

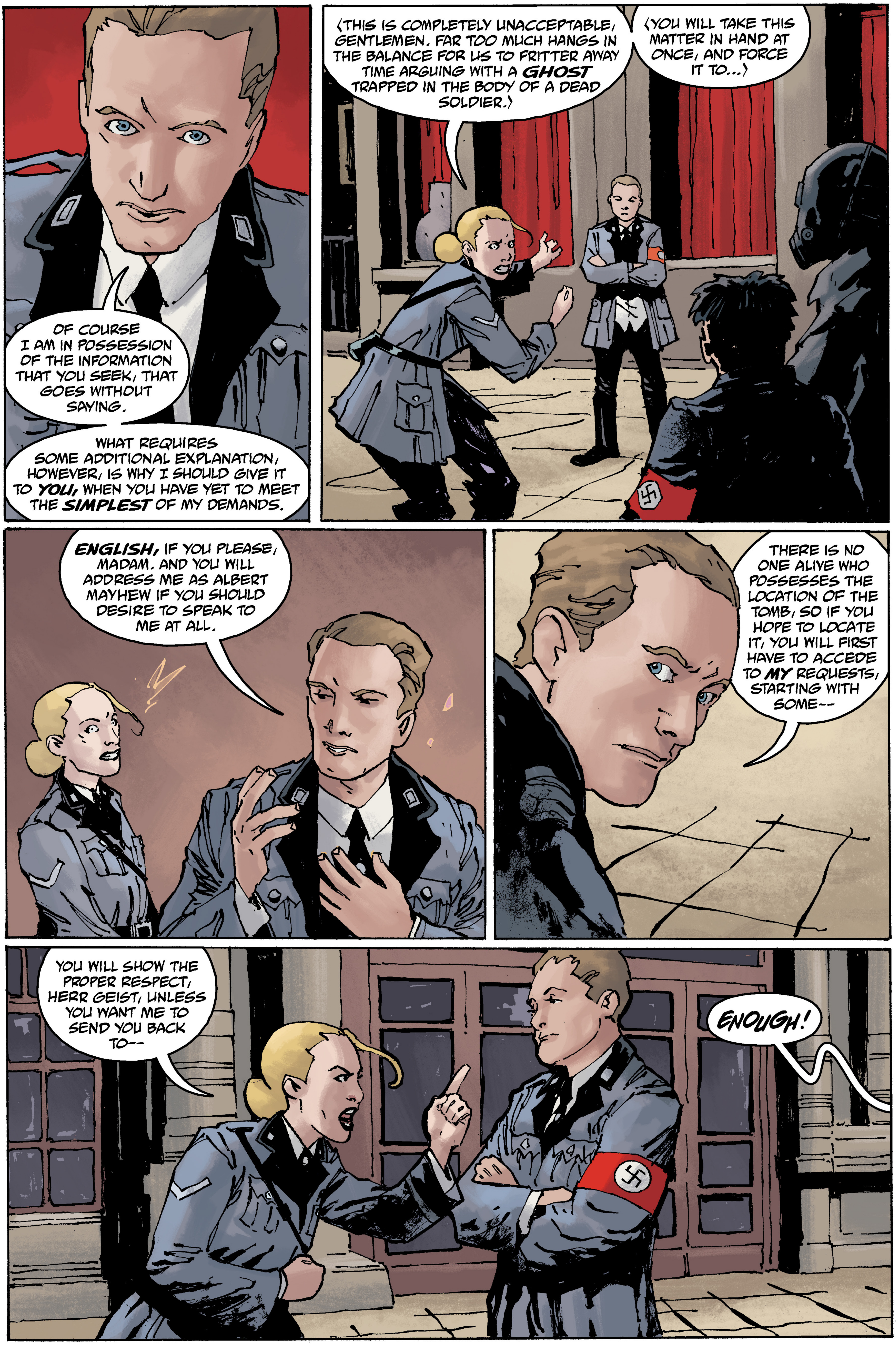
HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR YOUR INSIGHTS, MILITARY INTELLIGENCE WOULD LIKELY HAVE COMPLETELY OVERLOOKED THE EVIDENCE.
OUR PEOPLE ARE OUT OF THEIR DEPTHS WITH THIS WHOLE SUPERNATURAL MUMBO JUMBO.
SO YOU TRACKED ME DOWN... TO **THANK** ME?
NO, MR. BRUTTENHOLM. TO **RECRUIT** YOU.
LIKE MISS HADDINGTON SAYS, OUR PEOPLE AREN'T UP TO SCRATCH WITH THIS SORT OF THING. WHICH IS WHY WE'D LIKE TO SEND **YOU** INTO THE FIELD TO ASSIST.
INTO THE...? YOU WANT TO SEND **ME** INTO NAZI-HELD TERRITORY?
WHEN I'D WOKEN THAT MORNING I HAD NO INKLING THAT BY THE DAY'S END I WOULD BECOME A SPY...

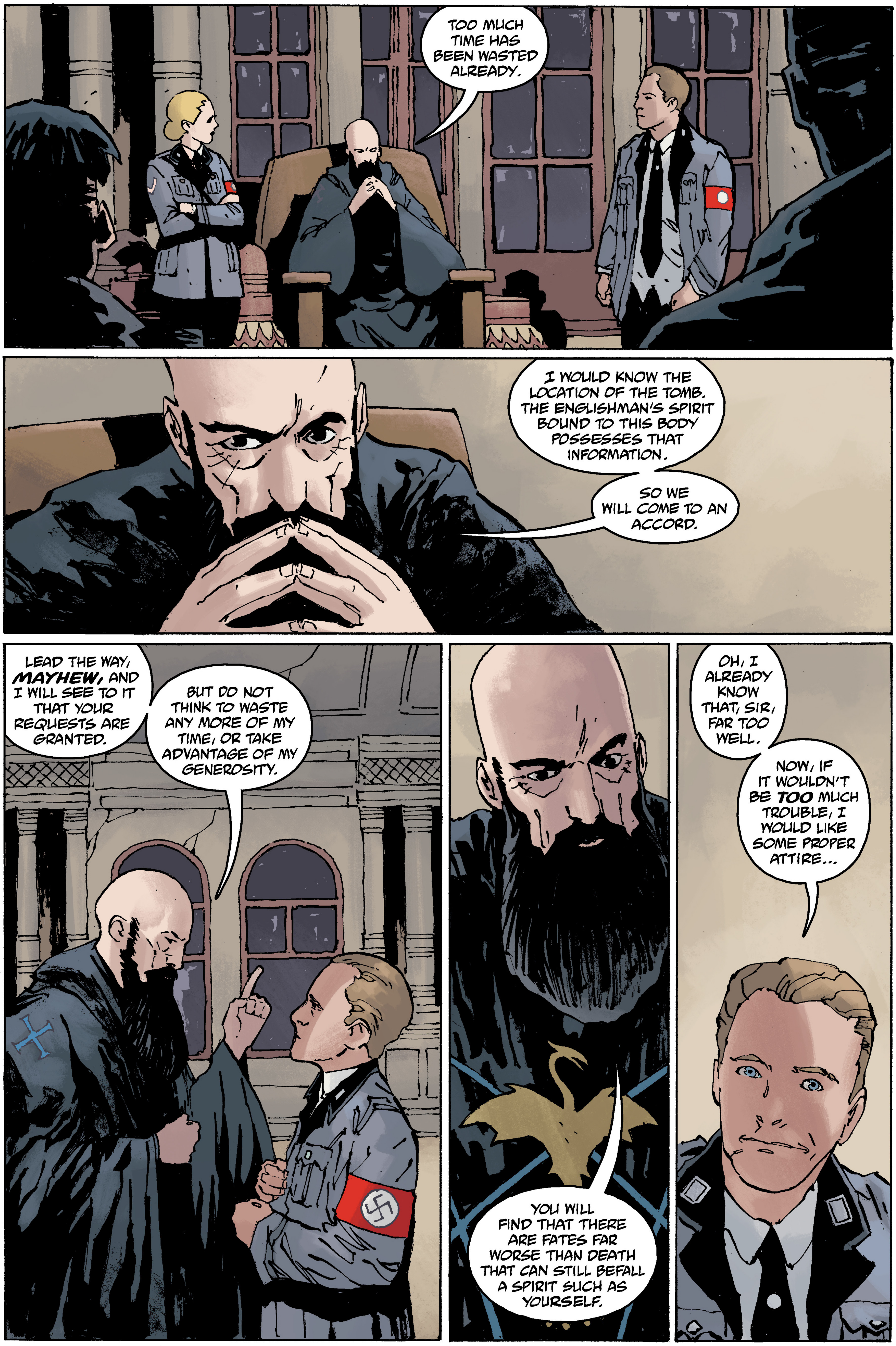
CHAPTER THREE



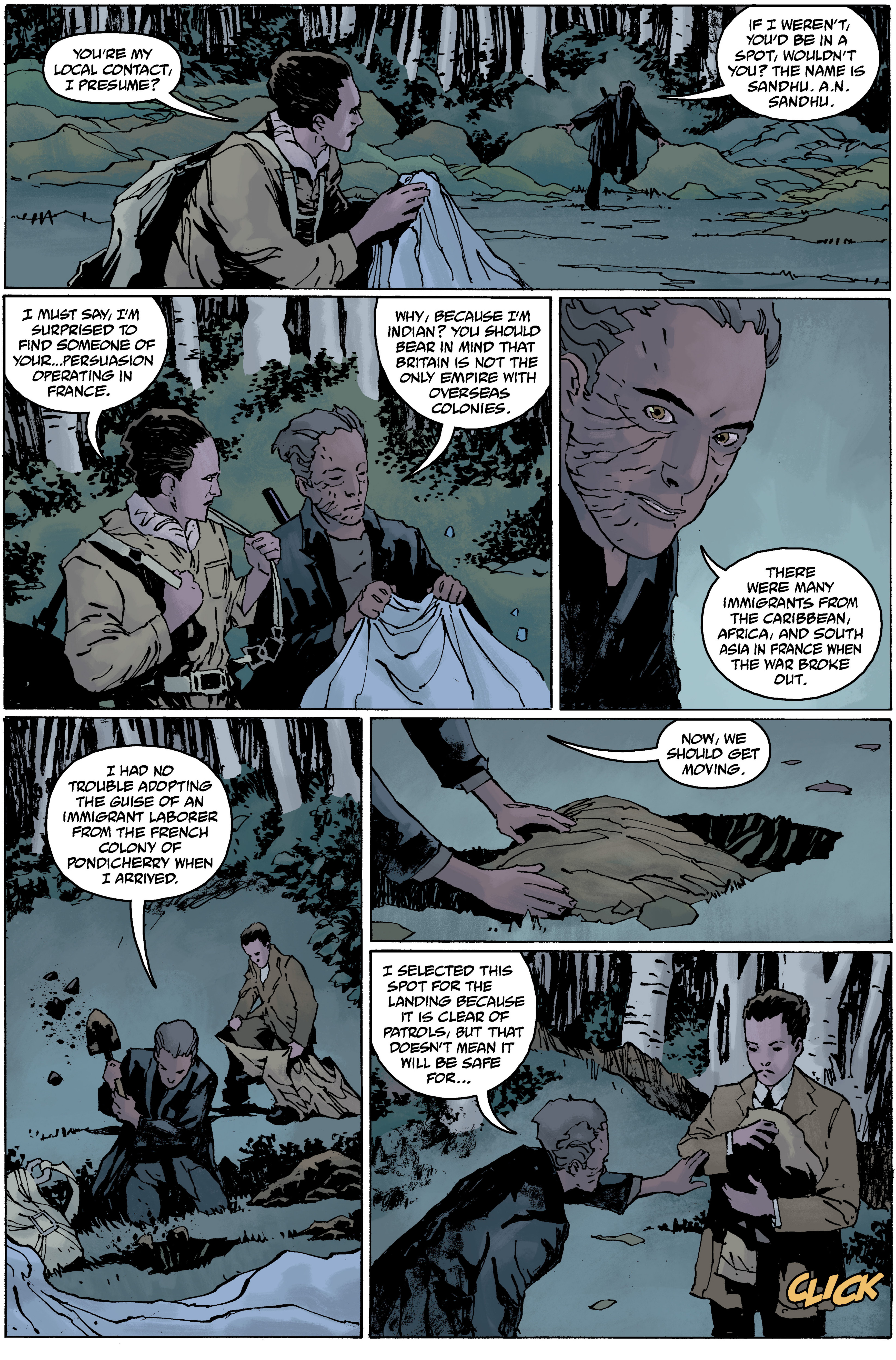
OCCUPIED PARIS. JUNE 1941.
‹WHAT COMPLICATIONS? YOU STATED IN YOUR REPORT THAT THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS.›
‹YES, WE SUCCESSFULLY SUMMONED THE SPIRIT OF THE DEAD MAN AND BOUND HIM TO A LIVING HOST.›
‹BUT WHEN IT CAME TIME TO EXTRACT THE REQUIRED INFORMATION, WELL...›
JUST LIKE THE HUN TO ***DEMAND*** WHERE A ***REQUEST*** WOULD BE MORE IN ORDER.

‹TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN›

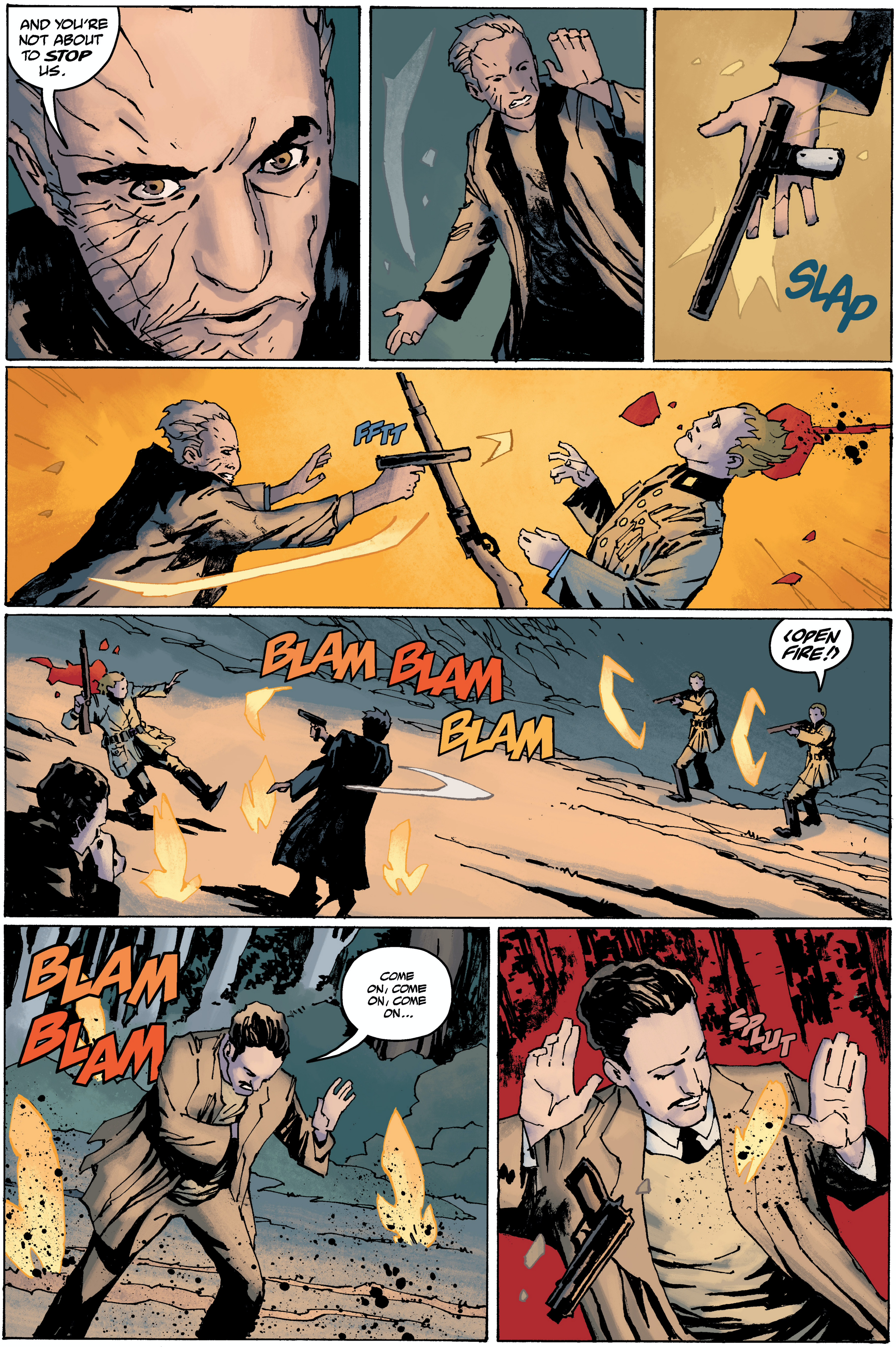

OF COURSE I AM IN POSSESSION OF THE INFORMATION THAT YOU SEEK, THAT GOES WITHOUT SAYING.
WHAT REQUIRES SOME ADDITIONAL EXPLANATION, HOWEVER, IS WHY I SHOULD GIVE IT TO ***YOU,*** WHEN YOU HAVE YET TO MEET THE ***SIMPLEST*** OF MY DEMANDS.
‹THIS IS COMPLETELY UNACCEPTABLE, GENTLEMEN. FAR TOO MUCH HANGS IN THE BALANCE FOR US TO FRITTER AWAY TIME ARGUING WITH A ***GHOST*** TRAPPED IN THE BODY OF A DEAD SOLDIER.›
‹YOU WILL TAKE THIS MATTER IN HAND AT ONCE, AND FORCE IT TO...›
ENGLISH, IF YOU PLEASE, MADAM. AND YOU WILL ADDRESS ME AS ALBERT MAYHEW IF YOU SHOULD DESIRE TO SPEAK TO ME AT ALL.
THERE IS NO ONE ALIVE WHO POSSESSES THE LOCATION OF THE TOMB, SO IF YOU HOPE TO LOCATE IT, YOU WILL FIRST HAVE TO ACCEDE TO ***MY*** REQUESTS, STARTING WITH SOME--
YOU WILL SHOW THE PROPER RESPECT, HERR GEIST, UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO SEND YOU BACK TO--
ENOUGH!

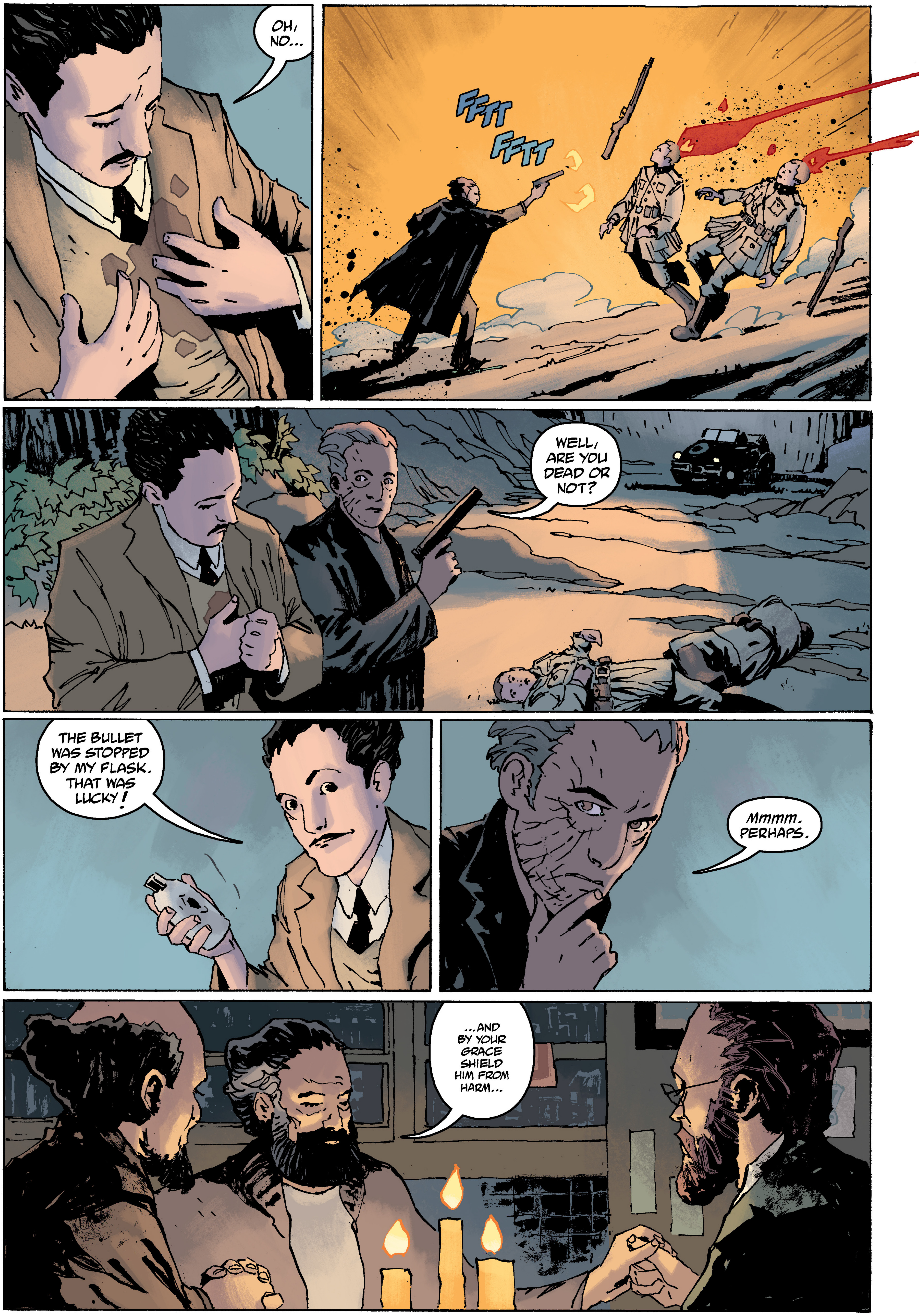

TOO MUCH TIME HAS BEEN WASTED ALREADY.
I WOULD KNOW THE LOCATION OF THE TOMB. THE ENGLISHMAN'S SPIRIT BOUND TO THIS BODY POSSESSES THAT INFORMATION.
SO WE WILL COME TO AN ACCORD.
LEAD THE WAY, **MAYHEW,** AND I WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOUR REQUESTS ARE GRANTED.
BUT DO NOT THINK TO WASTE ANY MORE OF MY TIME, OR TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MY GENEROSITY.
YOU WILL FIND THAT THERE ARE FATES FAR WORSE THAN DEATH THAT CAN STILL BEFALL A SPIRIT SUCH AS YOURSELF.
OH, I ALREADY KNOW THAT, SIR, FAR TOO WELL.
NOW, IF IT WOULDN'T BE **TOO** MUCH TROUBLE, I WOULD LIKE SOME PROPER ATTIRE...

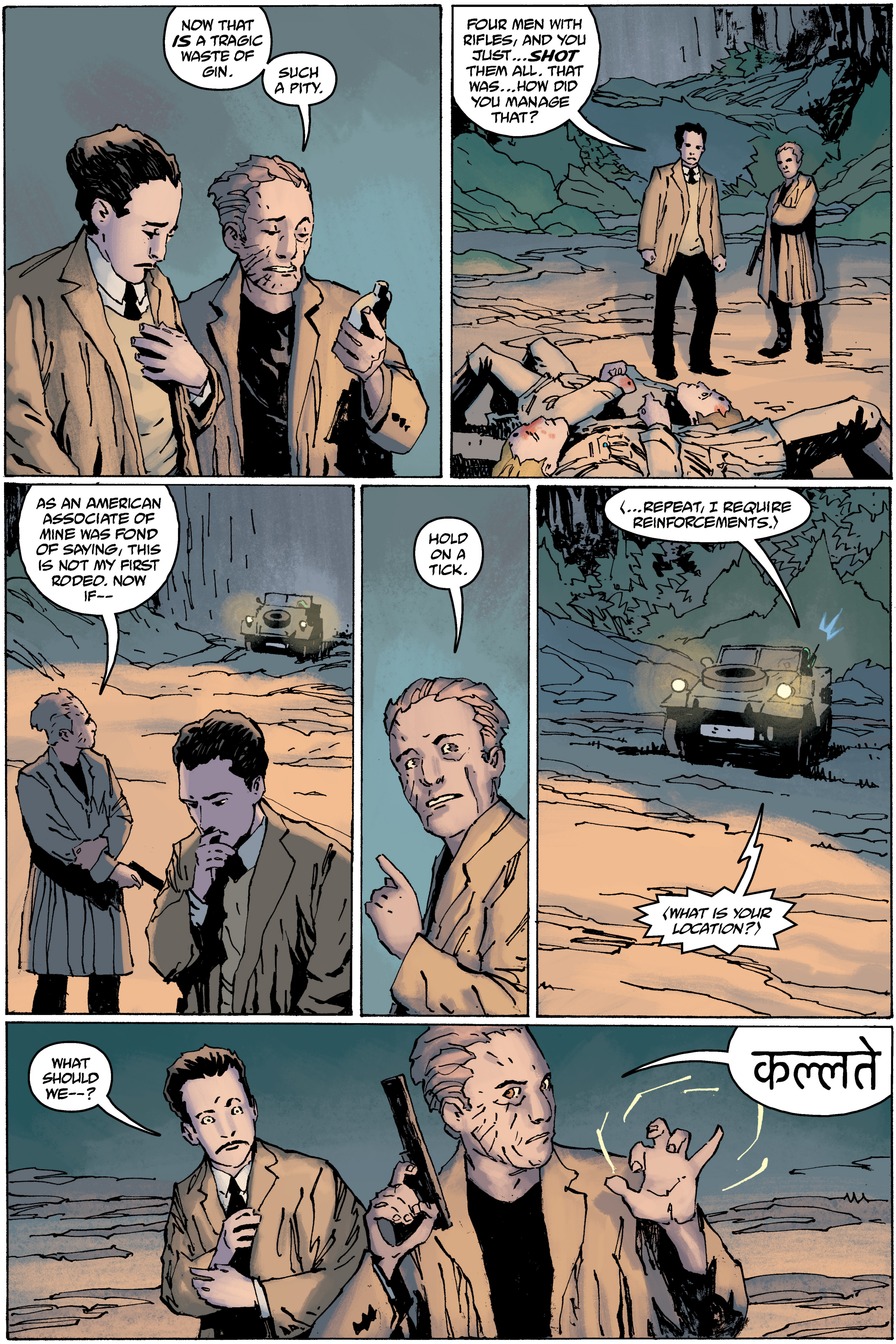
FRANCE.
THE EXTENT OF MY PARACHUTE EXPERIENCE HAD BEEN HALF AN HOUR SWINGING FROM A TRAINING RIG STRUNG UP IN A DOCKLANDS WAREHOUSE.
FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF PROFESSOR TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM
IT WAS A WONDER THAT I DIDN'T BREAK MY NECK ON LANDING.
♫♩
♩♫


YOU'RE MY LOCAL CONTACT, I PRESUME?
IF I WEREN'T, YOU'D BE IN A SPOT, WOULDN'T YOU? THE NAME IS SANDHU. A.N. SANDHU.
I MUST SAY, I'M SURPRISED TO FIND SOMEONE OF YOUR...PERSUASION OPERATING IN FRANCE.
WHY, BECAUSE I'M INDIAN? YOU SHOULD BEAR IN MIND THAT BRITAIN IS NOT THE ONLY EMPIRE WITH OVERSEAS COLONIES.
THERE WERE MANY IMMIGRANTS FROM THE CARIBBEAN, AFRICA, AND SOUTH ASIA IN FRANCE WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT.
I HAD NO TROUBLE ADOPTING THE GUISE OF AN IMMIGRANT LABORER FROM THE FRENCH COLONY OF PONDICHERRY WHEN I ARRIVED.
NOW, WE SHOULD GET MOVING.
I SELECTED THIS SPOT FOR THE LANDING BECAUSE IT IS CLEAR OF PATROLS, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT WILL BE SAFE FOR...
CLICK

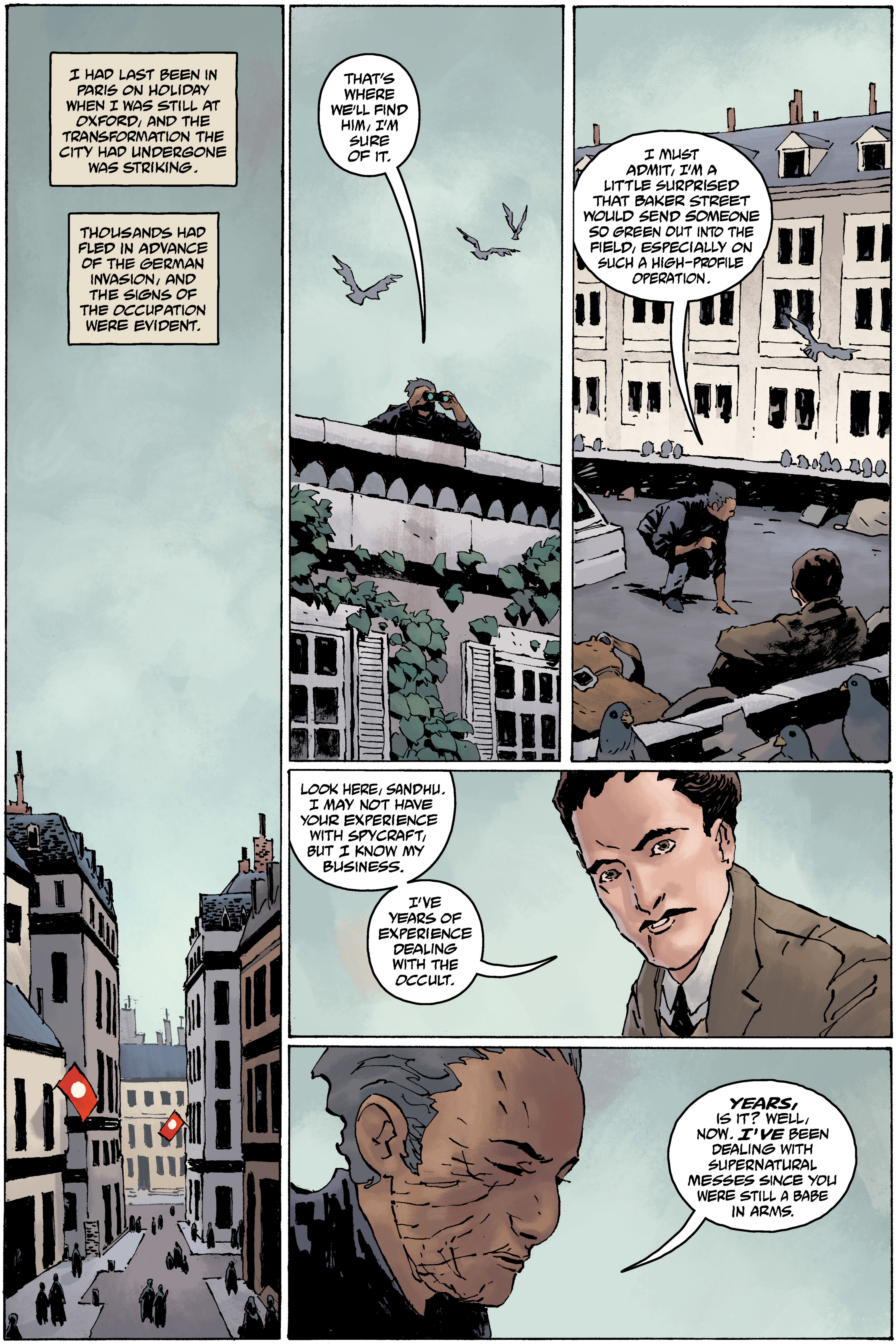
‹HALT! ONE FALSE MOVE AND WE WILL OPEN FIRE!›
I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS CLEAR OF PATROLS.
BLAST IT. THEY MUST HAVE BEEN TRACKING THE PLANE.
‹THERE IS NO NEED FOR VIOLENCE, GENTLEMEN.›
‹MY FRIEND AND I WERE JUST LEAVING.›
‹TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN›

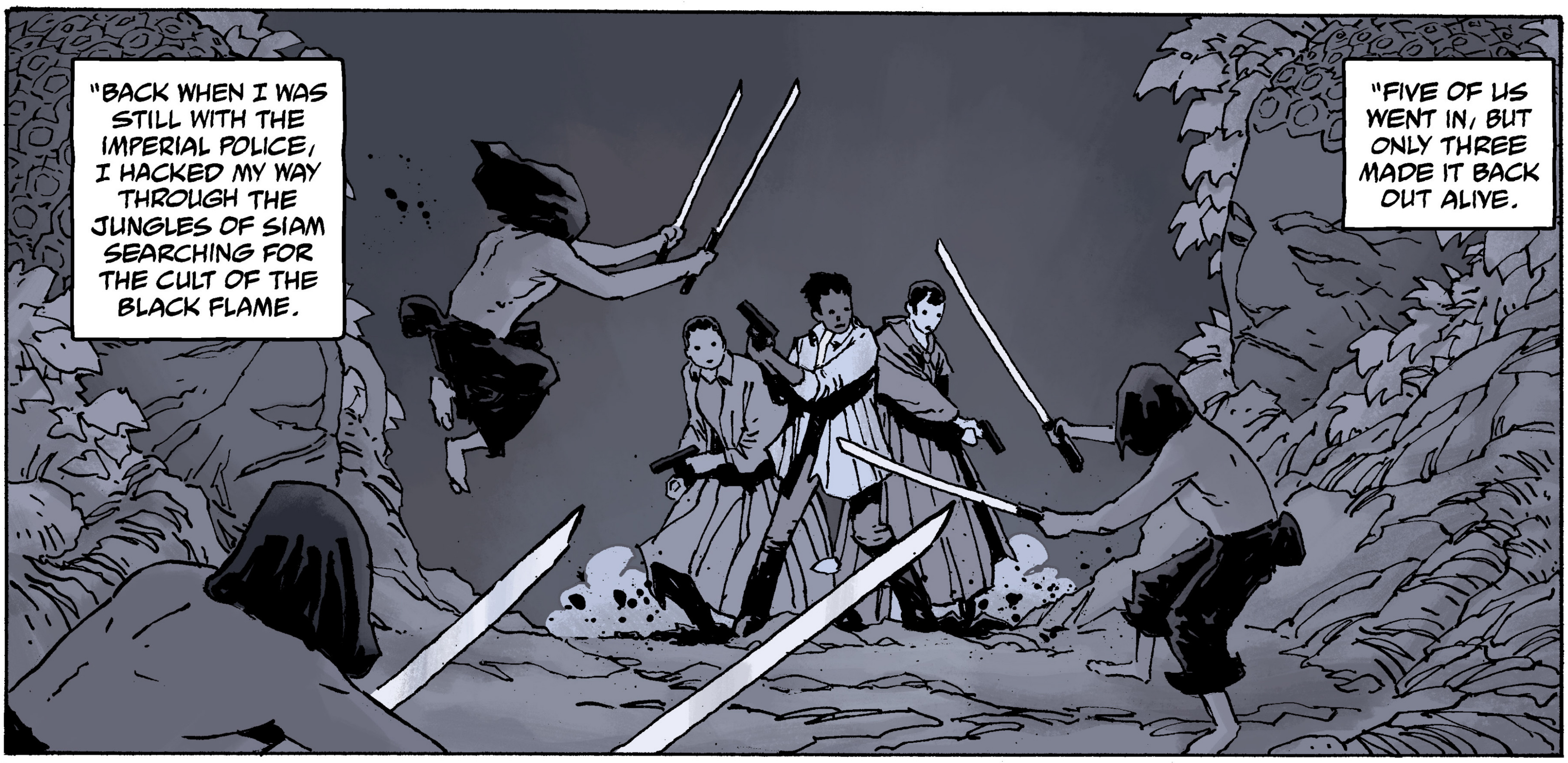

AND YOU'RE NOT ABOUT TO STOP US.
SLAP
FFTT
BLAM BLAM
BLAM
‹OPEN FIRE!›
BLAM
BLAM
COME ON, COME ON, COME ON...
SPLUT

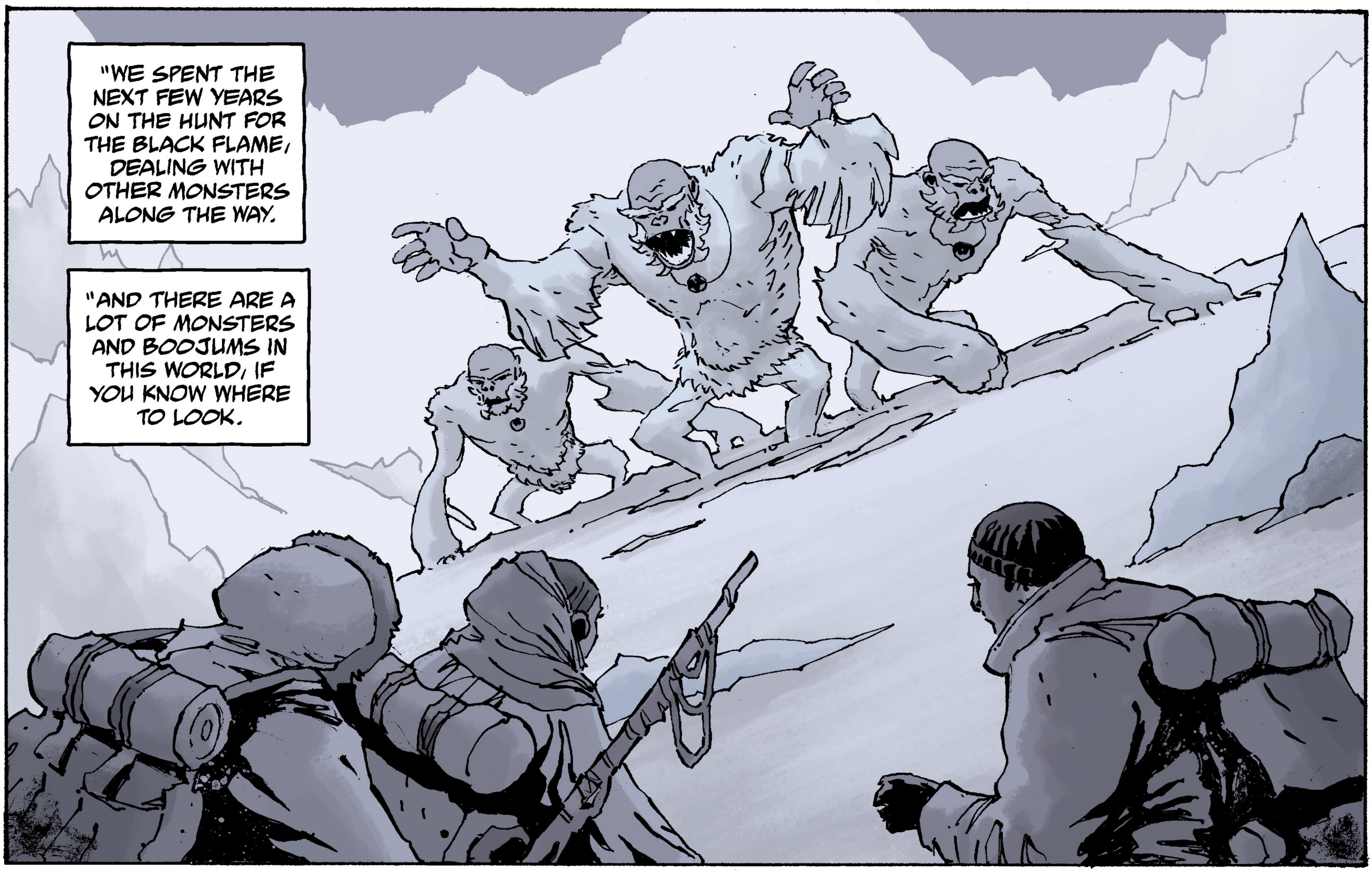

OH, NO...
FFTT
FFTT
WELL, ARE YOU DEAD OR NOT?
THE BULLET WAS STOPPED BY MY FLASK. THAT WAS LUCKY!
Mmmm. PERHAPS.
...AND BY YOUR GRACE SHIELD HIM FROM HARM...

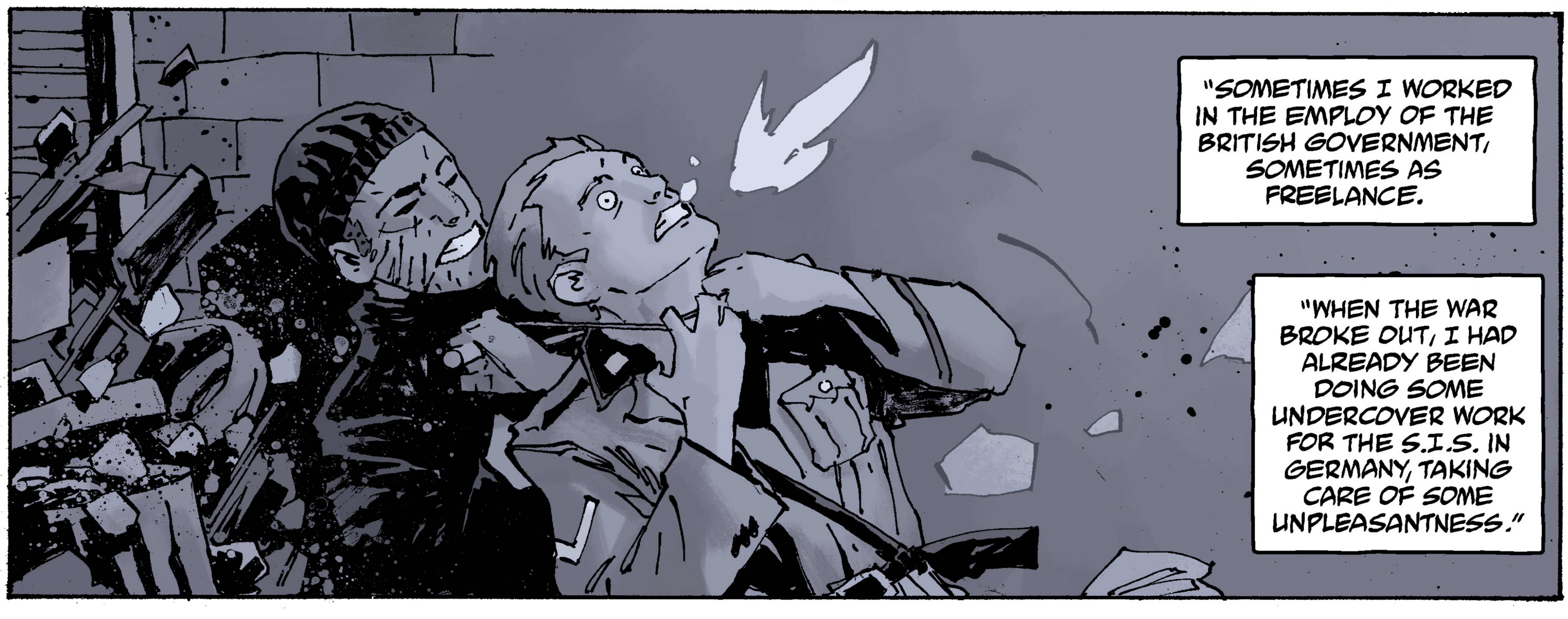

NOW THAT *IS* A TRAGIC WASTE OF GIN.
SUCH A PITY.
FOUR MEN WITH RIFLES, AND YOU JUST... *SHOT* THEM ALL. THAT WAS... HOW DID YOU MANAGE THAT?
AS AN AMERICAN ASSOCIATE OF MINE WAS FOND OF SAYING, THIS IS NOT MY FIRST RODEO. NOW IF--
HOLD ON A TICK.
‹...REPEAT, I REQUIRE REINFORCEMENTS.›
‹WHAT IS YOUR LOCATION?›
WHAT SHOULD WE--?
कल्लते

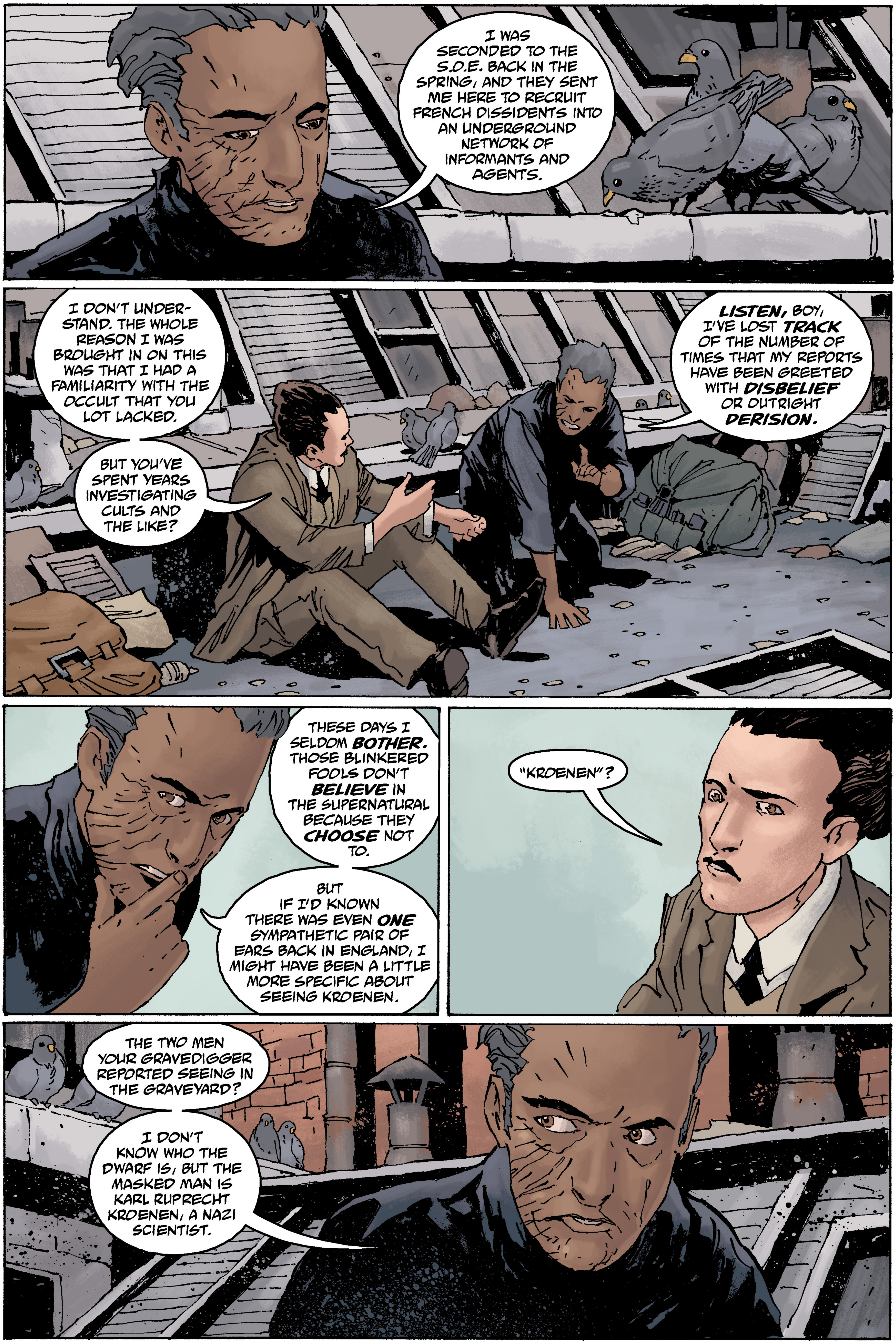
URK
〈PLEASE REPEAT, THAT DIDN'T COME THROUGH.〉
FFTT
WHAT DID YOU...? HOW DID YOU **DO** THAT?
WAS THAT ***MAGIC?***
LIKE I SAY, IT'S NOT MY FIRST RODEO, AND I'VE PICKED UP A FEW TRICKS ALONG THE WAY.
BUT IT COMES AT A COST.

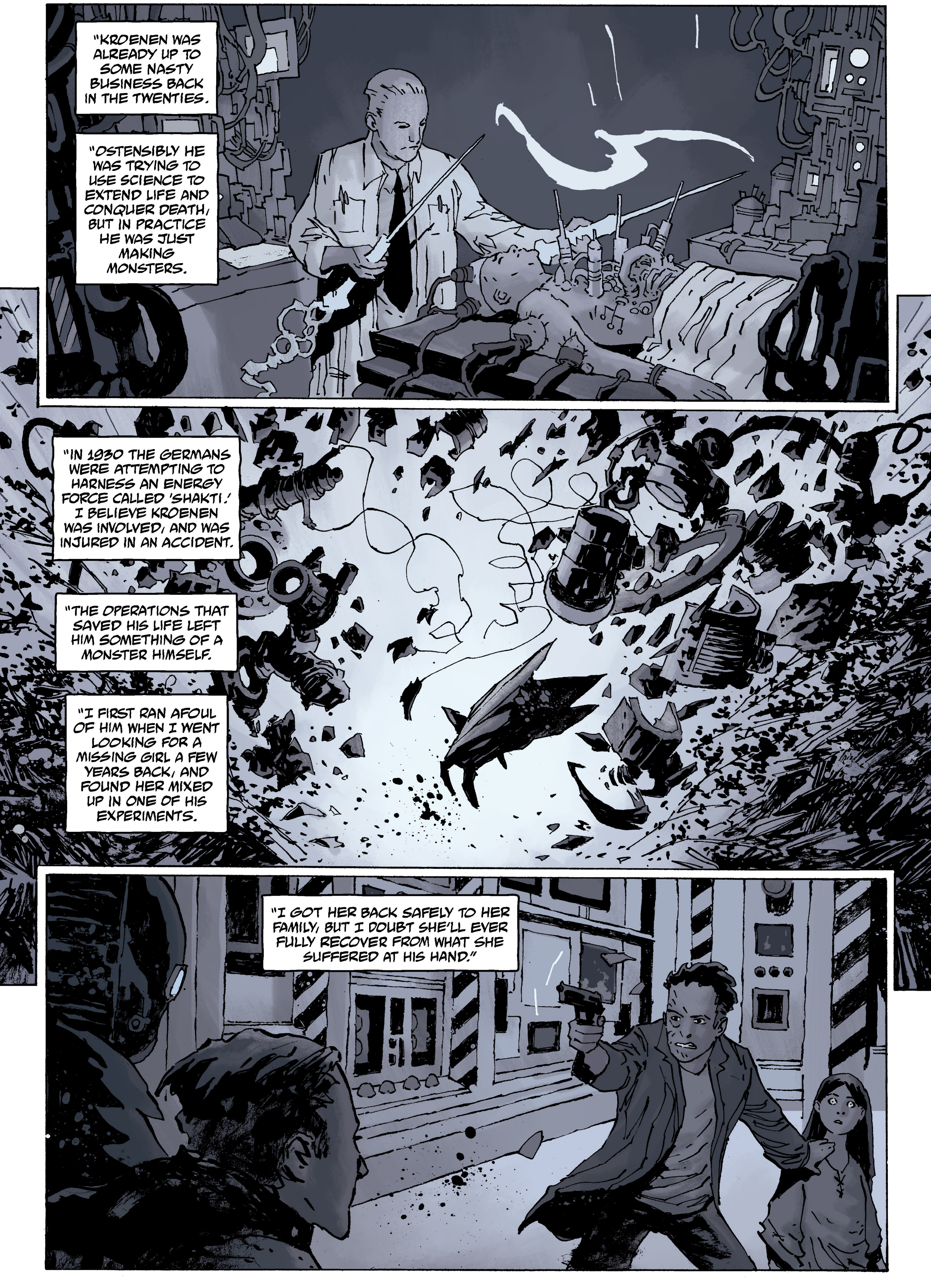

I HAD LAST BEEN IN PARIS ON HOLIDAY WHEN I WAS STILL AT OXFORD, AND THE TRANSFORMATION THE CITY HAD UNDERGONE WAS STRIKING.
THOUSANDS HAD FLED IN ADVANCE OF THE GERMAN INVASION, AND THE SIGNS OF THE OCCUPATION WERE EVIDENT.
THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND HIM, I'M SURE OF IT.
I MUST ADMIT, I'M A LITTLE SURPRISED THAT BAKER STREET WOULD SEND SOMEONE SO GREEN OUT INTO THE FIELD, ESPECIALLY ON SUCH A HIGH-PROFILE OPERATION.
LOOK HERE, SANDHU. I MAY NOT HAVE YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH SPYCRAFT, BUT I KNOW MY BUSINESS.
I'VE YEARS OF EXPERIENCE DEALING WITH THE OCCULT.
YEARS, IS IT? WELL, NOW. I'VE BEEN DEALING WITH SUPERNATURAL MESSES SINCE YOU WERE STILL A BABE IN ARMS.


"BACK WHEN I WAS STILL WITH THE IMPERIAL POLICE, I HACKED MY WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLES OF SIAM SEARCHING FOR THE CULT OF THE BLACK FLAME.
"FIVE OF US WENT IN, BUT ONLY THREE MADE IT BACK OUT ALIVE.


"WE SPENT THE NEXT FEW YEARS ON THE HUNT FOR THE BLACK FLAME, DEALING WITH OTHER MONSTERS ALONG THE WAY.
"AND THERE ARE A LOT OF MONSTERS AND BOOJUMS IN THIS WORLD, IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

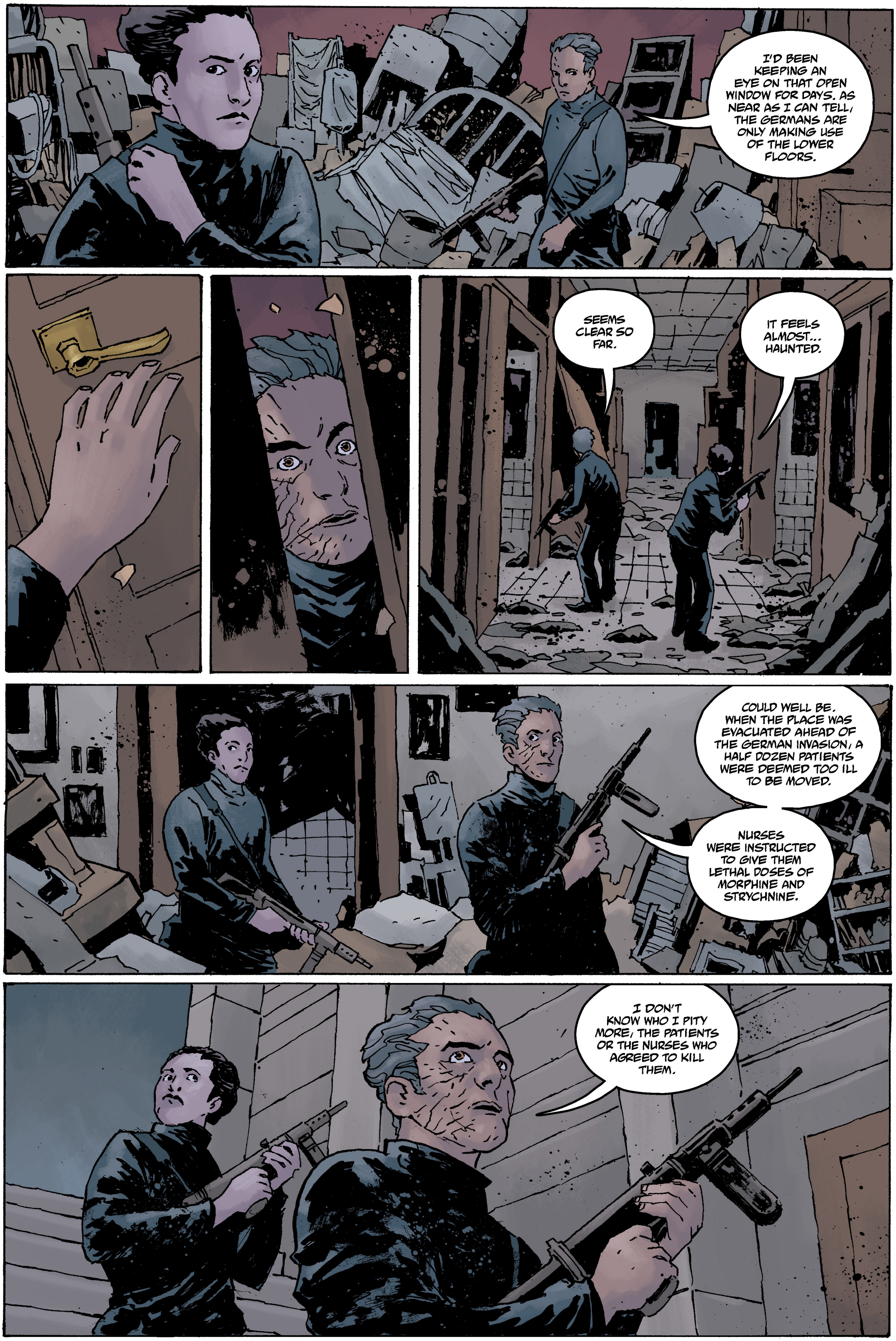

"SOMETIMES I WORKED IN THE EMPLOY OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, SOMETIMES AS FREELANCE.
"WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT, I HAD ALREADY BEEN DOING SOME UNDERCOVER WORK FOR THE S.I.S. IN GERMANY, TAKING CARE OF SOME UNPLEASANTNESS."


I WAS SECONDED TO THE S.O.E. BACK IN THE SPRING, AND THEY SENT ME HERE TO RECRUIT FRENCH DISSIDENTS INTO AN UNDERGROUND NETWORK OF INFORMANTS AND AGENTS.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. THE WHOLE REASON I WAS BROUGHT IN ON THIS WAS THAT I HAD A FAMILIARITY WITH THE OCCULT THAT YOU LOT LACKED.
BUT YOU'VE SPENT YEARS INVESTIGATING CULTS AND THE LIKE?
LISTEN, BOY, I'VE LOST **TRACK** OF THE NUMBER OF TIMES THAT MY REPORTS HAVE BEEN GREETED WITH **DISBELIEF** OR OUTRIGHT **DERISION.**
THESE DAYS I SELDOM **BOTHER.** THOSE BLINKERED FOOLS DON'T **BELIEVE** IN THE SUPERNATURAL BECAUSE THEY **CHOOSE** NOT TO.
BUT IF I'D KNOWN THERE WAS EVEN **ONE** SYMPATHETIC PAIR OF EARS BACK IN ENGLAND, I MIGHT HAVE BEEN A LITTLE MORE SPECIFIC ABOUT SEEING KROENEN.
"KROENEN"?
THE TWO MEN YOUR GRAVEDIGGER REPORTED SEEING IN THE GRAVEYARD?
I DON'T KNOW WHO THE DWARF IS, BUT THE MASKED MAN IS KARL RUPRECHT KROENEN, A NAZI SCIENTIST.

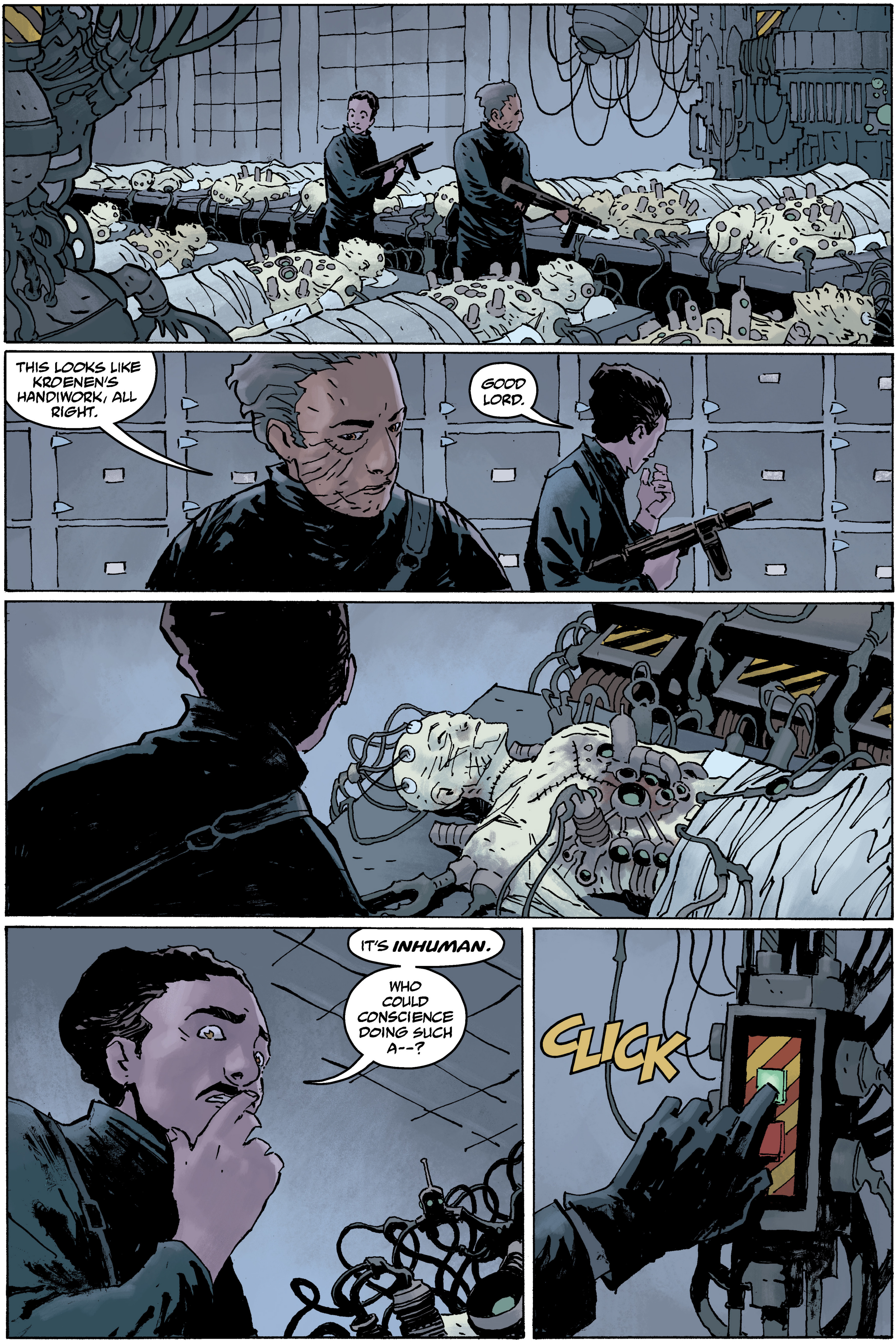

"KROENEN WAS ALREADY UP TO SOME NASTY BUSINESS BACK IN THE TWENTIES.
"OSTENSIBLY HE WAS TRYING TO USE SCIENCE TO EXTEND LIFE AND CONQUER DEATH, BUT IN PRACTICE HE WAS JUST MAKING MONSTERS.
"IN 1930 THE GERMANS WERE ATTEMPTING TO HARNESS AN ENERGY FORCE CALLED 'SHAKTI.' I BELIEVE KROENEN WAS INVOLVED, AND WAS INJURED IN AN ACCIDENT.
"THE OPERATIONS THAT SAVED HIS LIFE LEFT HIM SOMETHING OF A MONSTER HIMSELF.
"I FIRST RAN AFOUL OF HIM WHEN I WENT LOOKING FOR A MISSING GIRL A FEW YEARS BACK, AND FOUND HER MIXED UP IN ONE OF HIS EXPERIMENTS.
"I GOT HER BACK SAFELY TO HER FAMILY, BUT I DOUBT SHE'LL EVER FULLY RECOVER FROM WHAT SHE SUFFERED AT HIS HAND."

THE LAST FEW YEARS, KROENEN HAS BEEN RUMORED TO BE WORKING WITH THE GERMAN OCCULT BUREAU.
AND WHATEVER IT IS THE NAZIS ARE UP TO, IF HE IS INVOLVED, IT IS SURE TO BE MORE NASTY BUSINESS.
ONE OF MY INFORMANTS SPOTTED KROENEN ENTERING THE BUILDING ACROSS THE WAY A FEW DAYS AGO.
IT LOOKS LIKE... A HOSPITAL?
IT WAS UNTIL THE OCCUPATION, BUT IT'S STOOD EMPTY SINCE THEN. AT LEAST UNTIL THE GERMANS STARTED MOVING MEN AND EQUIPMENT INTO IT A FEW DAYS AGO.
SO WHAT ARE THEY DOING IN THERE?
LET'S FIND OUT, SHALL WE?
I HOPE YOU DON'T HAVE A FEAR OF HEIGHTS.

UNF!
GOOD GRN LORD, LET'S NOT DO THAT AGAIN.
QUIET NOW. I THINK THAT THIS FLOOR IS EMPTY, BUT I CAN'T BE CERTAIN.


I'D BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON THAT OPEN WINDOW FOR DAYS. AS NEAR AS I CAN TELL, THE GERMANS ARE ONLY MAKING USE OF THE LOWER FLOORS.
SEEMS CLEAR SO FAR.
IT FEELS ALMOST... HAUNTED.
COULD WELL BE. WHEN THE PLACE WAS EVACUATED AHEAD OF THE GERMAN INVASION, A HALF DOZEN PATIENTS WERE DEEMED TOO ILL TO BE MOVED.
NURSES WERE INSTRUCTED TO GIVE THEM LETHAL DOSES OF MORPHINE AND STRYCHNINE.
I DON'T KNOW WHO I PITY MORE, THE PATIENTS OR THE NURSES WHO AGREED TO KILL THEM.

WHAT THE DEVIL...?
PSSSST.
HERE, I THINK I'VE FOUND SOME-THING.
MORGUE

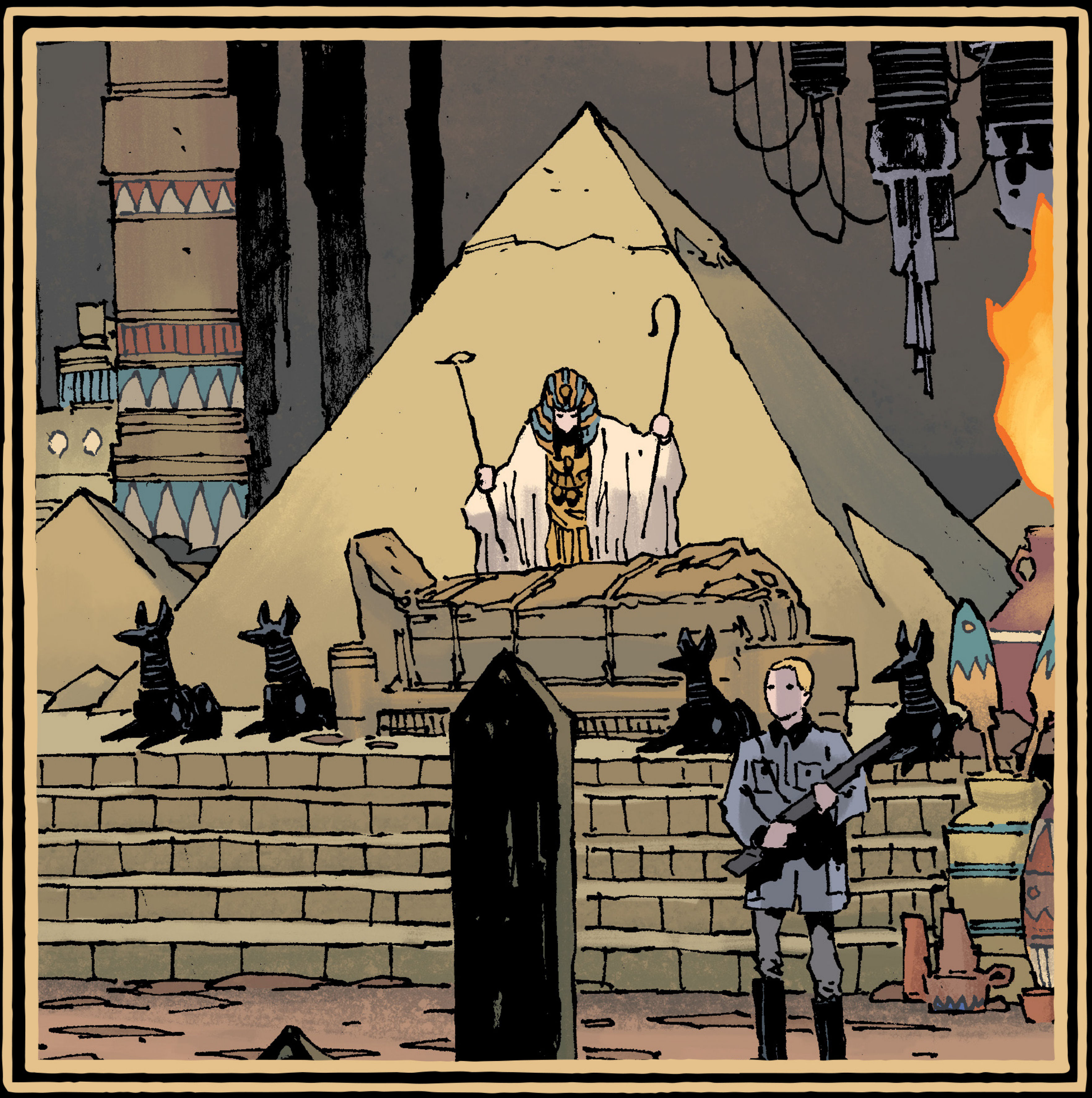

THIS LOOKS LIKE KROENEN'S HANDIWORK, ALL RIGHT.
GOOD LORD.
IT'S **INHUMAN.**
WHO COULD CONSCIENCE DOING SUCH A--?
CLICK

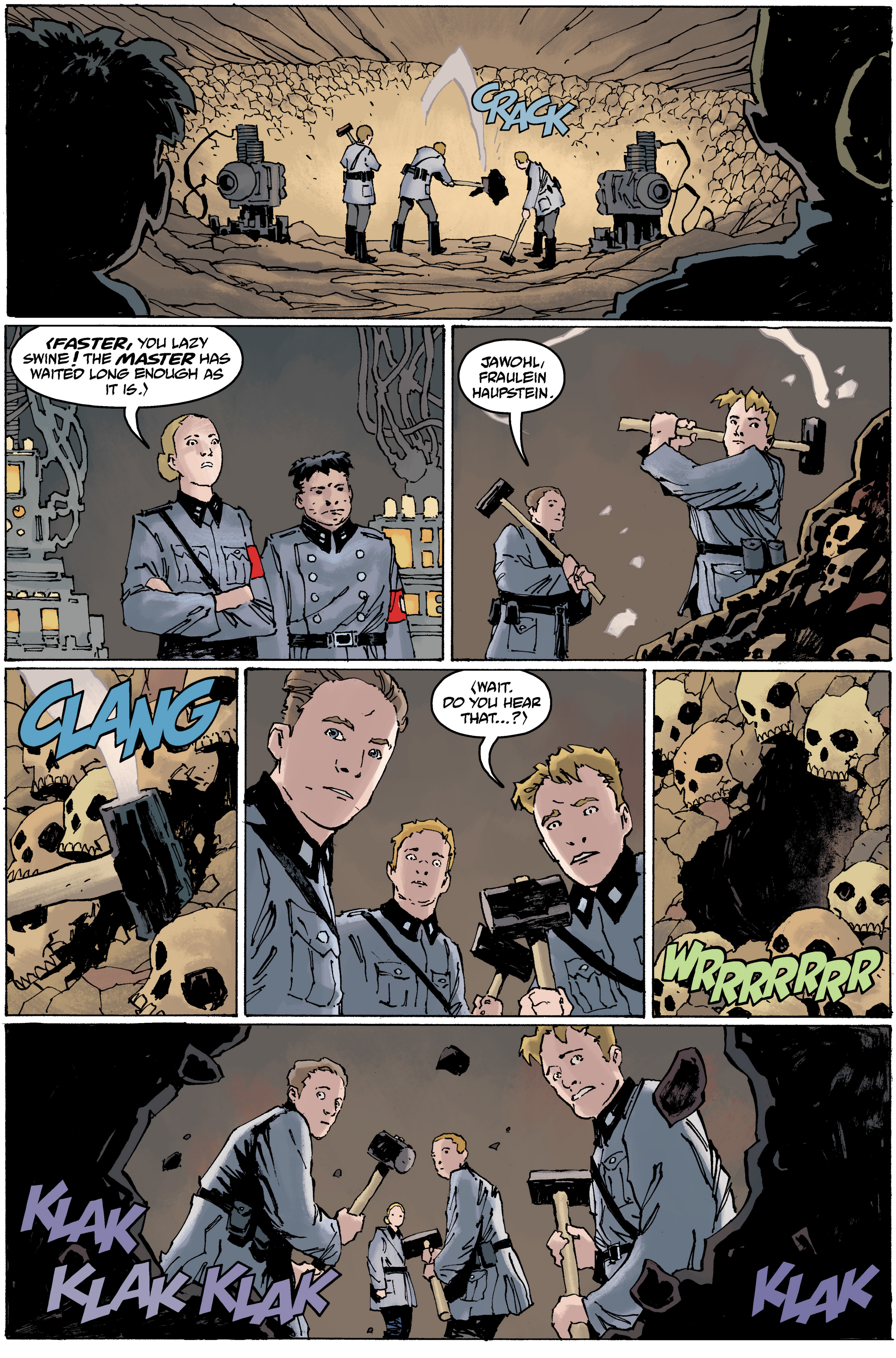
KZZZZZZZT
IT'S... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.
uuuuuuuuuu...
uuuuuuuu...
STAY IN THIS LINE OF WORK AND YOU'LL FIND THAT THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENS ON A REGULAR BASIS, BRUTTENHOLM.

SO STOP GAWPING ALREADY AND START SHOOTING!
BLAM
UUUUUUU--
THAT'S QUITE CLOSE ENOUGH, THANK YOU.
BLAM
UUUUU--
WELL? ANY IDEAS?
I'VE BEEN IN TIGHTER SPOTS THAN THIS. THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY OUT.
INDEED THERE IS, HERR SANDHU... INDEED THERE IS.

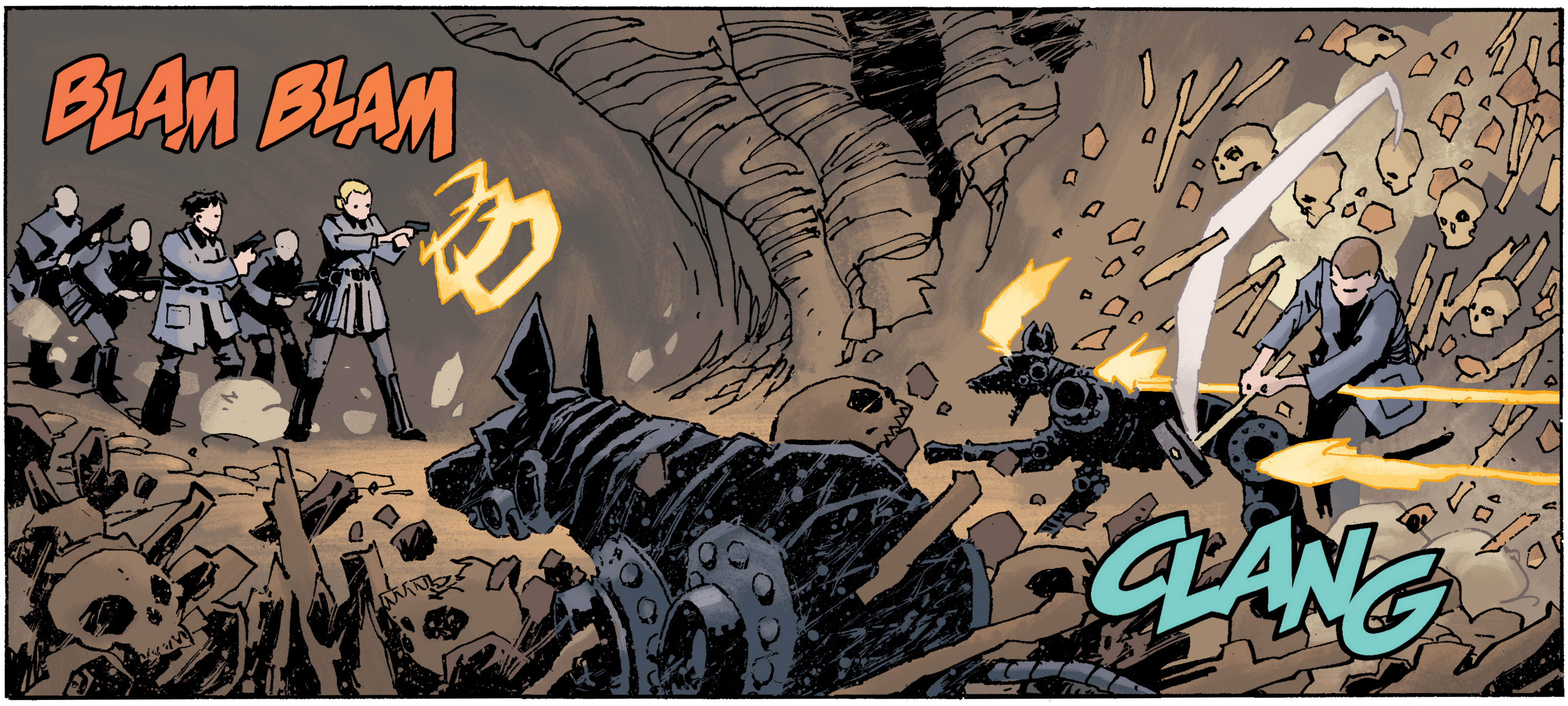
THOUGH I SOMEHOW SUSPECT THAT YOU WILL NOT MUCH CARE FOR THE WAY, ONCE IT IS PRESENTED TO YOU.
BUT FIRST, ALLOW ME TO RELIEVE YOU OF THOSE TOYS, YES?
UUUUU...
KROENEN, YOU SICK BASTARD. I STILL OWE YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID TO MILENA.
NOW I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THESE POOR MONSTROSITIES AS WELL.
YES, I'M VERY AWARE OF YOUR DEBTS. AND I KNOW JUST THE WAY THAT YOU CAN REPAY THEM.
YOU TWO WILL MAKE EXCELLENT... WHAT WAS IT YOU CALLED THEM? **MONSTROSITIES.** THOUGH I WARN YOU, THE PROCEDURE WILL BE **QUITE** PAINFUL.
IT WAS BEGINNING TO SEEM AS IF I WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF BREAKING MY NECK WHEN I PARACHUTED IN, AFTER ALL.

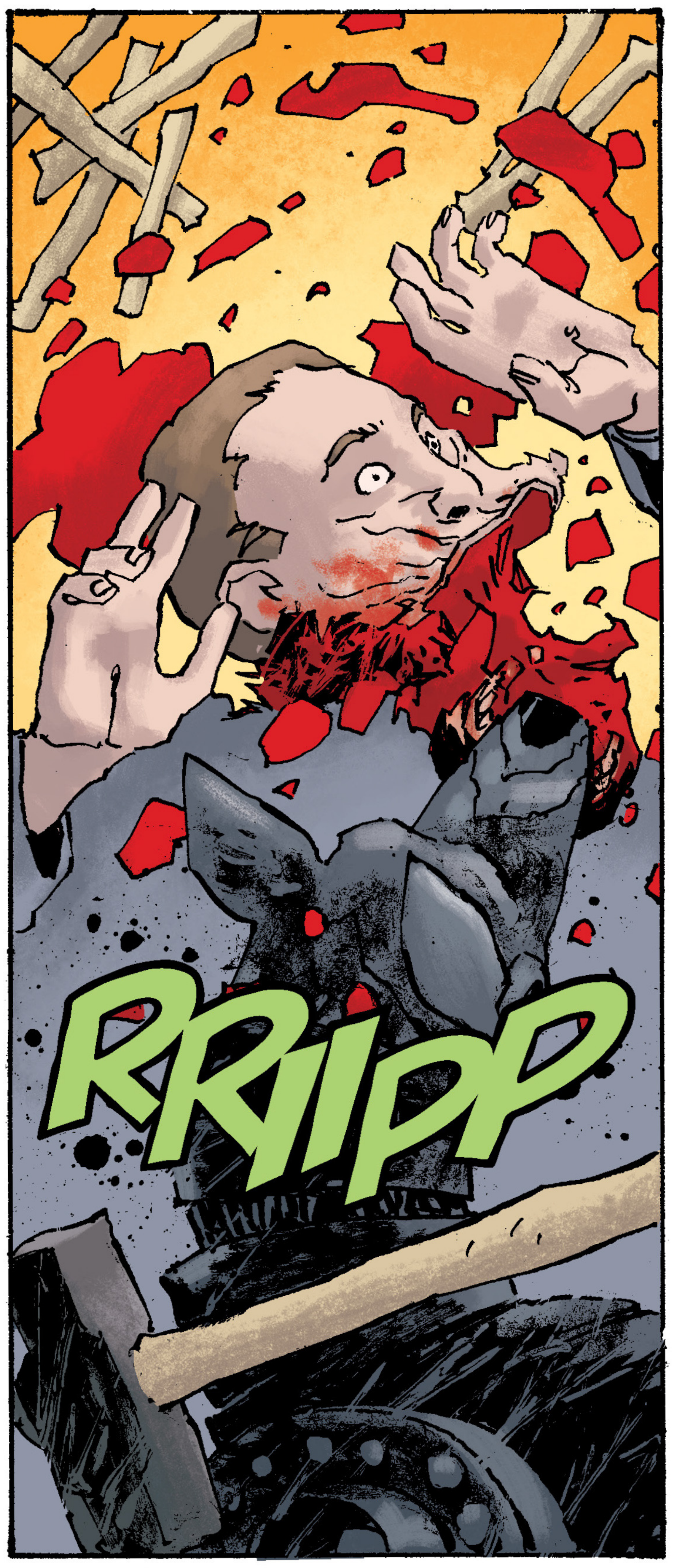
CHAPTER FOUR

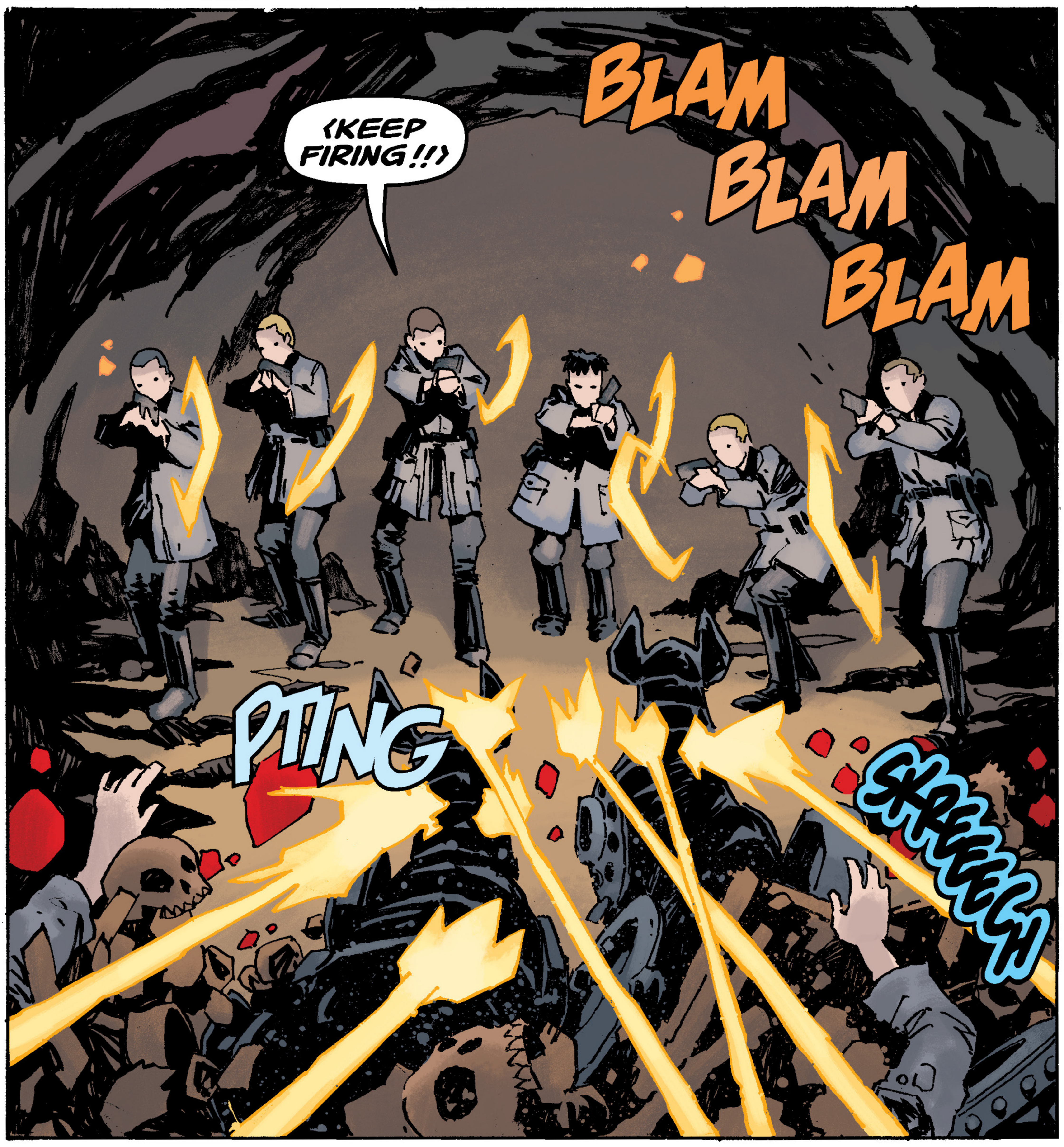


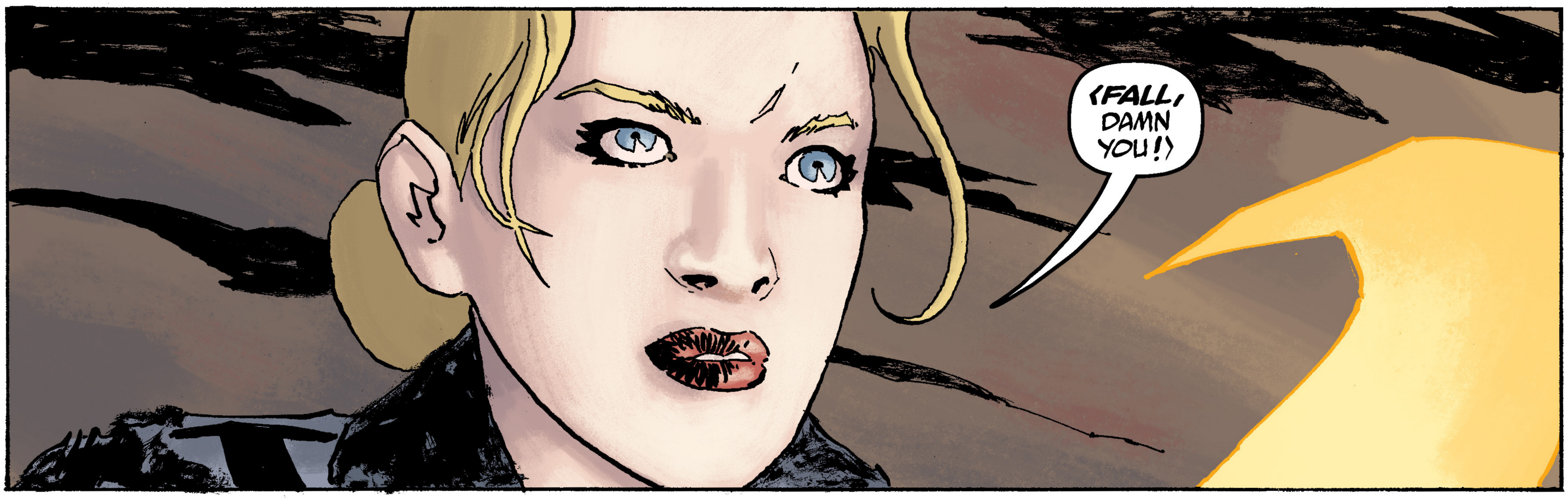

CRACK
‹FASTER, YOU LAZY SWINE! THE MASTER HAS WAITED LONG ENOUGH AS IT IS.›
JAWOHL, FRAULEIN HAUPSTEIN.
CLANG
‹WAIT. DO YOU HEAR THAT...?›
WRRRRRRR
KLAK
KLAK KLAK
KLAK

KLAK KLAK KLACK
KLAK KLAK KLACK
AIIIE!
SHLUNK
NEIN!
SLASH
‹DON'T JUST STAND THERE-- SHOOT THEM!›
BLAM BLAM BLAM
‹THIS WAY, MEN! QUICKLY!›

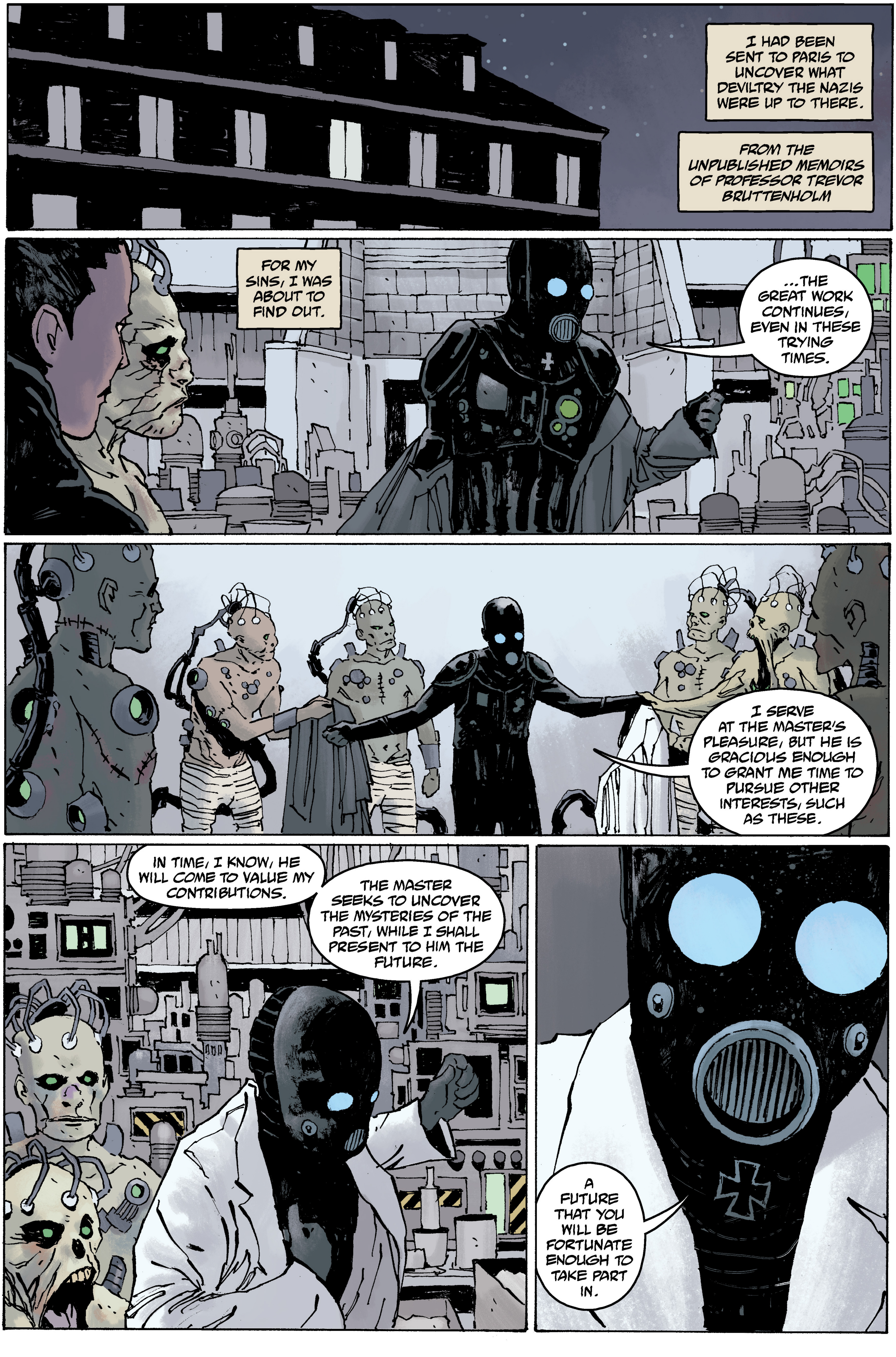

BLAM BLAM
CLANG

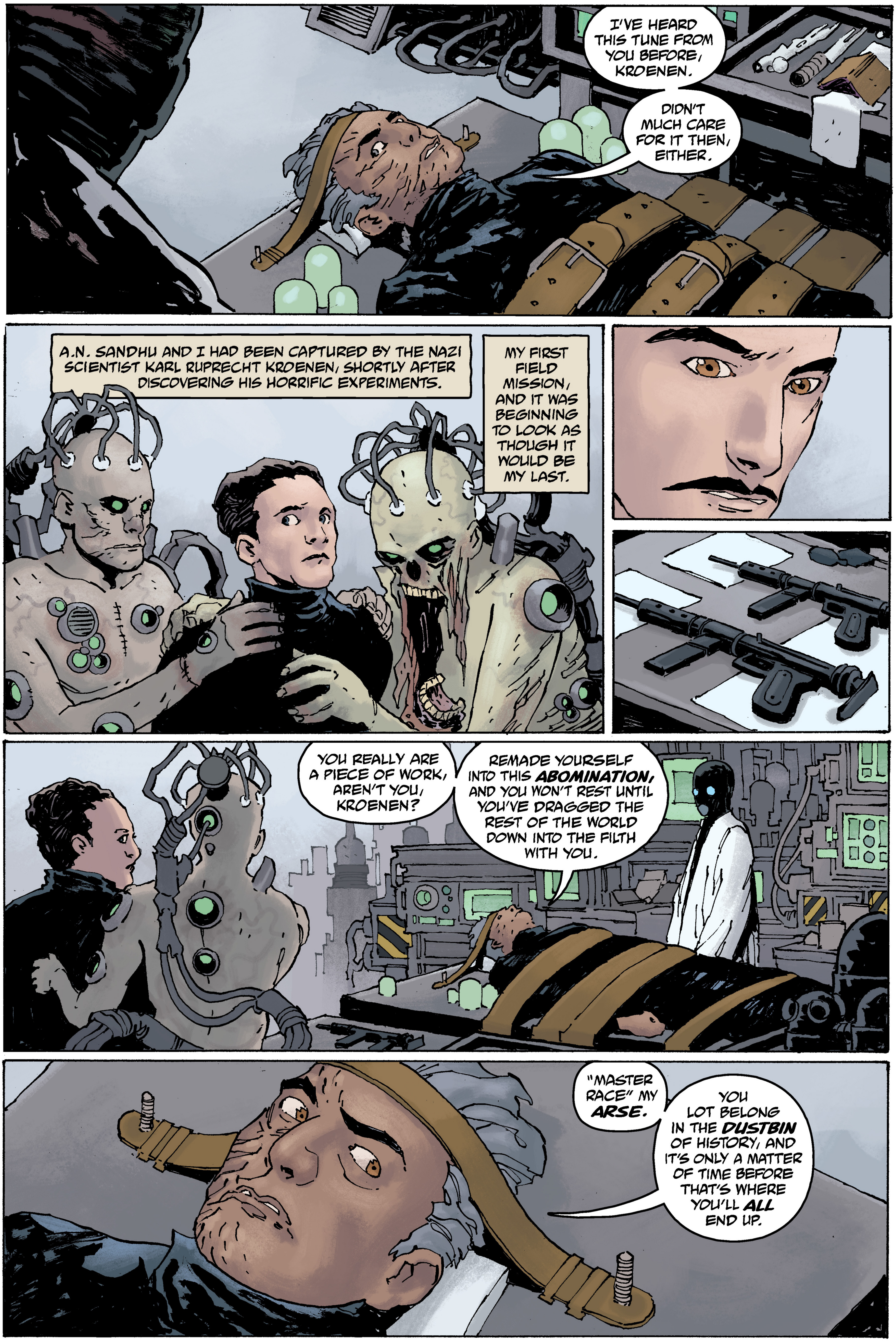

RRIPP

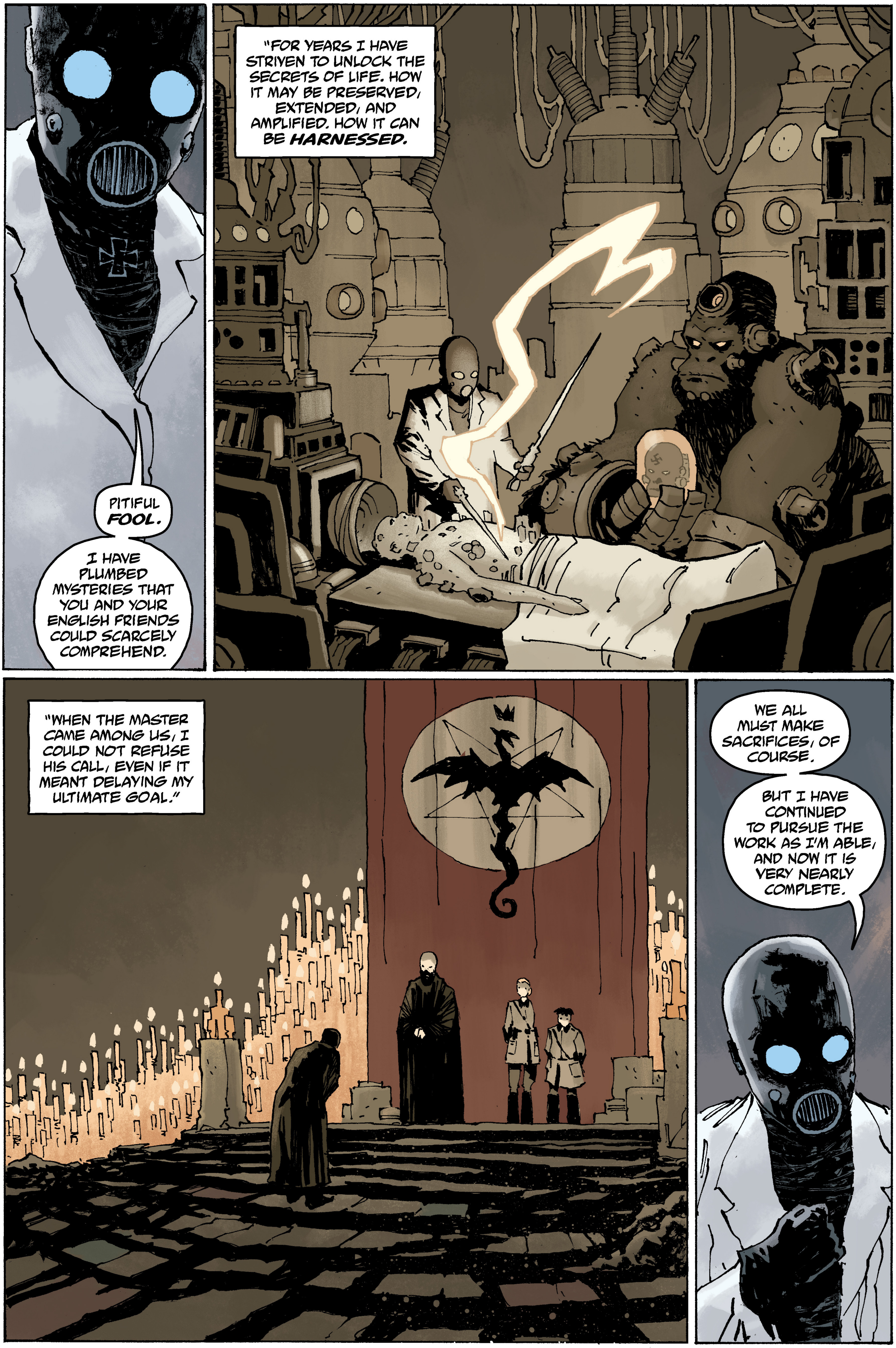

‹KEEP FIRING!!›
BLAM BLAM BLAM
PTING
SKREEECH

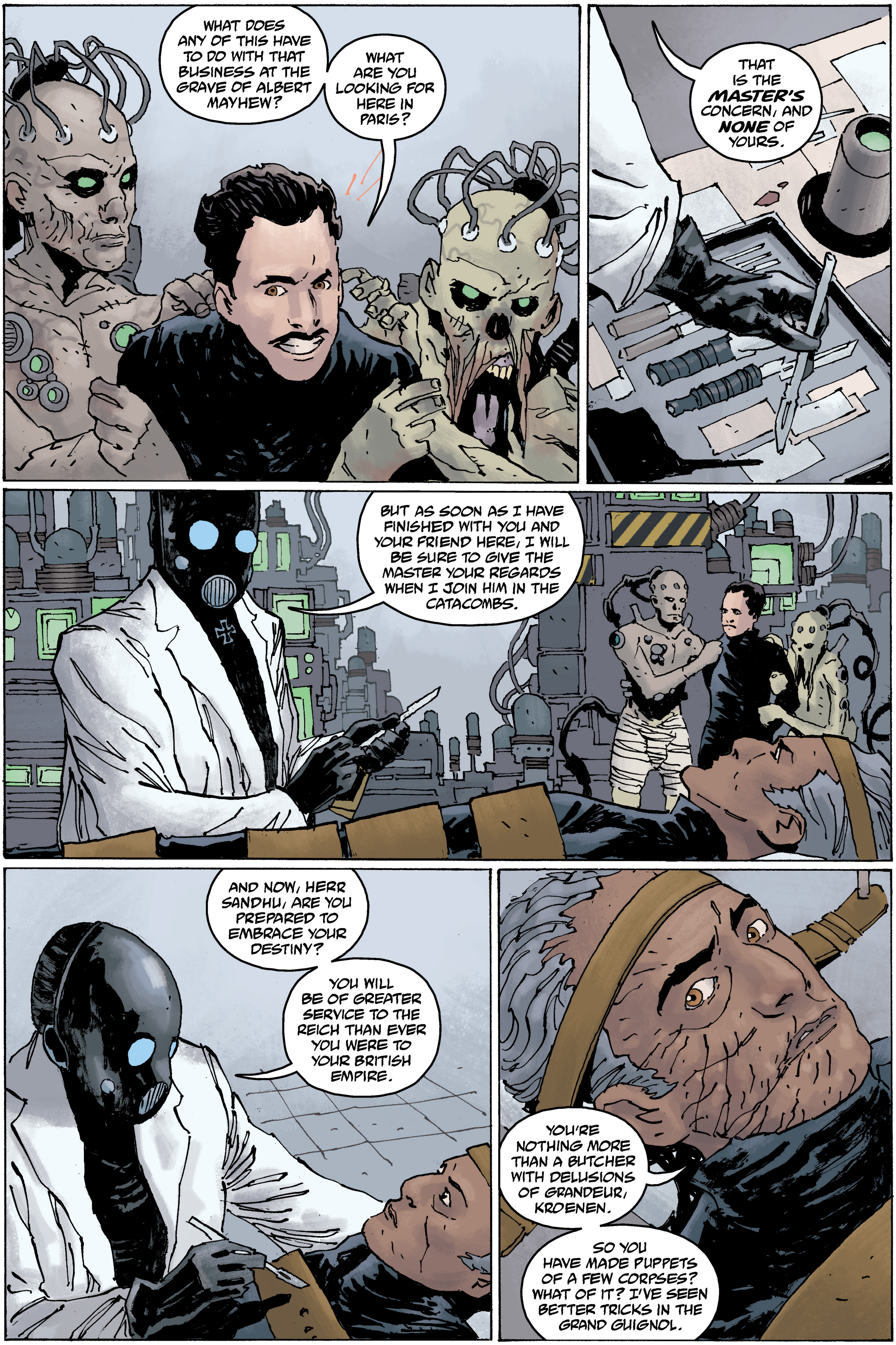

‹FALL, DAMN YOU!›

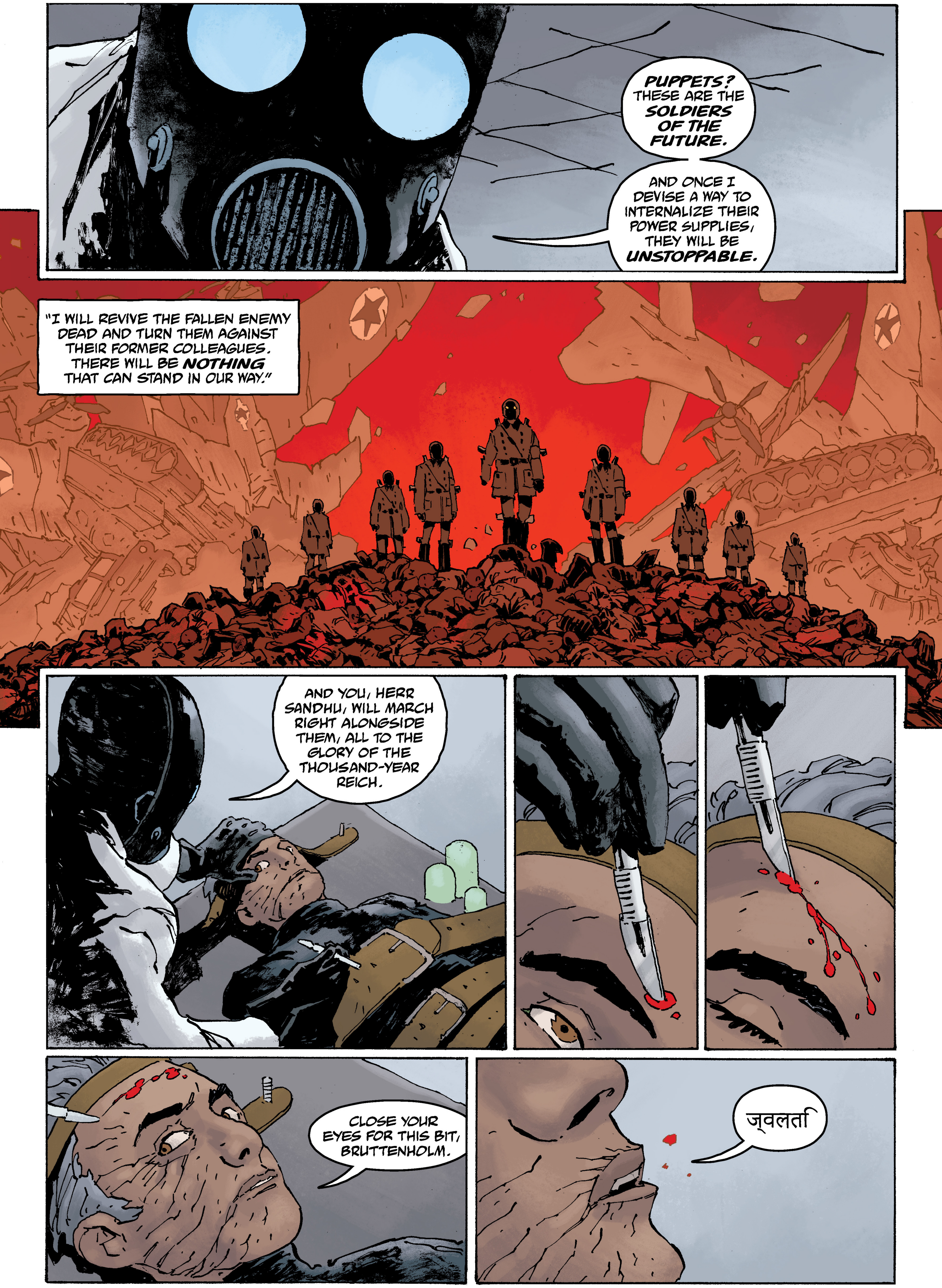
WRRRRRRK
THUD
WELL, PERHAPS NOW YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME, eh?
IT IS NOT ENOUGH THAT YOU KNOW THE LOCATION OF EUGENE REMY'S RESTING PLACE. THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA PUT POWERFUL DEFENSES IN PLACE HERE.
AND UNLESS THOSE DEFENSES ARE PROPERLY DEACTIVATED, YOU WILL NEVER UNLOCK THE SECRETS THAT WERE ENTOMBED WITH HIM.
‹ILSA, DISPOSE OF THIS MESS AND THEN DO AS THE ENGLISHMAN ADVISES.›
‹YES, MASTER. THOUGH I SUSPECT THAT KROENEN MAY WISH TO EXAMINE THESE AUTOMATA. THEIR CONSTRUCTION IS INGENIOUS.›
‹INDEED.›
‹AND WHERE IS HERR KROENEN NOW?›
‹HE...erm...HE IS CHECKING ON THE PROGRESS OF ONE OF HIS...PERSONAL PROJECTS. BUT I AM CONFIDENT HE WILL BE JOINING US SHORTLY.›


I HAD BEEN SENT TO PARIS TO UNCOVER WHAT DEVILTRY THE NAZIS WERE UP TO THERE.
FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF PROFESSOR TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM
FOR MY SINS, I WAS ABOUT TO FIND OUT.
...THE GREAT WORK CONTINUES, EVEN IN THESE TRYING TIMES.
I SERVE AT THE MASTER'S PLEASURE, BUT HE IS GRACIOUS ENOUGH TO GRANT ME TIME TO PURSUE OTHER INTERESTS, SUCH AS THESE.
IN TIME, I KNOW, HE WILL COME TO VALUE MY CONTRIBUTIONS.
THE MASTER SEEKS TO UNCOVER THE MYSTERIES OF THE PAST, WHILE I SHALL PRESENT TO HIM THE FUTURE.
A FUTURE THAT YOU WILL BE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO TAKE PART IN.

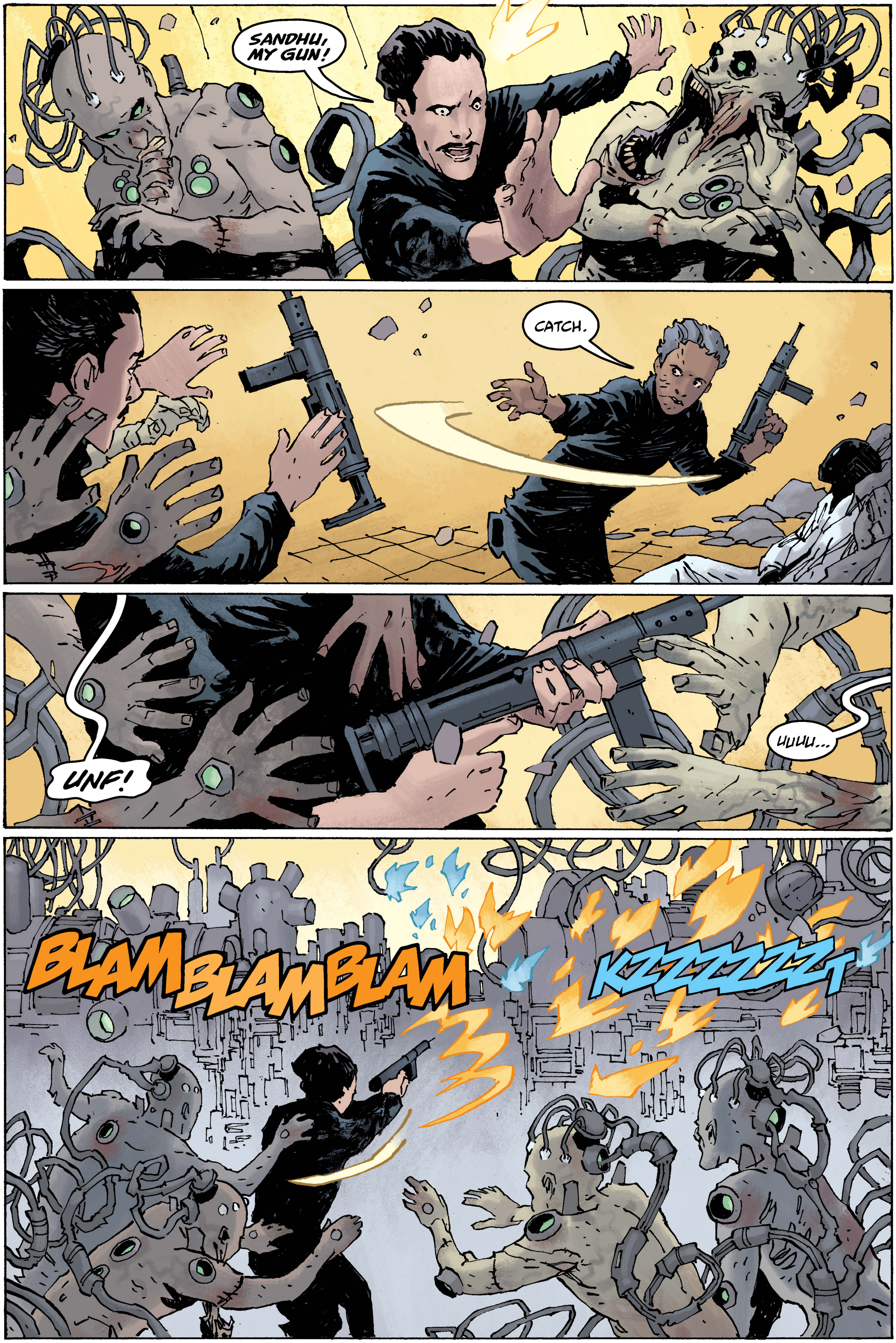

I'VE HEARD THIS TUNE FROM YOU BEFORE, KROENEN.
DIDN'T MUCH CARE FOR IT THEN, EITHER.
A.N. SANDHU AND I HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY THE NAZI SCIENTIST KARL RUPRECHT KROENEN, SHORTLY AFTER DISCOVERING HIS HORRIFIC EXPERIMENTS.
MY FIRST FIELD MISSION, AND IT WAS BEGINNING TO LOOK AS THOUGH IT WOULD BE MY LAST.
YOU REALLY ARE A PIECE OF WORK, AREN'T YOU, KROENEN?
REMADE YOURSELF INTO THIS **ABOMINATION,** AND YOU WON'T REST UNTIL YOU'VE DRAGGED THE REST OF THE WORLD DOWN INTO THE FILTH WITH YOU.
"MASTER RACE" MY **ARSE.**
YOU LOT BELONG IN THE **DUSTBIN** OF HISTORY, AND IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL **ALL** END UP.

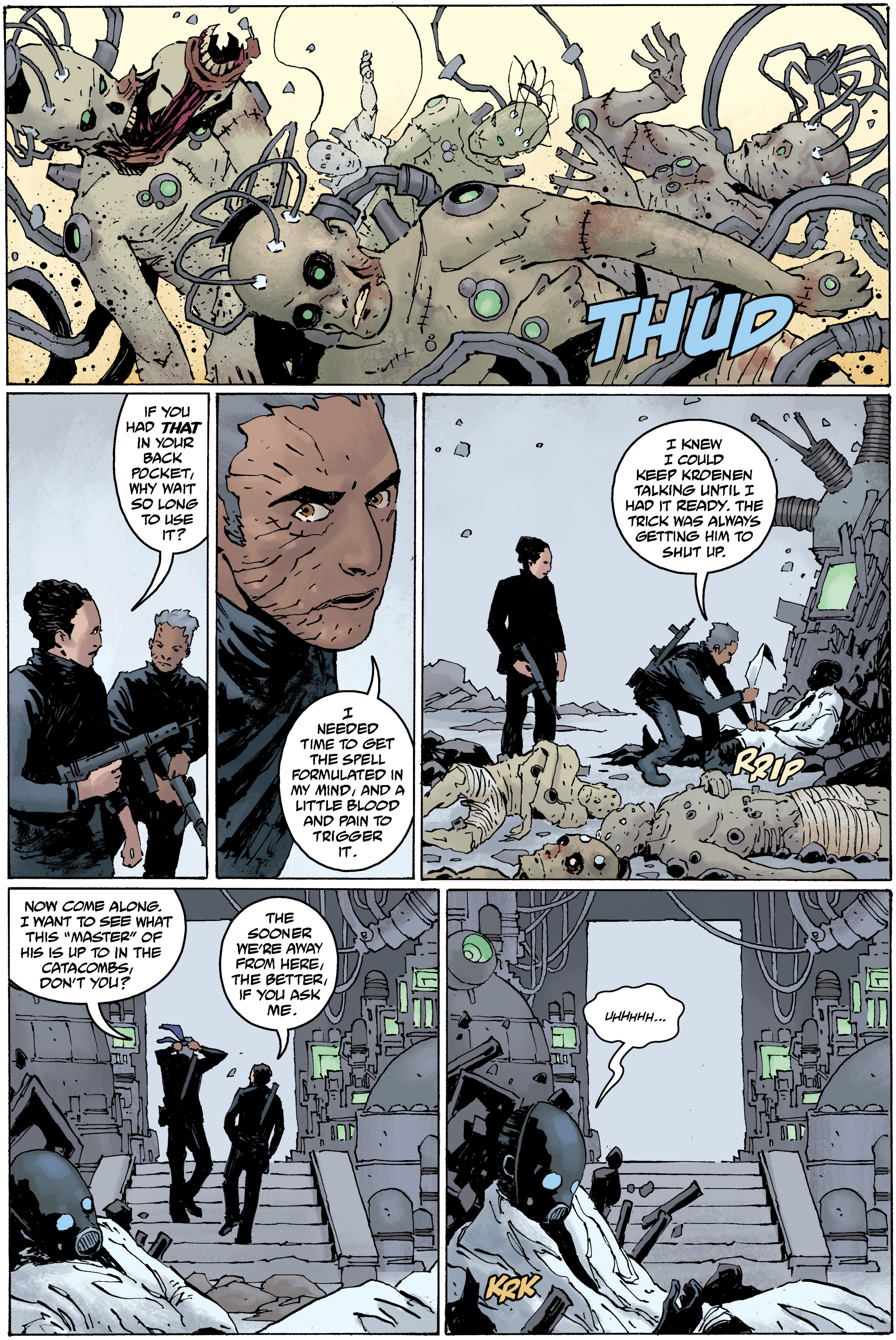

"FOR YEARS I HAVE STRIVEN TO UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF LIFE. HOW IT MAY BE PRESERVED, EXTENDED, AND AMPLIFIED. HOW IT CAN BE **HARNESSED.**
PITIFUL **FOOL.**
I HAVE PLUMBED MYSTERIES THAT YOU AND YOUR ENGLISH FRIENDS COULD SCARCELY COMPREHEND.
"WHEN THE MASTER CAME AMONG US, I COULD NOT REFUSE HIS CALL, EVEN IF IT MEANT DELAYING MY ULTIMATE GOAL."
WE ALL MUST MAKE SACRIFICES, OF COURSE.
BUT I HAVE CONTINUED TO PURSUE THE WORK AS I'M ABLE, AND NOW IT IS VERY NEARLY COMPLETE.


WHAT DOES ANY OF THIS HAVE TO DO WITH THAT BUSINESS AT THE GRAVE OF ALBERT MAYHEW?
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR HERE IN PARIS?
THAT IS THE **MASTER'S** CONCERN, AND **NONE** OF YOURS.
BUT AS SOON AS I HAVE FINISHED WITH YOU AND YOUR FRIEND HERE, I WILL BE SURE TO GIVE THE MASTER YOUR REGARDS WHEN I JOIN HIM IN THE CATACOMBS.
AND NOW, HERR SANDHU, ARE YOU PREPARED TO EMBRACE YOUR DESTINY?
YOU WILL BE OF GREATER SERVICE TO THE REICH THAN EVER YOU WERE TO YOUR BRITISH EMPIRE.
YOU'RE NOTHING MORE THAN A BUTCHER WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR, KROENEN.
SO YOU HAVE MADE PUPPETS OF A FEW CORPSES? WHAT OF IT? I'VE SEEN BETTER TRICKS IN THE GRAND GUIGNOL.

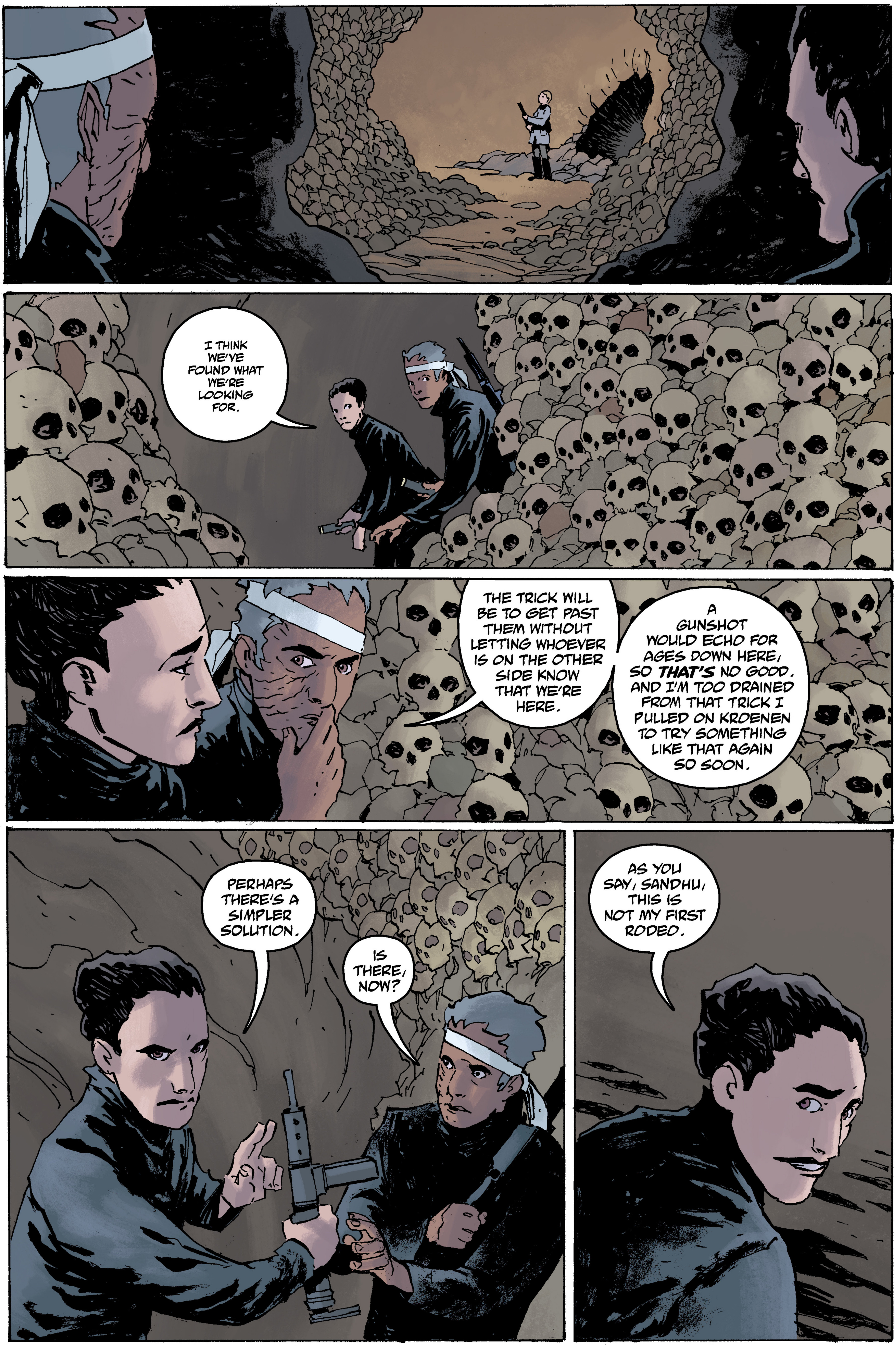

PUPPETS? THESE ARE THE SOLDIERS OF THE FUTURE.
AND ONCE I DEVISE A WAY TO INTERNALIZE THEIR POWER SUPPLIES, THEY WILL BE UNSTOPPABLE.
"I WILL REVIVE THE FALLEN ENEMY DEAD AND TURN THEM AGAINST THEIR FORMER COLLEAGUES. THERE WILL BE NOTHING THAT CAN STAND IN OUR WAY."
AND YOU, HERR SANDHU, WILL MARCH RIGHT ALONGSIDE THEM, ALL TO THE GLORY OF THE THOUSAND-YEAR REICH.
CLOSE YOUR EYES FOR THIS BIT, BRUTTENHOLM.
ज्वलती

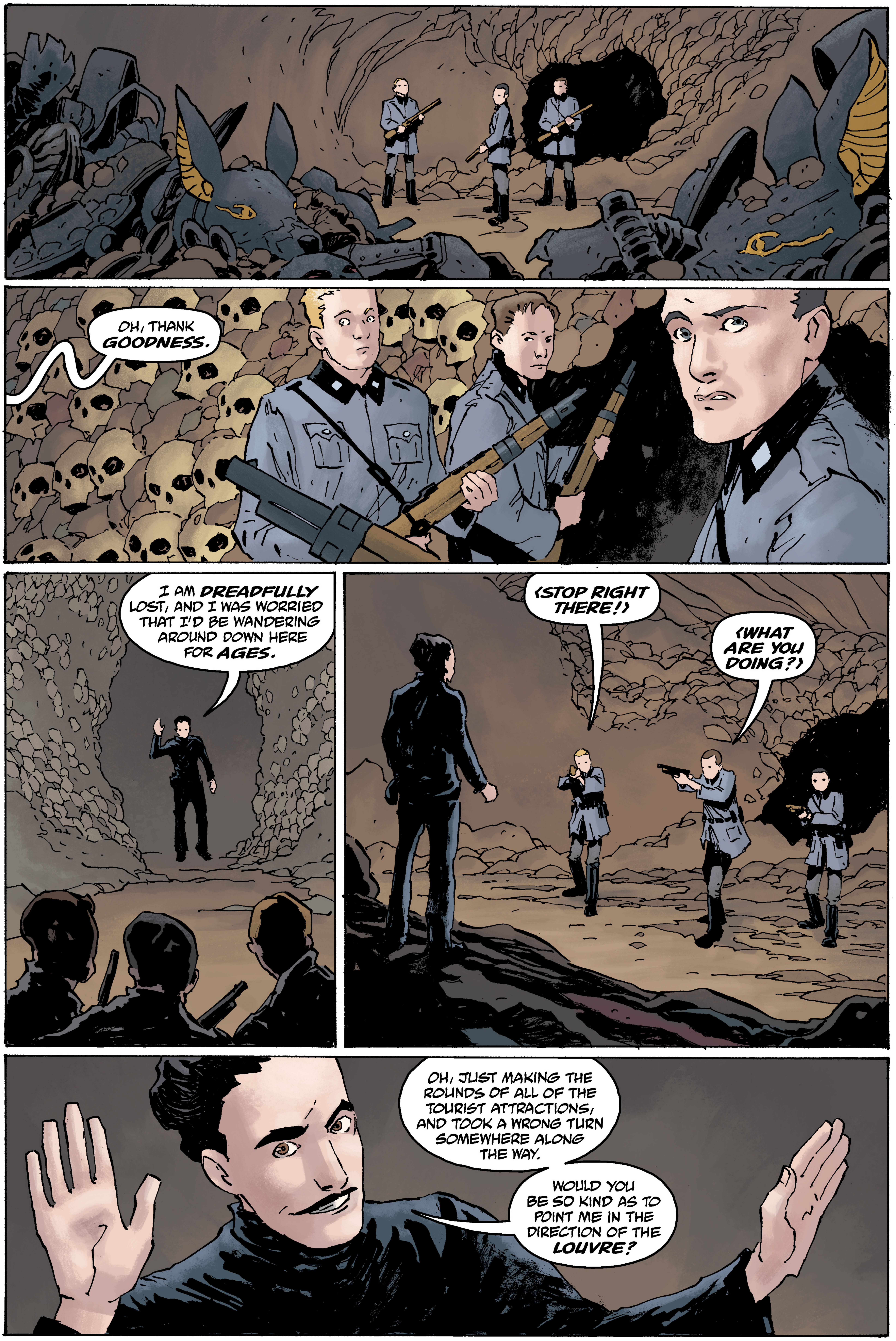
FWOOOSH
AAARGH!
OOOP!
EMBRACE *YOUR* DESTINY, KROENEN!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM


SANDHU, MY GUN!
CATCH.
UNF!
uuuu...
BLAM BLAM BLAM
KZZZZZZT


THUD
IF YOU HAD **THAT** IN YOUR BACK POCKET, WHY WAIT SO LONG TO USE IT?
I NEEDED TIME TO GET THE SPELL FORMULATED IN MY MIND, AND A LITTLE BLOOD AND PAIN TO TRIGGER IT.
I KNEW I COULD KEEP KROENEN TALKING UNTIL I HAD IT READY. THE TRICK WAS ALWAYS GETTING HIM TO SHUT UP.
RRIP
NOW COME ALONG. I WANT TO SEE WHAT THIS "MASTER" OF HIS IS UP TO IN THE CATACOMBS, DON'T YOU?
THE SOONER WE'RE AWAY FROM HERE, THE BETTER, IF YOU ASK ME.
UHHHHH...
KRK

GOOD LORD! THESE ARE HUMAN **BONES.**
YOU REALLY ARE NEW TO THIS GAME, AREN'T YOU?
IF A DEAD BODY ISN'T COMING AFTER YOU, IT'S USUALLY NOT WORTH YOUR TIME TO BOTHER WITH.
I'VE **READ** ABOUT THE OSSUARIES IN THE PARISIAN CATACOMBS, OF COURSE, BUT TO SEE THEM IN PERSON IS SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY.
DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANY TRUTH TO THE LEGEND THAT--
HOLD ON.
I SEE SOMETHING UP AHEAD.

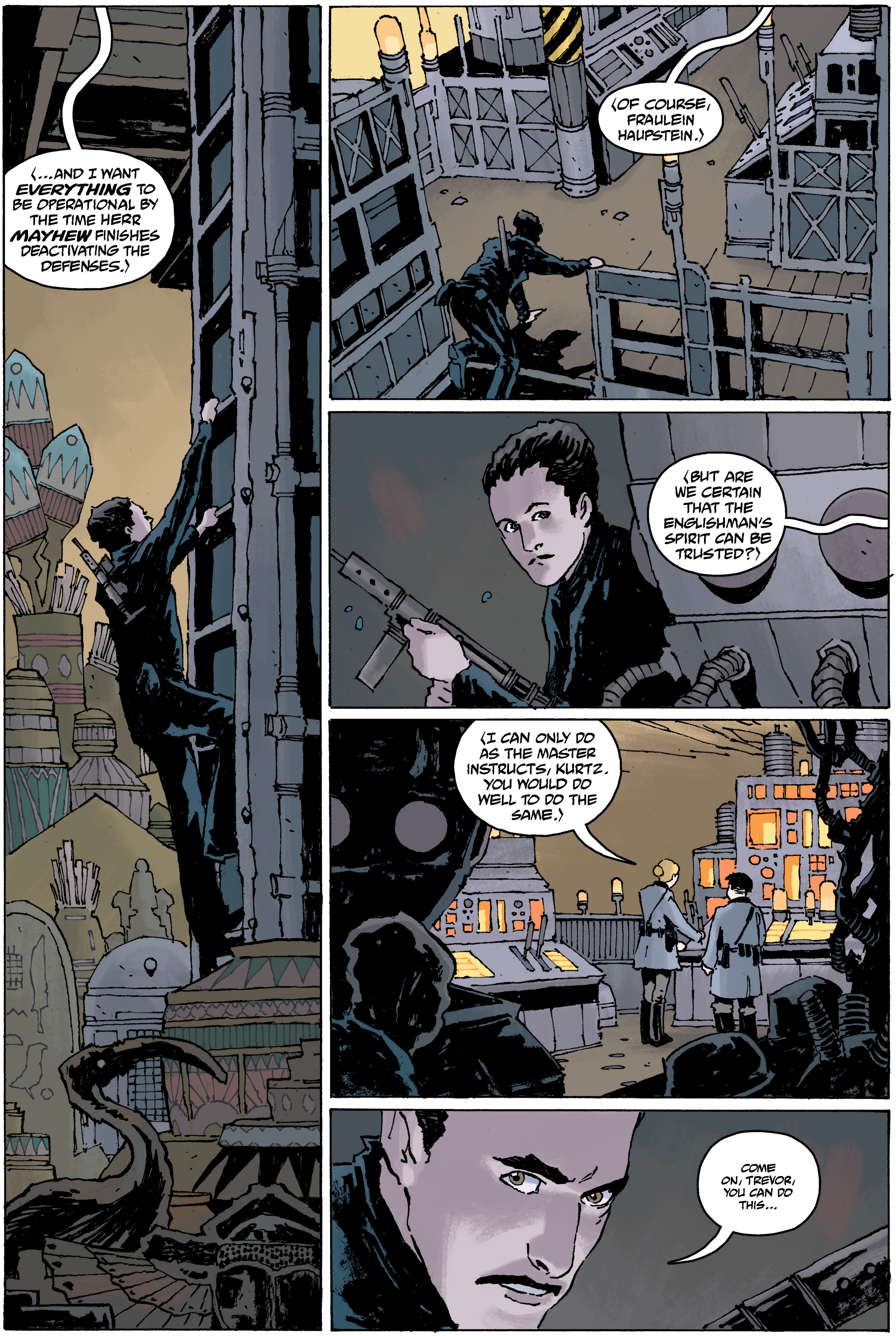

I THINK WE'VE FOUND WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR.
THE TRICK WILL BE TO GET PAST THEM WITHOUT LETTING WHOEVER IS ON THE OTHER SIDE KNOW THAT WE'RE HERE.
A GUNSHOT WOULD ECHO FOR AGES DOWN HERE, SO **THAT'S** NO GOOD. AND I'M TOO DRAINED FROM THAT TRICK I PULLED ON KROENEN TO TRY SOMETHING LIKE THAT AGAIN SO SOON.
PERHAPS THERE'S A SIMPLER SOLUTION.
IS THERE, NOW?
AS YOU SAY, SANDHU, THIS IS NOT MY FIRST RODEO.

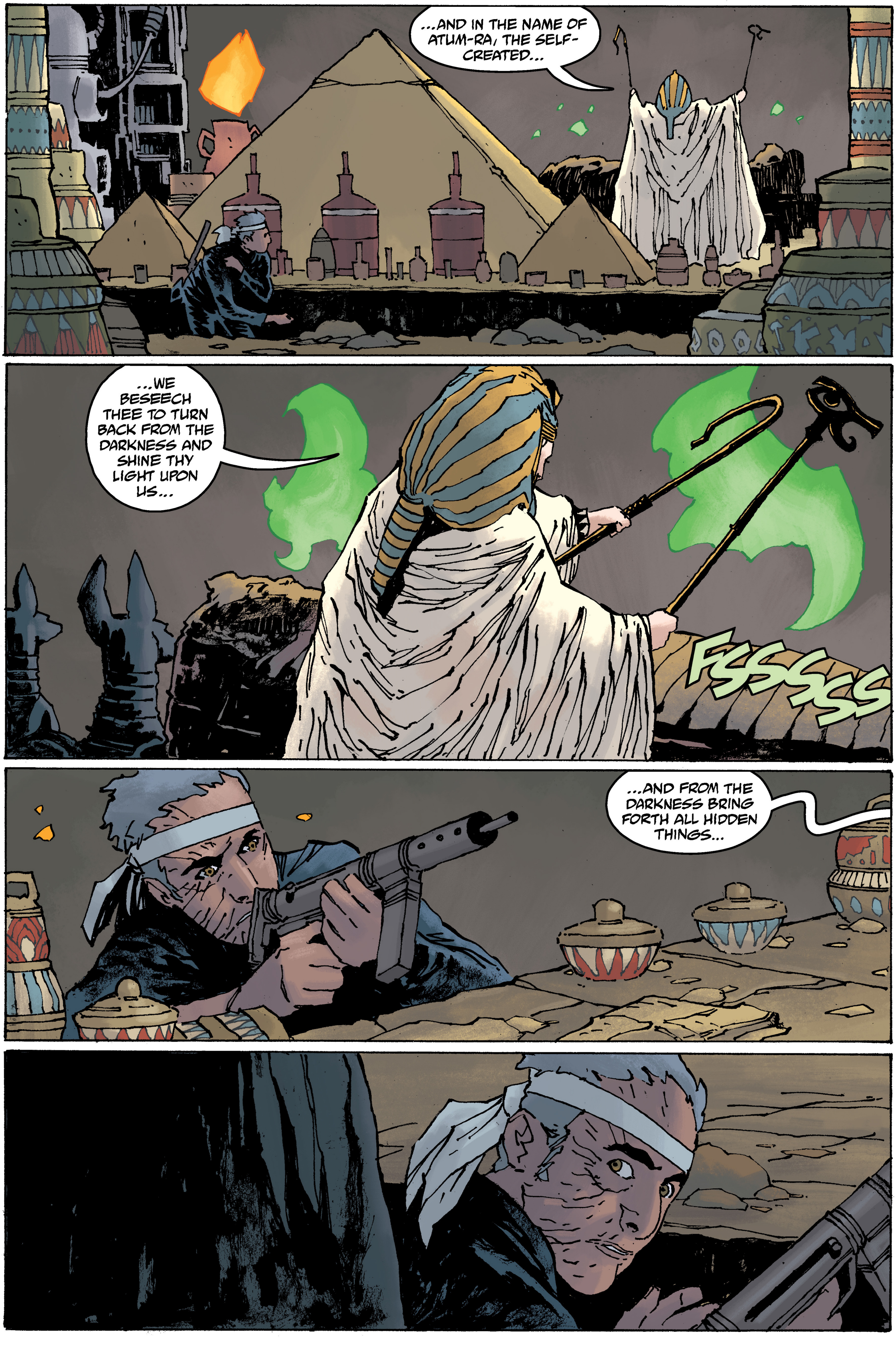

OH, THANK GOODNESS.
I AM DREADFULLY LOST, AND I WAS WORRIED THAT I'D BE WANDERING AROUND DOWN HERE FOR AGES.
‹STOP RIGHT THERE!›
‹WHAT ARE YOU DOING?›
OH, JUST MAKING THE ROUNDS OF ALL OF THE TOURIST ATTRACTIONS, AND TOOK A WRONG TURN SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY.
WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO POINT ME IN THE DIRECTION OF THE LOUVRE?

CRACK
⟨WHAT IS...?⟩
THWACK
OOF!
STAY DOWN.
KRAK

THE LAST TIME I PULLED THAT TRICK IT WAS TO GET PAST THE GUARDS SO HARRY AND I COULD SNEAK BACK INTO ETON COLLEGE AFTER CURFEW. ONLY WITH LESS PUNCHING, OF COURSE.
STILL, YOU CAN'T SAY THAT THIS LOT DIDN'T HAVE IT COMING.
BUT JUST WHAT HAVE THEY ***FOUND*** DOWN HERE?
LET'S FIND OUT, SHALL WE?
BLOODY HELL.

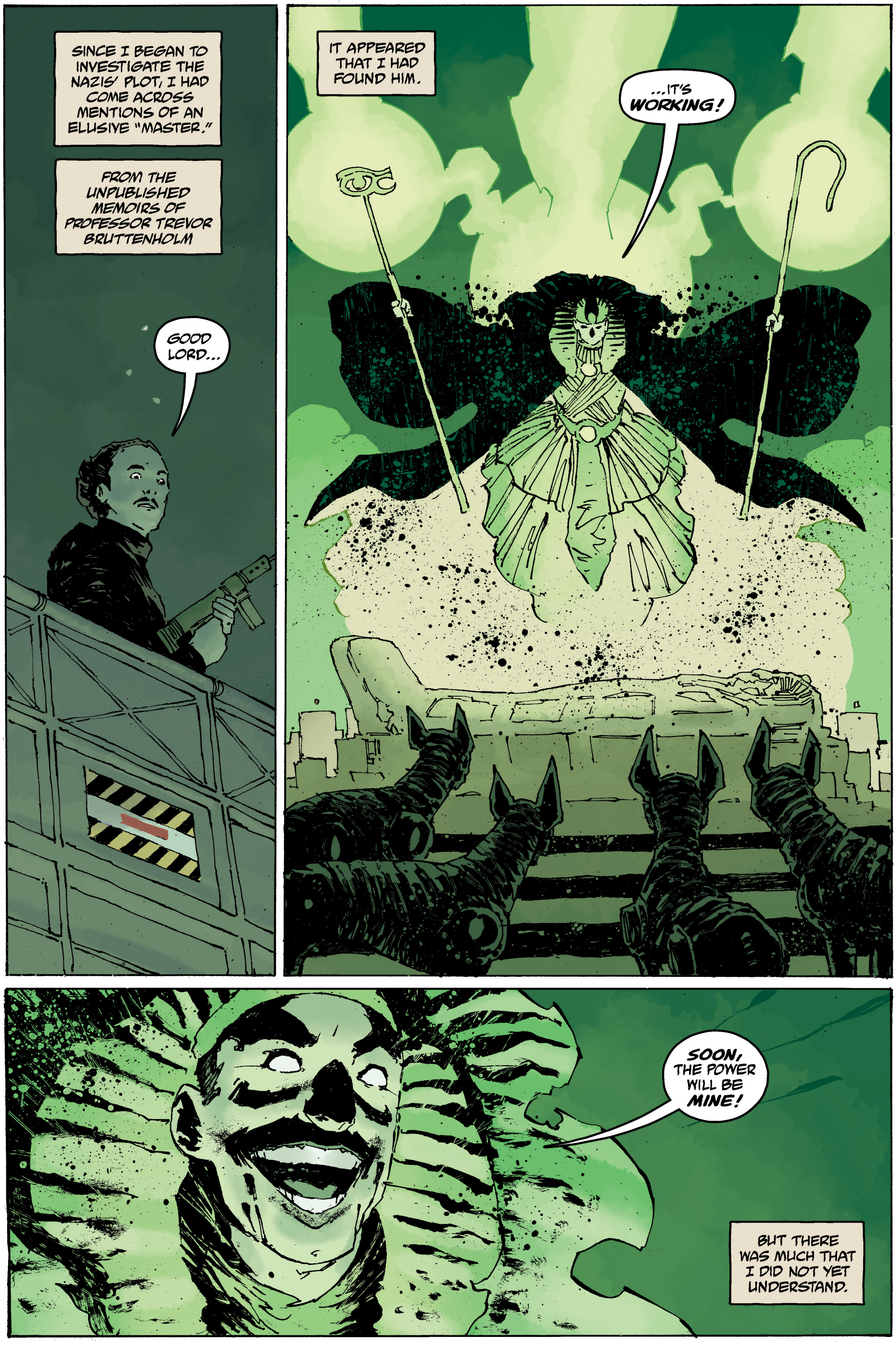
IF THAT'S NOT THE SECRET TOMB OF EUGENE REMY, I'M A MONKEY'S UNCLE.
WE'RE OUTNUMBERED, BUT IF WE SPLIT UP I THINK WE CAN GUM UP THE WORKS. I'LL TAKE THE BLOKE AT THE ALTAR, AND YOU SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO ON THAT SCAFFOLDING.
I DIDN'T COME ALL THIS WAY JUST TO **SEE** THE NAZIS DO THEIR DIRTY WORK. I PLAN TO PUT A STOP TO IT.
GOOD MAN. IF I DON'T GET A CHANCE TO SAY SO LATER, IT WAS A PLEASURE MEETING YOU, BRUTTENHOLM.
LIKEWISE, SANDHU.

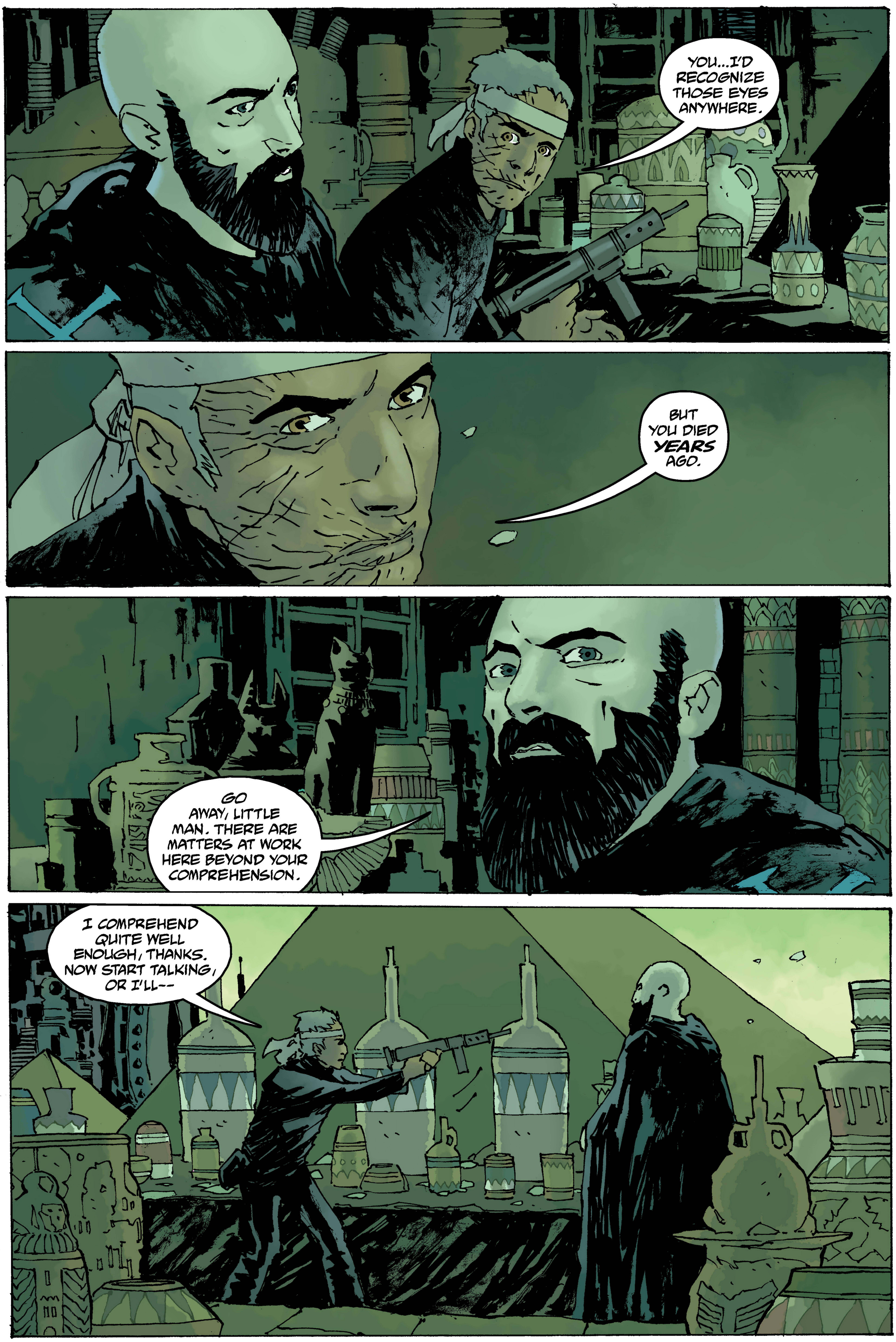

‹...AND I WANT **EVERYTHING** TO BE OPERATIONAL BY THE TIME HERR **MAYHEW** FINISHES DEACTIVATING THE DEFENSES.›
‹OF COURSE, FRAULEIN HAUPSTEIN.›
‹BUT ARE WE CERTAIN THAT THE ENGLISHMAN'S SPIRIT CAN BE TRUSTED?›
‹I CAN ONLY DO AS THE MASTER INSTRUCTS, KURTZ. YOU WOULD DO WELL TO DO THE SAME.›
COME ON, TREVOR, YOU CAN DO THIS...

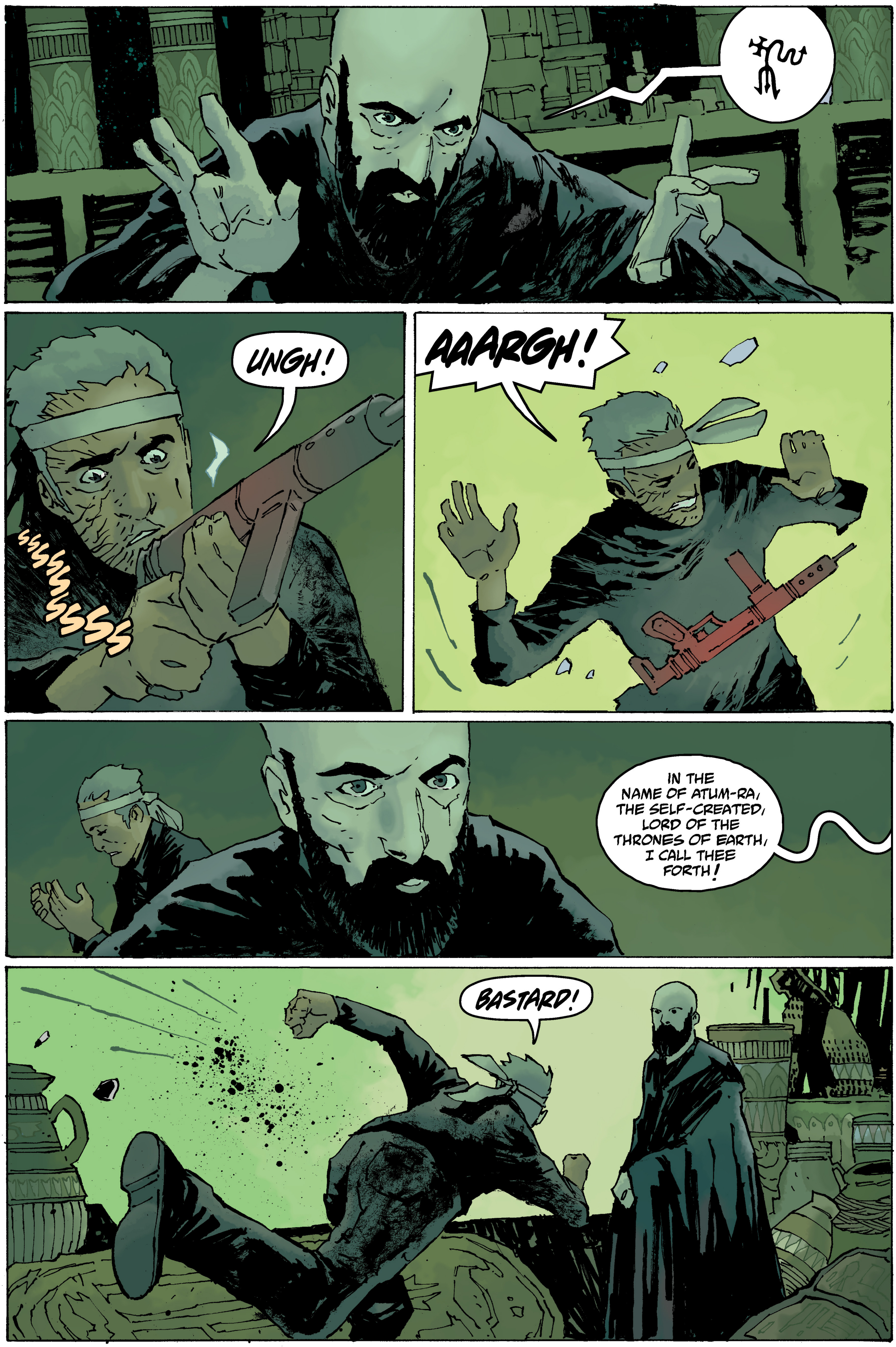

...AND IN THE NAME OF ATUM-RA, THE SELF-CREATED...
...WE BESEECH THEE TO TURN BACK FROM THE DARKNESS AND SHINE THY LIGHT UPON US...
FSSSSSS
...AND FROM THE DARKNESS BRING FORTH ALL HIDDEN THINGS...

INTERLOPER!
YOU'RE THE MASTER? BUT IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD.
DEATH IS BUT AN INCONVENIENCE TO THOSE WHO SERVE THE DRAGON. BUT YOUR DEATH WILL BE--
FOOOM
THE DEVIL...?
INDEED.
!
HA HA HA!

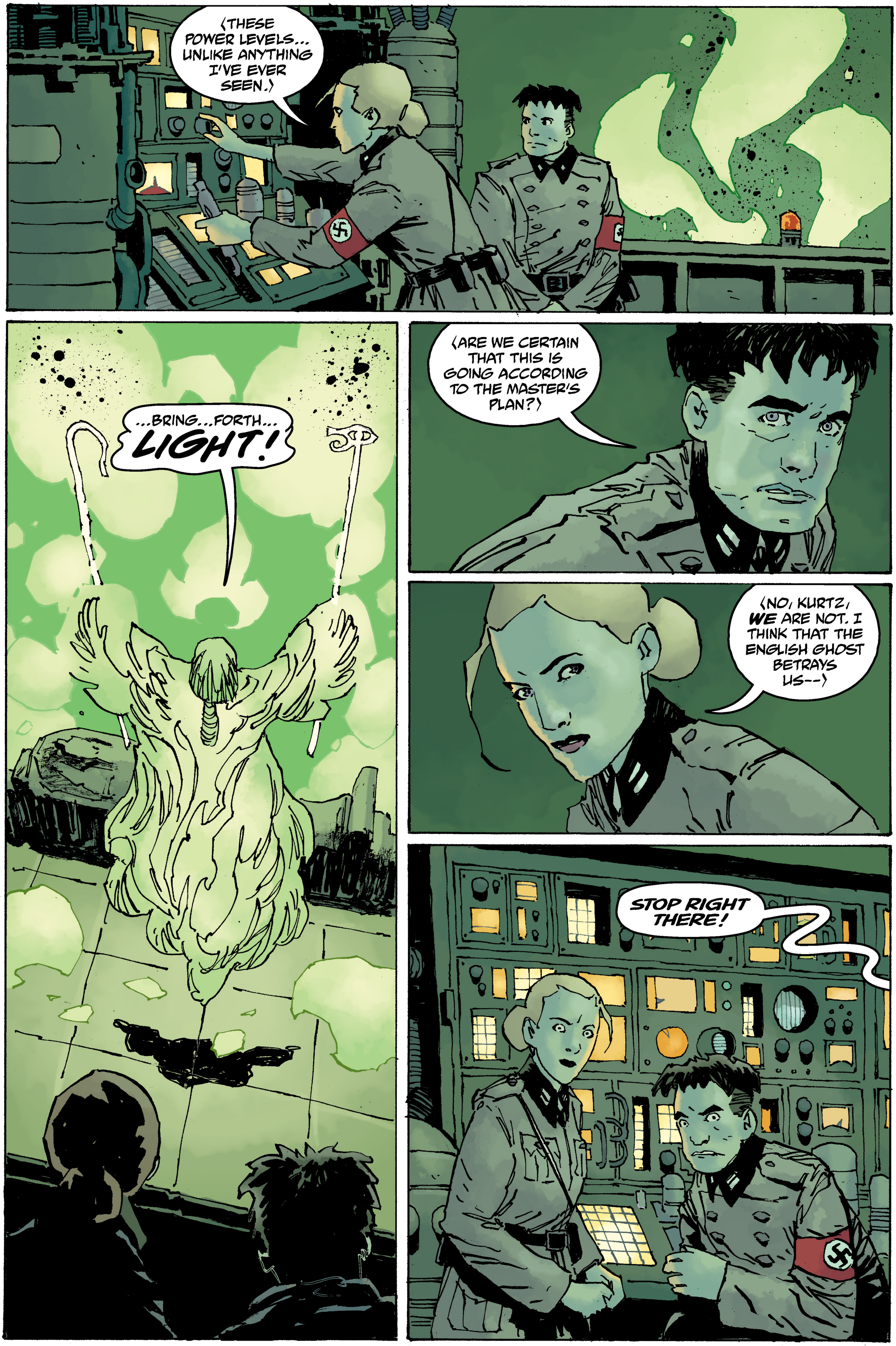
CHAPTER FIVE


SINCE I BEGAN TO INVESTIGATE THE NAZIS' PLOT, I HAD COME ACROSS MENTIONS OF AN ELUSIVE "MASTER."
FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF PROFESSOR TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM
GOOD LORD...
IT APPEARED THAT I HAD FOUND HIM.
...IT'S *WORKING!*
SOON, THE POWER WILL BE *MINE!*
BUT THERE WAS MUCH THAT I DID NOT YET UNDERSTAND.

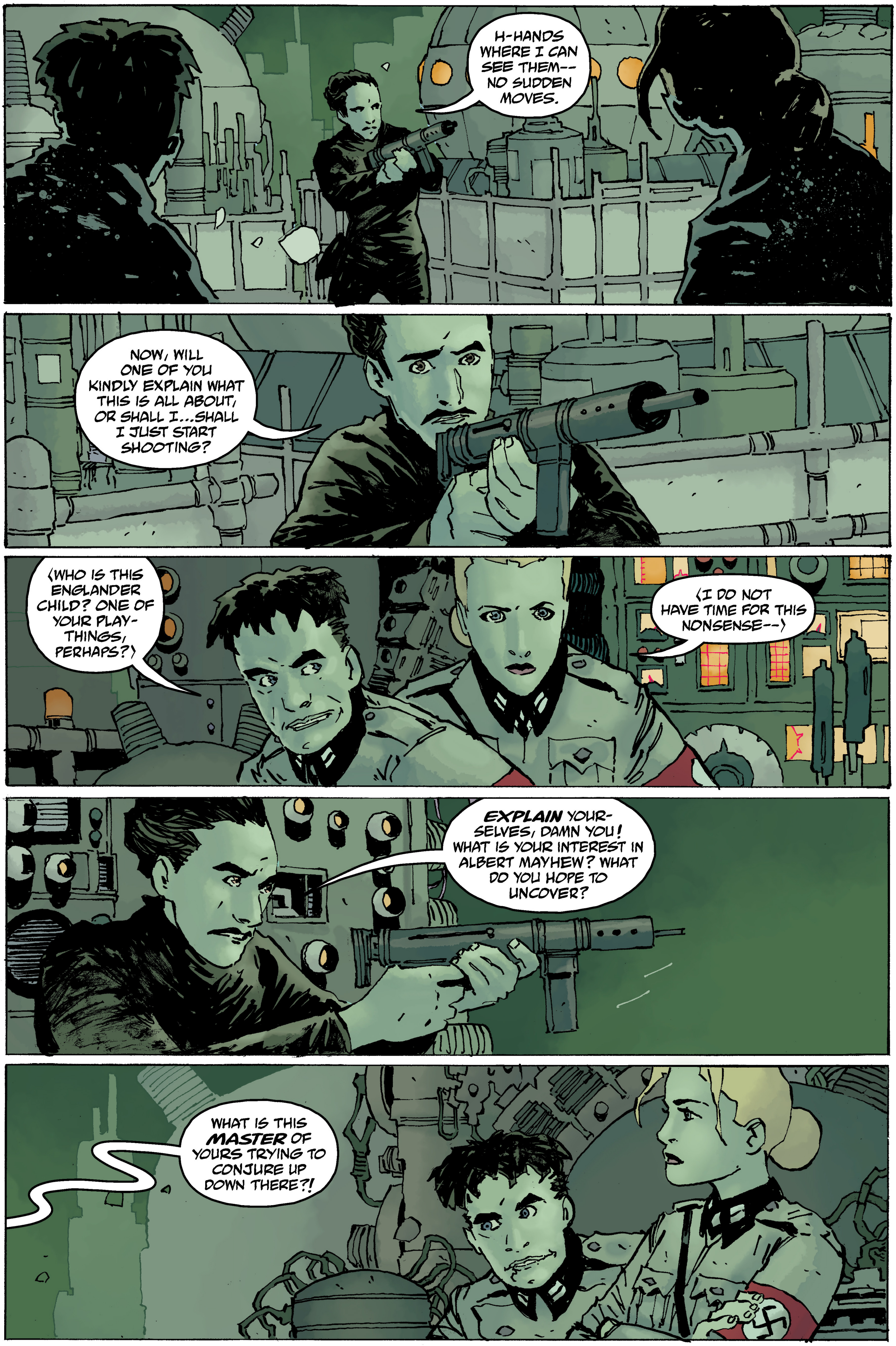

YOU...I'D RECOGNIZE THOSE EYES ANYWHERE.
BUT YOU DIED **YEARS** AGO.
GO AWAY, LITTLE MAN. THERE ARE MATTERS AT WORK HERE BEYOND YOUR COMPREHENSION.
I COMPREHEND QUITE WELL ENOUGH, THANKS. NOW START TALKING, OR I'LL--

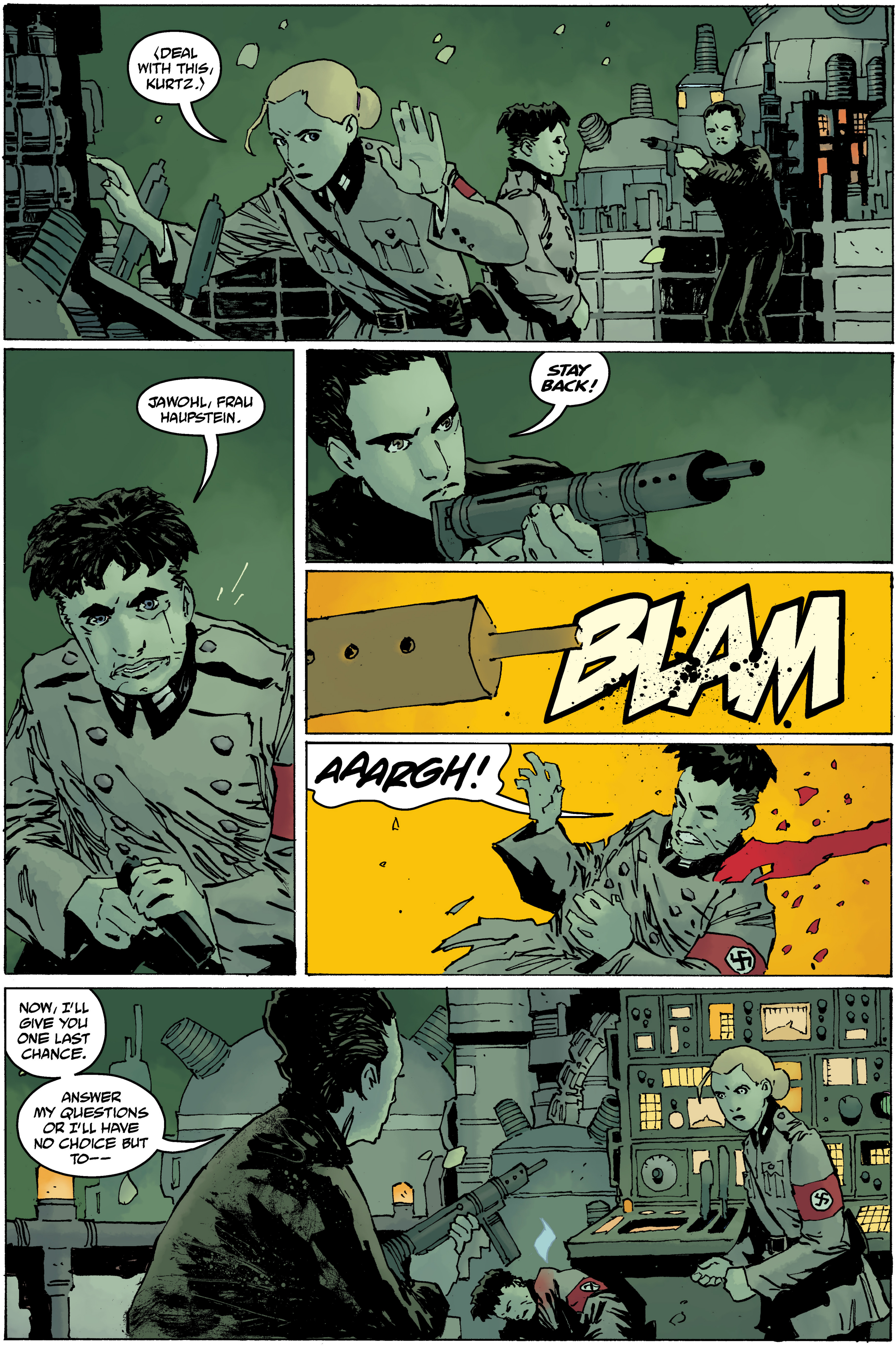

UNGH!
SSSSSSSSSS
AAARGH!
IN THE NAME OF ATUM-RA, THE SELF-CREATED, LORD OF THE THRONES OF EARTH, I CALL THEE FORTH!
BASTARD!

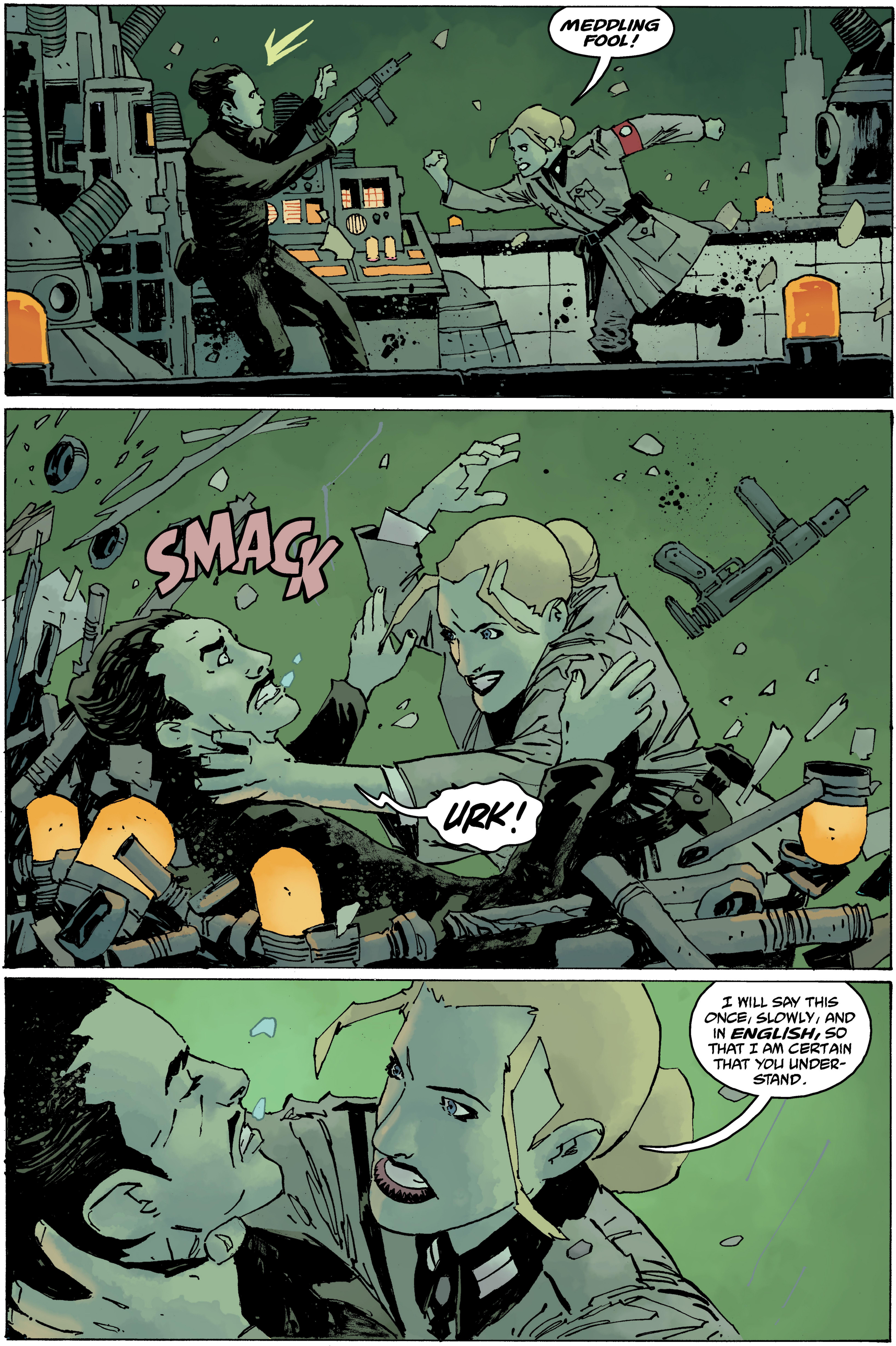
GO AWAY, I SAID.
AH!
KRAK
THUD
MMM.

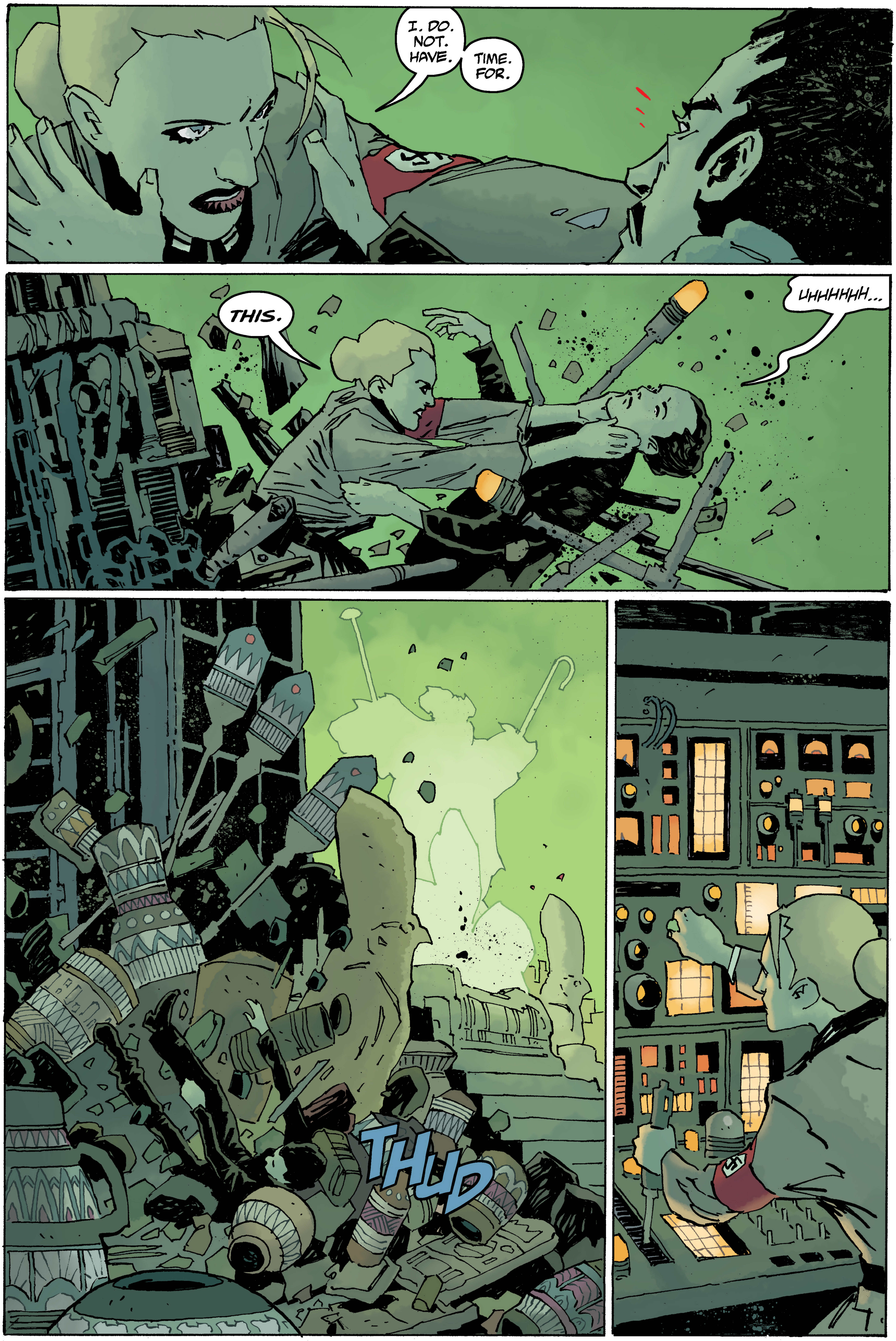

⟨THESE POWER LEVELS... UNLIKE ANYTHING I'VE EVER SEEN.⟩
...BRING...FORTH... LIGHT!
⟨ARE WE CERTAIN THAT THIS IS GOING ACCORDING TO THE MASTER'S PLAN?⟩
⟨NO, KURTZ, WE ARE NOT. I THINK THAT THE ENGLISH GHOST BETRAYS US--⟩
STOP RIGHT THERE!

⟨TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN⟩

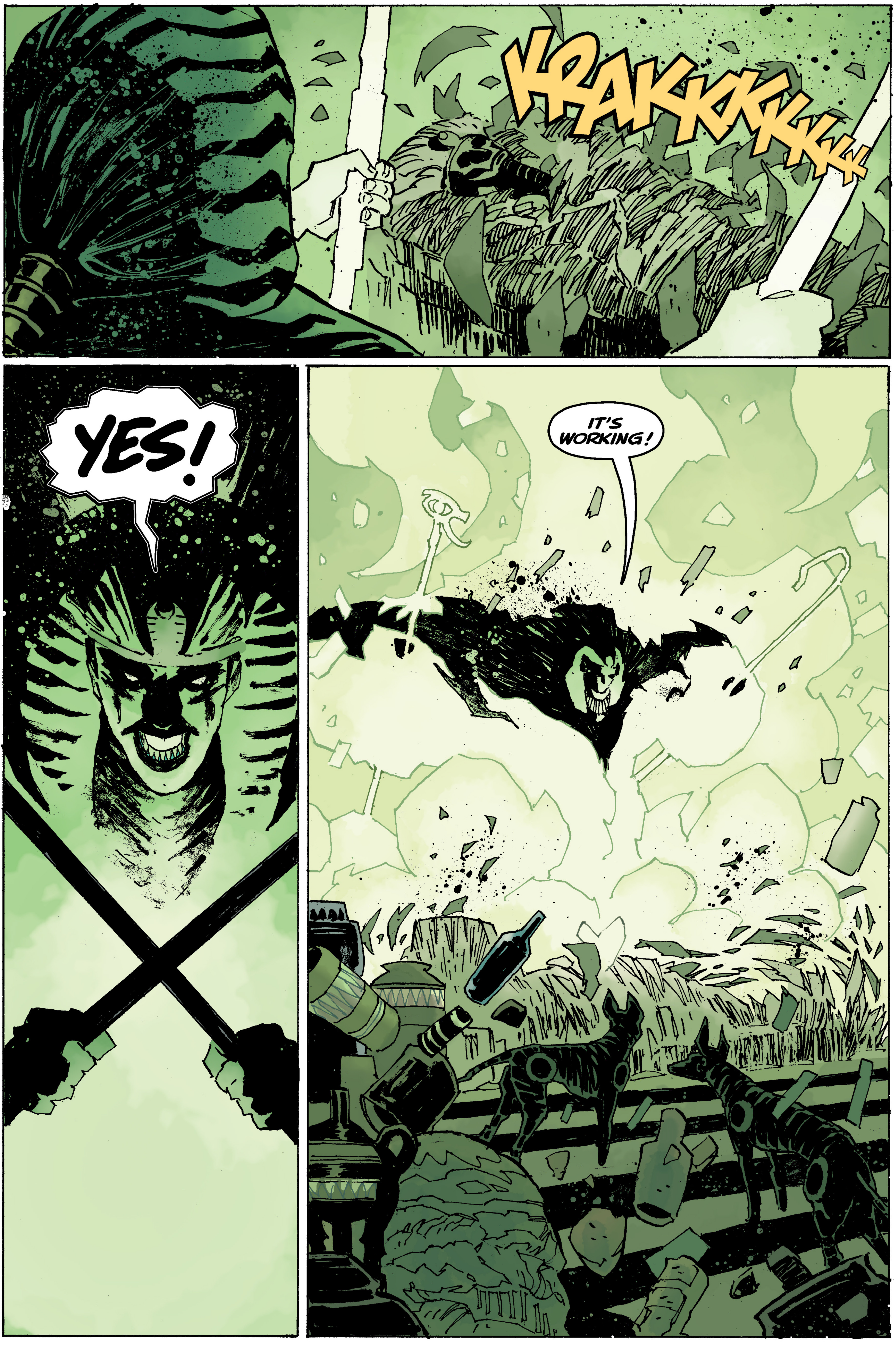

H-HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM-- NO SUDDEN MOVES.
NOW, WILL ONE OF YOU KINDLY EXPLAIN WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, OR SHALL I...SHALL I JUST START SHOOTING?
‹WHO IS THIS ENGLANDER CHILD? ONE OF YOUR PLAYTHINGS, PERHAPS?›
‹I DO NOT HAVE TIME FOR THIS NONSENSE--›
EXPLAIN YOURSELVES, DAMN YOU! WHAT IS YOUR INTEREST IN ALBERT MAYHEW? WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO UNCOVER?
WHAT IS THIS **MASTER** OF YOURS TRYING TO CONJURE UP DOWN THERE?!


‹DEAL WITH THIS, KURTZ.›
JAWOHL, FRAU HAUPSTEIN.
STAY BACK!
BLAM
AAARGH!
NOW, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE.
ANSWER MY QUESTIONS OR I'LL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO--


MEDDLING FOOL!
SMACK
URK!
I WILL SAY THIS ONCE, SLOWLY, AND IN ENGLISH, SO THAT I AM CERTAIN THAT YOU UNDERSTAND.

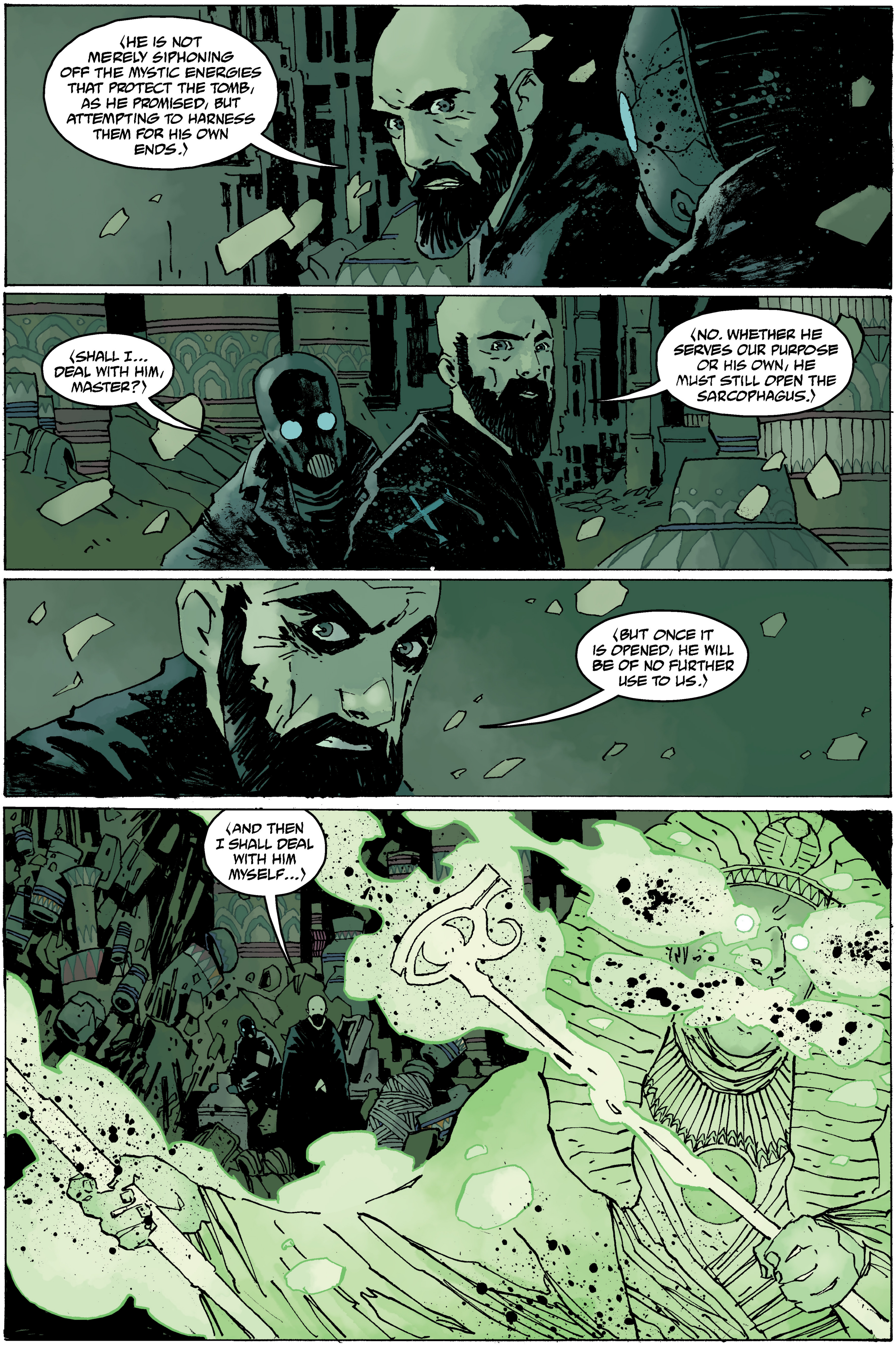

I. DO. NOT. HAVE.
TIME. FOR.
THIS.
UHHHHHH...
THUD

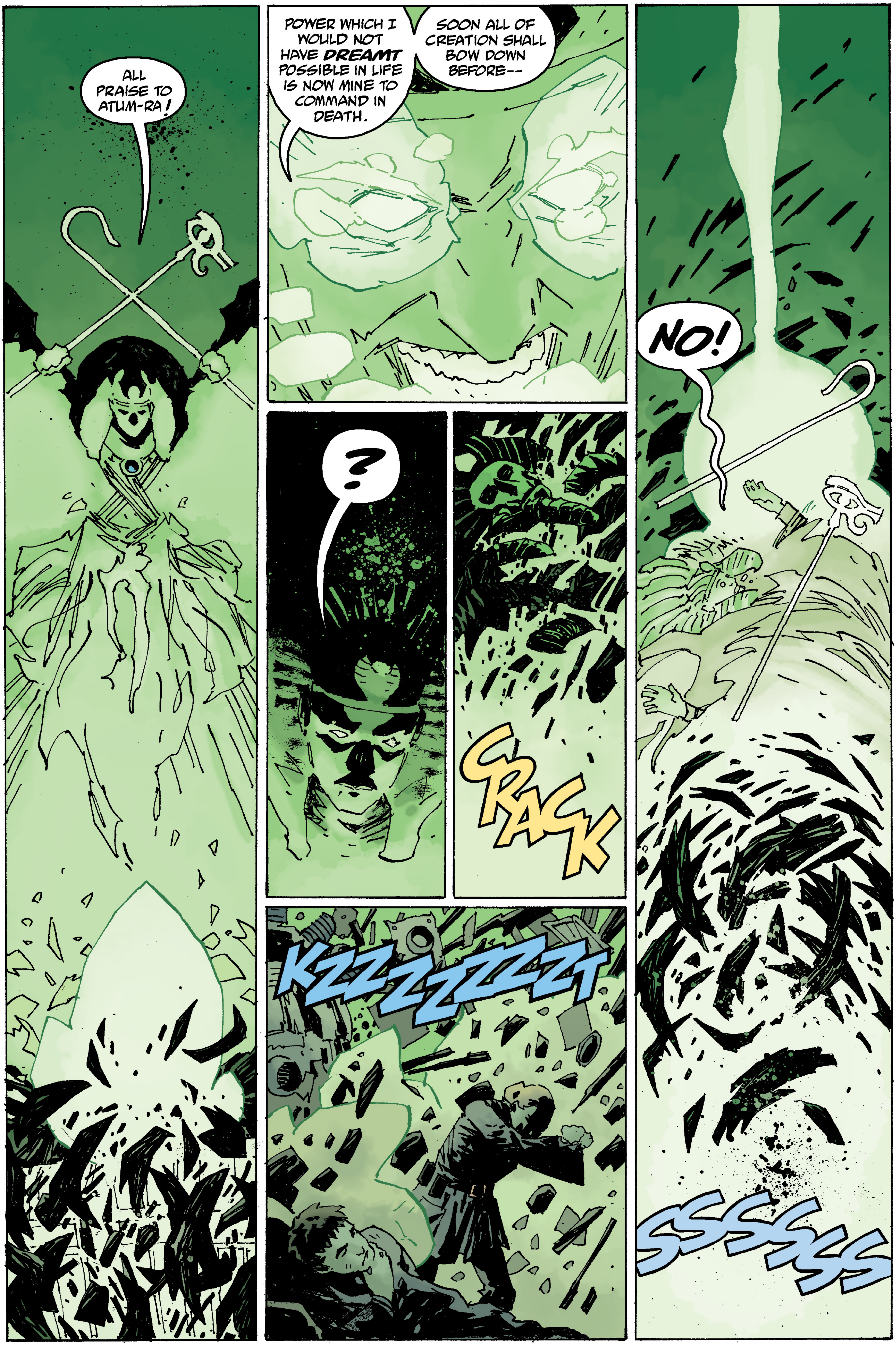
...AND IN THE NAME OF ATUM-RA, ANCIENT OF HEAVEN, LORD OF TRUTH AND OPENER OF EVERY EYE, MAKE READY THE WAY!
MEIN GOTT...

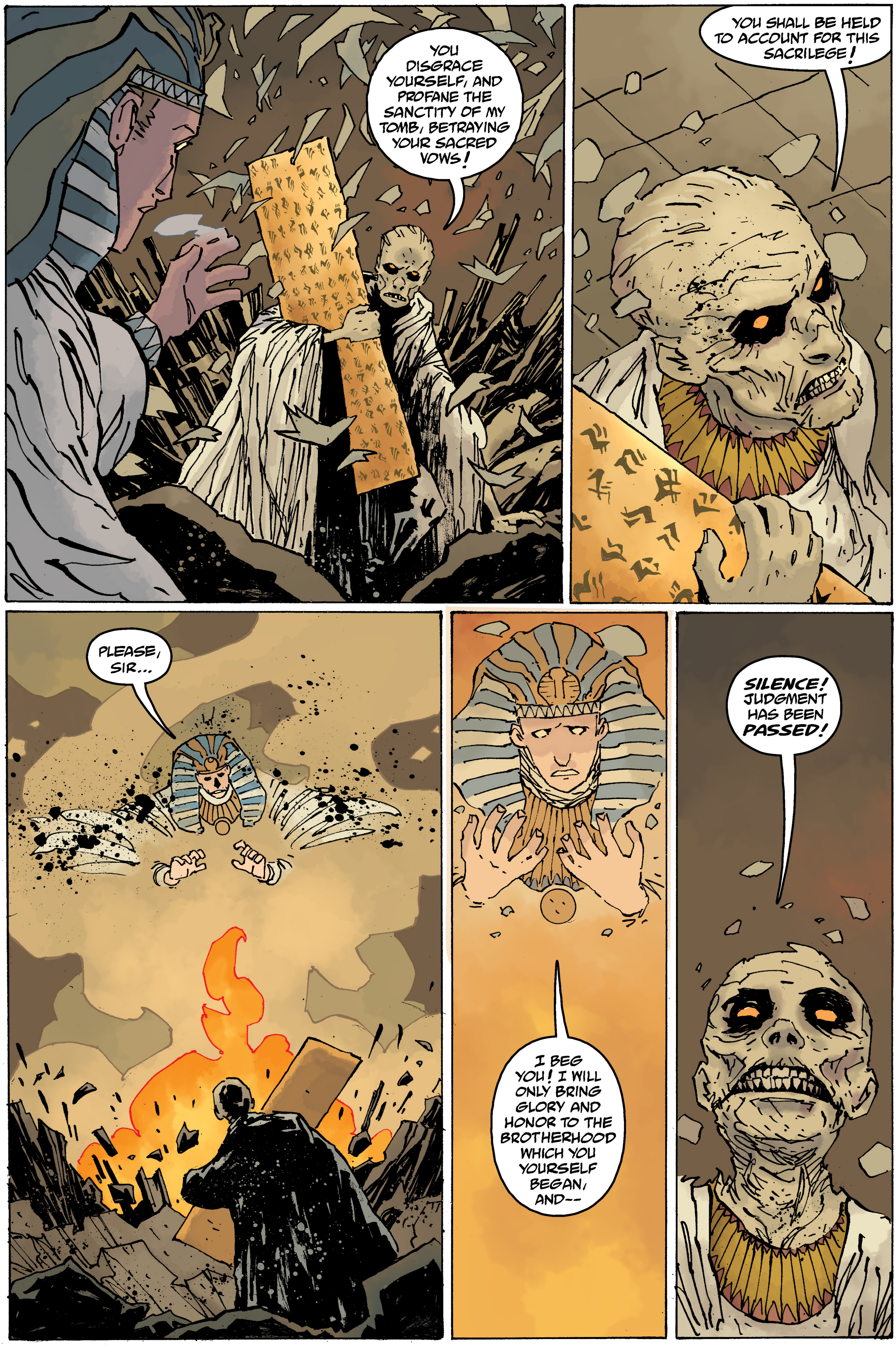

KRAKKKKKKK
YES!
IT'S WORKING!

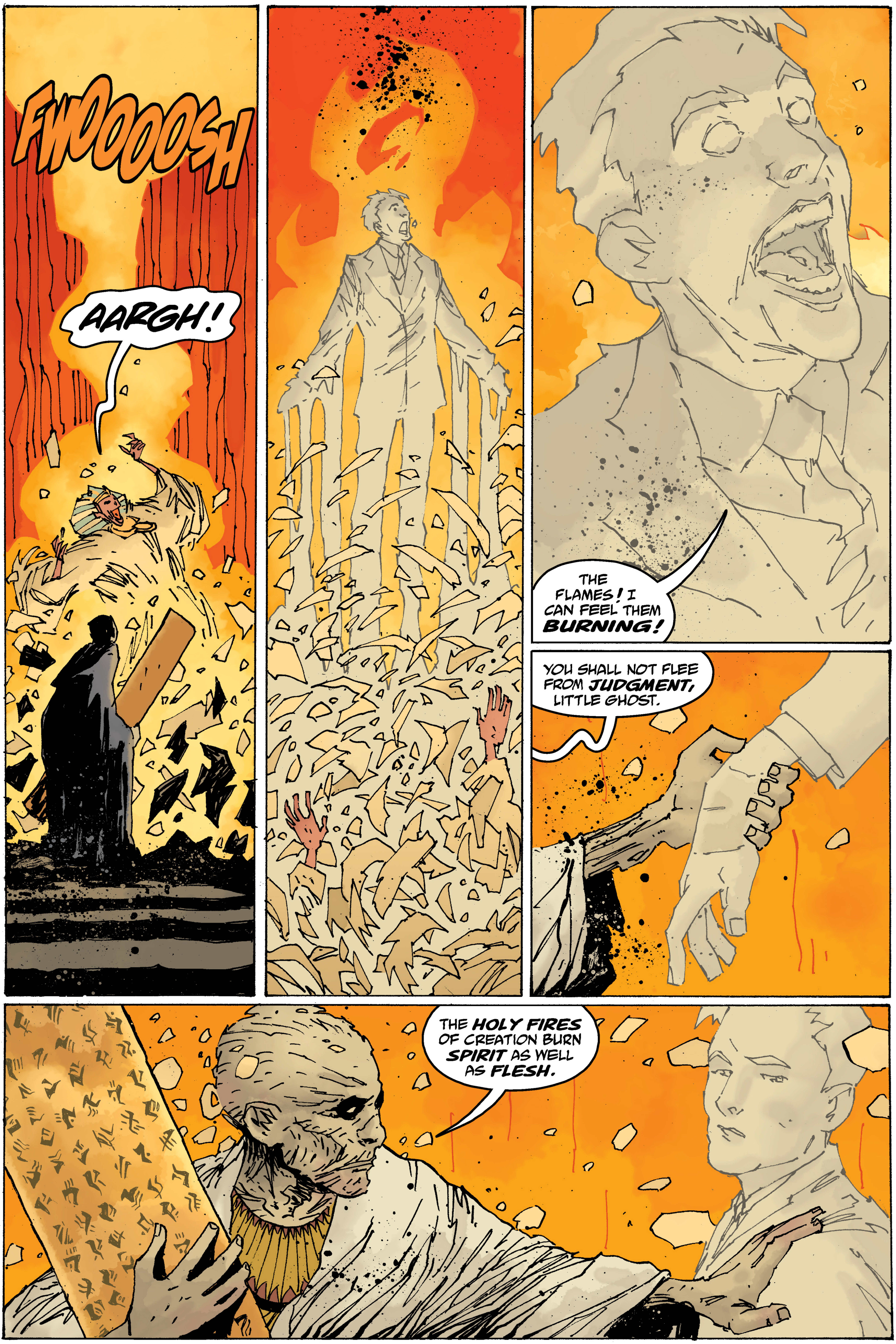
KRRRRRRRZK
AIIIE!!
UUUHH...
THUD
THUD
YES!
I CAN FEEL IT ALL! JUST A LITTLE MORE!

〈LITTLE FOOL...〉
〈APOLOGIES FOR THE NGH DELAY, MASTER. I ENCOUNTERED... DIFFICULTIES.〉
〈BUT I SEE...THAT THEY HAVE BEEN DEALT WITH.〉
〈DOES EVERYTHING PROCEED ACCORDING TO PLAN?〉
〈NO. THE LITTLE GHOST THINKS TO BETRAY US.〉


⟨HE IS NOT MERELY SIPHONING OFF THE MYSTIC ENERGIES THAT PROTECT THE TOMB, AS HE PROMISED, BUT ATTEMPTING TO HARNESS THEM FOR HIS OWN ENDS.⟩
⟨SHALL I... DEAL WITH HIM, MASTER?⟩
⟨NO. WHETHER HE SERVES OUR PURPOSE OR HIS OWN, HE MUST STILL OPEN THE SARCOPHAGUS.⟩
⟨BUT ONCE IT IS OPENED, HE WILL BE OF NO FURTHER USE TO US.⟩
⟨AND THEN I SHALL DEAL WITH HIM MYSELF...⟩


ALL PRAISE TO ATUM-RA!
POWER WHICH I WOULD NOT HAVE **DREAMT** POSSIBLE IN LIFE IS NOW MINE TO COMMAND IN DEATH.
SOON ALL OF CREATION SHALL BOW DOWN BEFORE--
NO!
?
CRACK
KZZZZZZT
SSSSSS

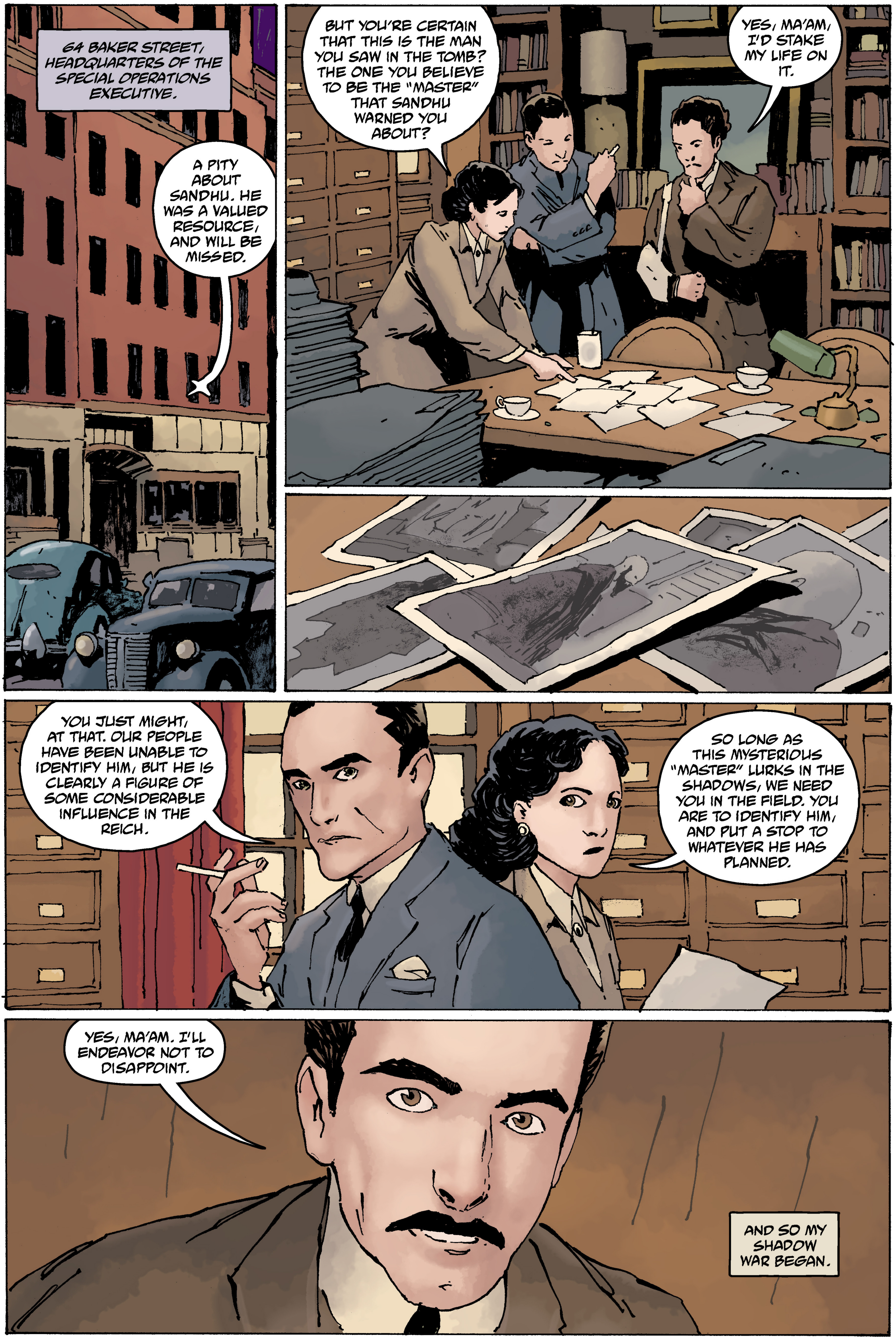

YOU DISGRACE YOURSELF, AND PROFANE THE SANCTITY OF MY TOMB, BETRAYING YOUR SACRED VOWS!
YOU SHALL BE HELD TO ACCOUNT FOR THIS SACRILEGE!
PLEASE, SIR...
I BEG YOU! I WILL ONLY BRING GLORY AND HONOR TO THE BROTHERHOOD WHICH YOU YOURSELF BEGAN, AND--
SILENCE! JUDGMENT HAS BEEN **PASSED!**


FWOOOOSH
AARGH!
THE FLAMES! I CAN FEEL THEM BURNING!
YOU SHALL NOT FLEE FROM JUDGMENT, LITTLE GHOST.
THE HOLY FIRES OF CREATION BURN SPIRIT AS WELL AS FLESH.

AIIIE!
FUT
CLATTER
⟨AT LAST.⟩

⟨THE PAIN...⟩
⟨STOP BLUBBERING, KURTZ.⟩
⟨AH, ILSA. WE WERE JUST LEAVING. I TRUST TRANSPORTATION HAS BEEN ARRANGED?⟩
⟨OF COURSE, MASTER. AND THE ENGLISHMEN?⟩
⟨NO LONGER ANY OF OUR CONCERN. WE HAVE WHAT WE CAME FOR.⟩
⟨MAYHEW WAS OF NO FURTHER USE TO US, AND HIS FAILURE SAVED ME THE TROUBLE OF DISPOSING OF HIM MYSELF.⟩

UNGH.
?
OH, NO!
SANDHU, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
STOP...HIM... THEIR MASTER... LIVES...HE--

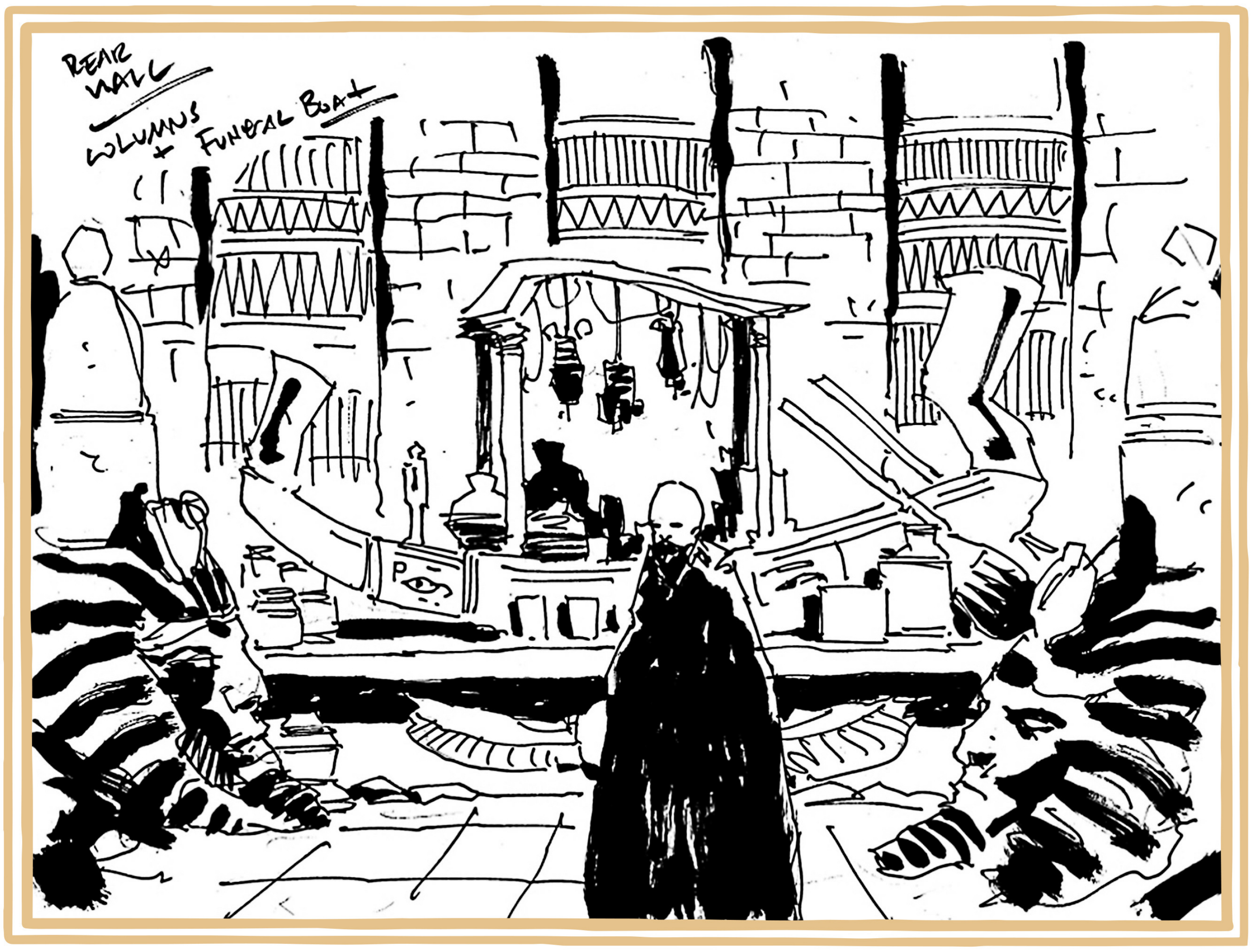

64 BAKER STREET, HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPECIAL OPERATIONS EXECUTIVE.
A PITY ABOUT SANDHU. HE WAS A VALUED RESOURCE, AND WILL BE MISSED.
BUT YOU'RE CERTAIN THAT THIS IS THE MAN YOU SAW IN THE TOMB? THE ONE YOU BELIEVE TO BE THE "MASTER" THAT SANDHU WARNED YOU ABOUT?
YES, MA'AM, I'D STAKE MY LIFE ON IT.
YOU JUST MIGHT, AT THAT. OUR PEOPLE HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO IDENTIFY HIM, BUT HE IS CLEARLY A FIGURE OF SOME CONSIDERABLE INFLUENCE IN THE REICH.
SO LONG AS THIS MYSTERIOUS "MASTER" LURKS IN THE SHADOWS, WE NEED YOU IN THE FIELD. YOU ARE TO IDENTIFY HIM, AND PUT A STOP TO WHATEVER HE HAS PLANNED.
YES, MA'AM. I'LL ENDEAVOR NOT TO DISAPPOINT.
AND SO MY SHADOW WAR BEGAN.

‹KROENEN AND I REQUIRE HIS INPUT ON OUR PLANS AND--›
‹HE IS NOT TO BE DISTURBED WHILE HE CARRIES OUT HIS RESEARCH.›
‹WHEN THE MASTER HAS NEED OF US, HE WILL LET US KNOW.›
‹I WAS RIGHT. THE ANCIENTS, TOO, HEARD IT.›
‹THE VOICE OF THE DRAGON.›
OGDRU JAHAD.

THE END

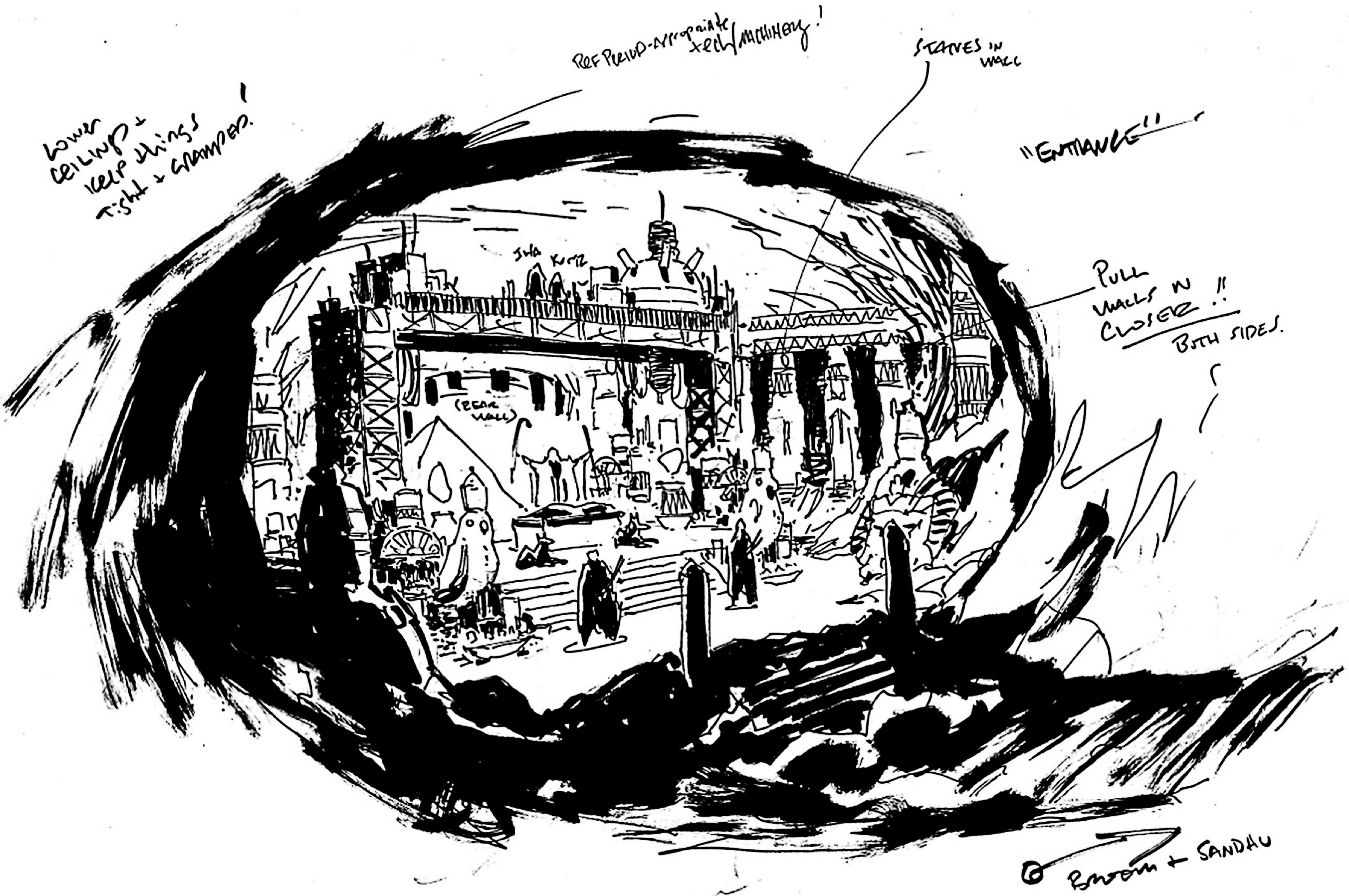
RASPUTIN™

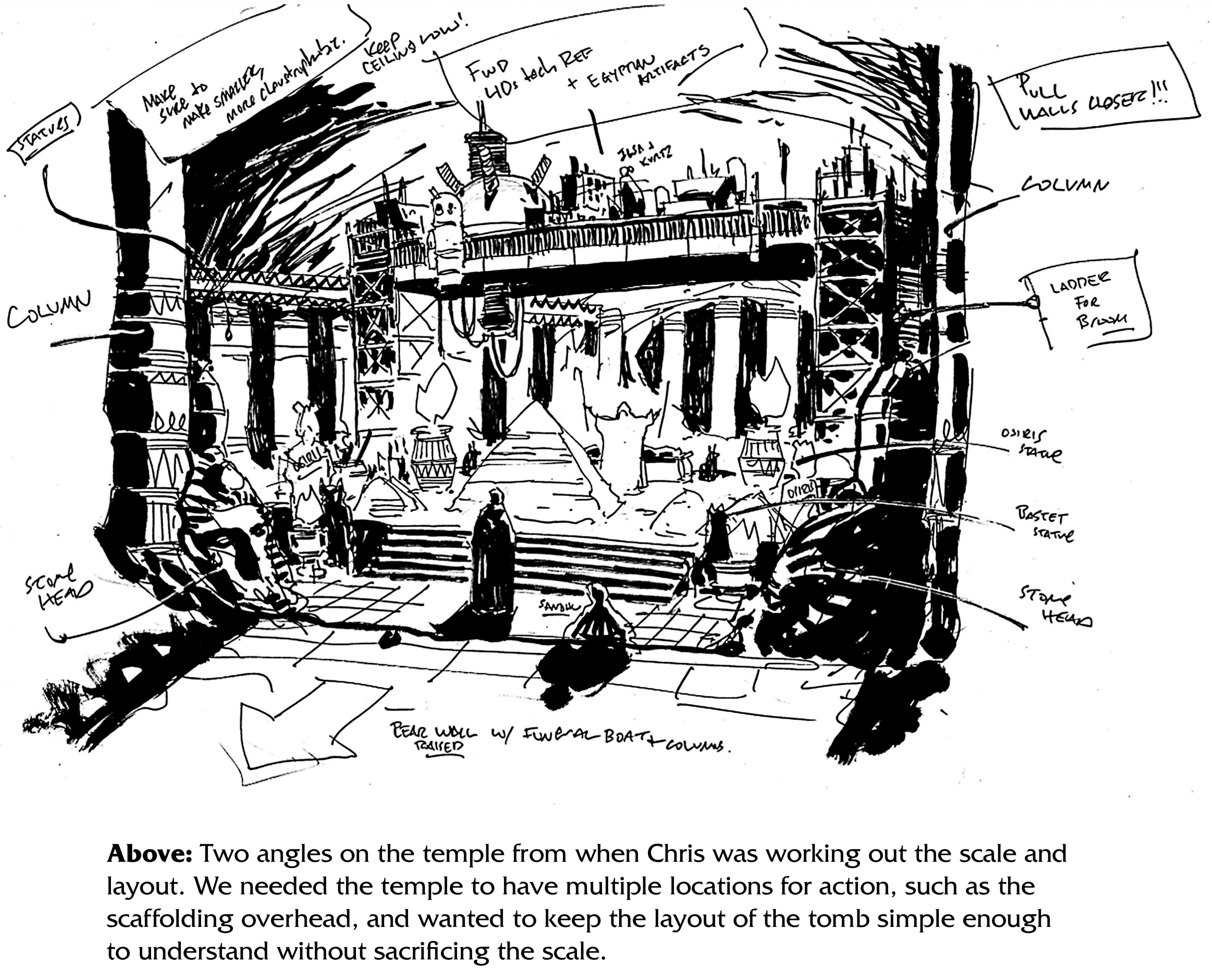
THE VOICE OF THE DRAGON


REAR WALL
COLUMNS + FUNERAL BOAT

SKETCHBOOK

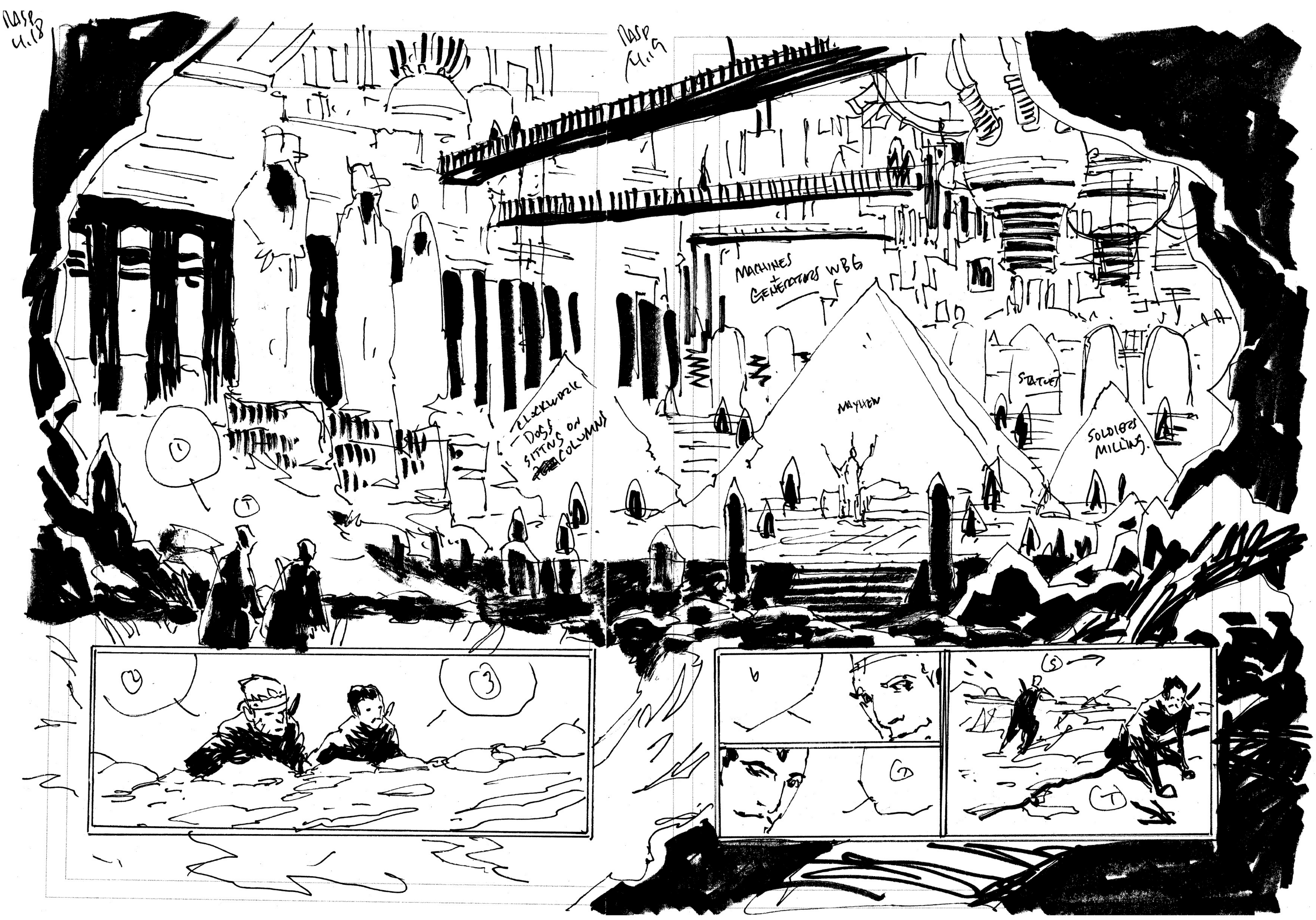
Notes by Katii O'Brien

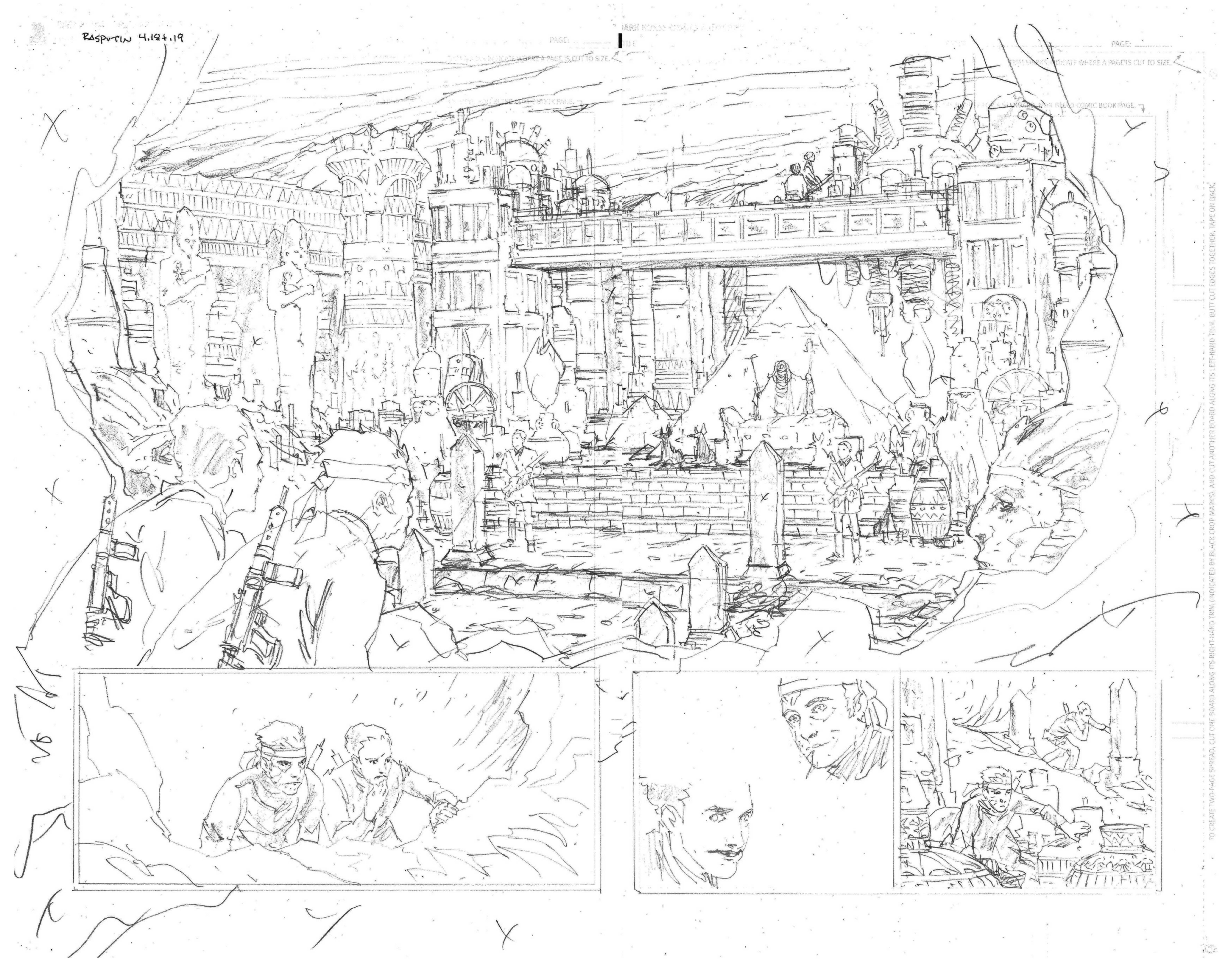

Lower ceiling + keep things tight + cramped.
Ref period-appropriate tech/machinery!
Statues in wall
"Entrance"
Ilsa Kurtz
(Rear wall)
Pull walls in closer!! Both sides.
Broom + Sandau

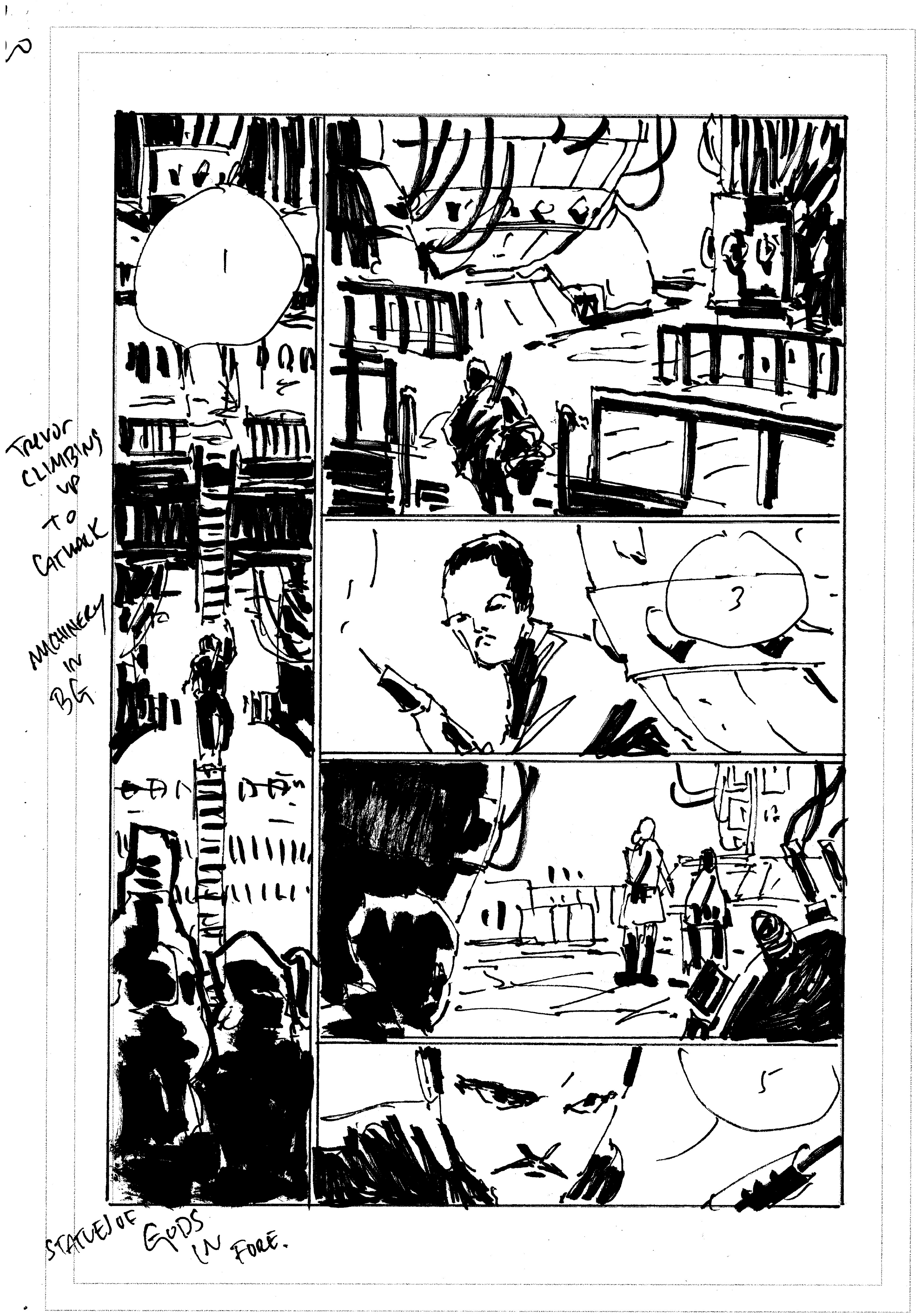

Statues
Make sure to make smaller, more claustrophobic.
Keep ceiling low!
FWD 40s tech ref + Egyptian artifacts
Ilsa + Kurtz
Pull walls closer!!!
Column
Column
Ladder for Broom
Osiris statue
Bastet statue
Stone head
Stone head
Sandau
Rear wall w/ funeral boat + columns.
raised

Above: Two angles on the temple from when Chris was working out the scale and layout. We needed the temple to have multiple locations for action, such as the scaffolding overhead, and wanted to keep the layout of the tomb simple enough to understand without sacrificing the scale.

Facing: Layouts (top) and pencils (bottom) for the double-page spread reveal of the tomb in #4 (pages 96-97 of this volume).


Rasp 4.18
Rasp 4.19
Machines + Generators WBG
Clockwork Dogs sitting on columns
Mayhem
Statues
Soldiers milling.
1
2
3
4
5
6
7


RASPUTIN 4.18+.19
PAGE:
TRIM MARKS INDICATE WHERE A PAGE IS CUT TO SIZE.
PAGE:
TRIM MARKS INDICATE WHERE A PAGE IS CUT TO SIZE.
STANDARD NON BLEED COMIC BOOK PAGE.

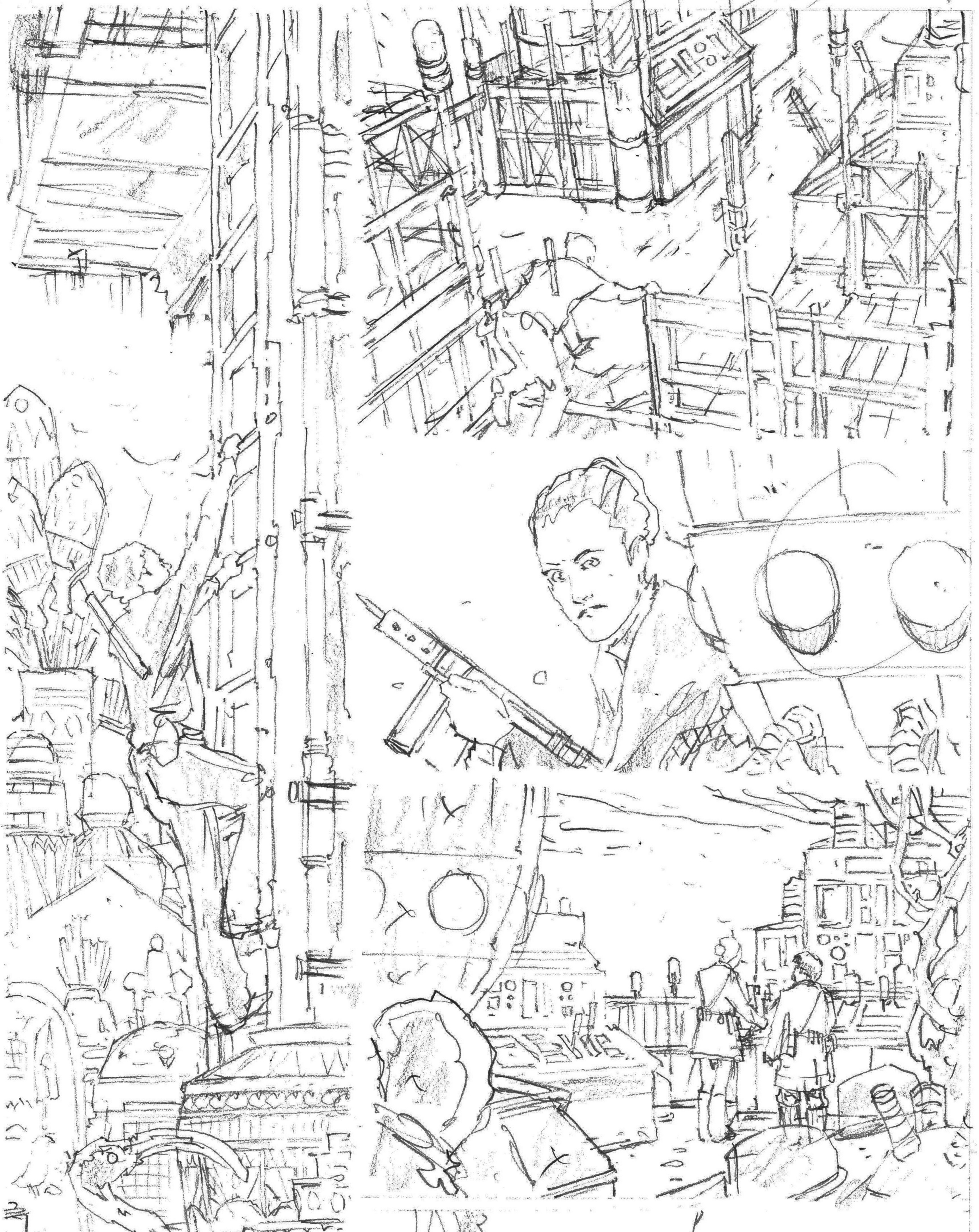


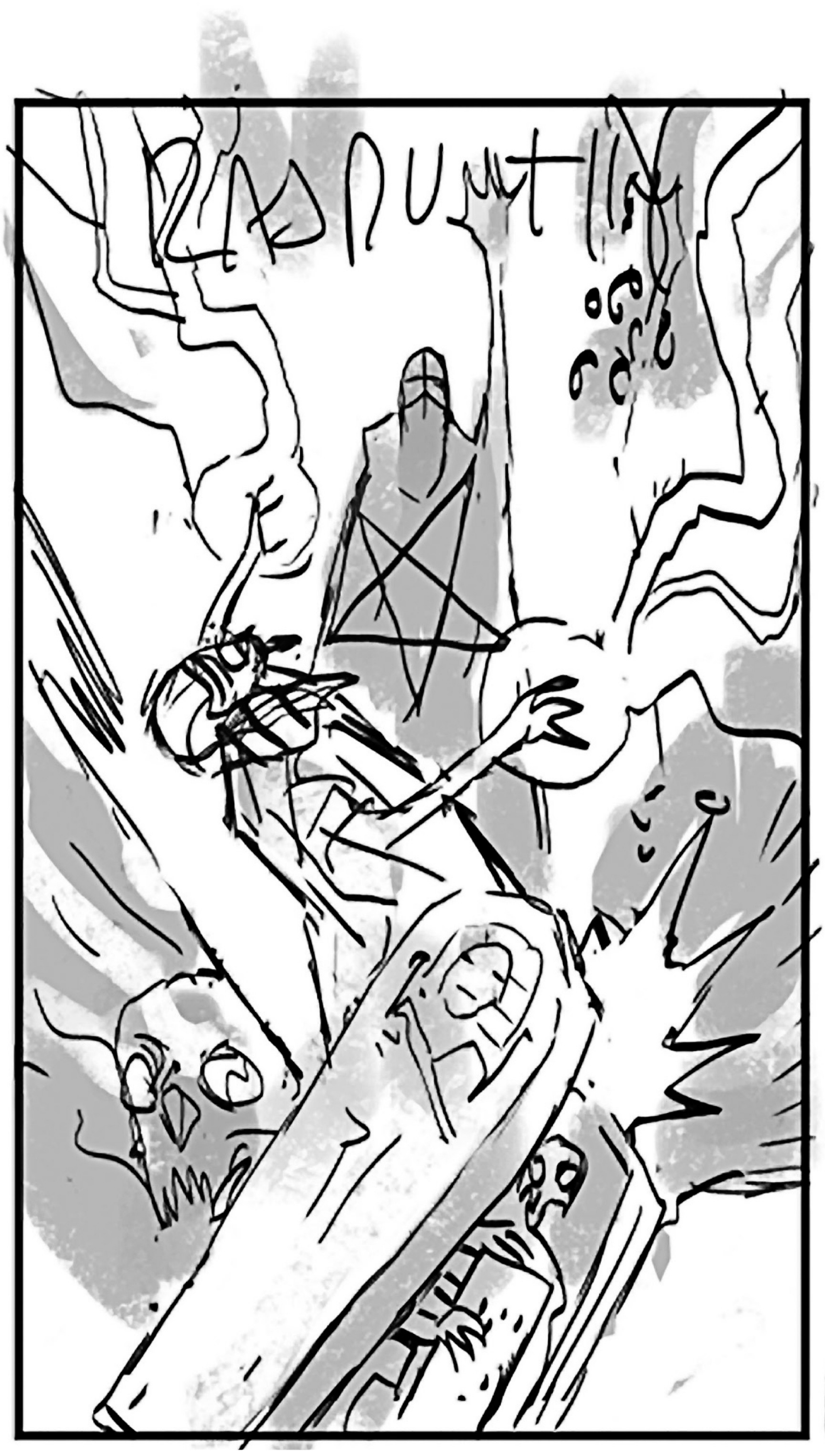
10
1
TREVOR CLIMBING UP TO CATWALK
MACHINERY IN BG
STATUE OF GODS IN FORE.
3
5

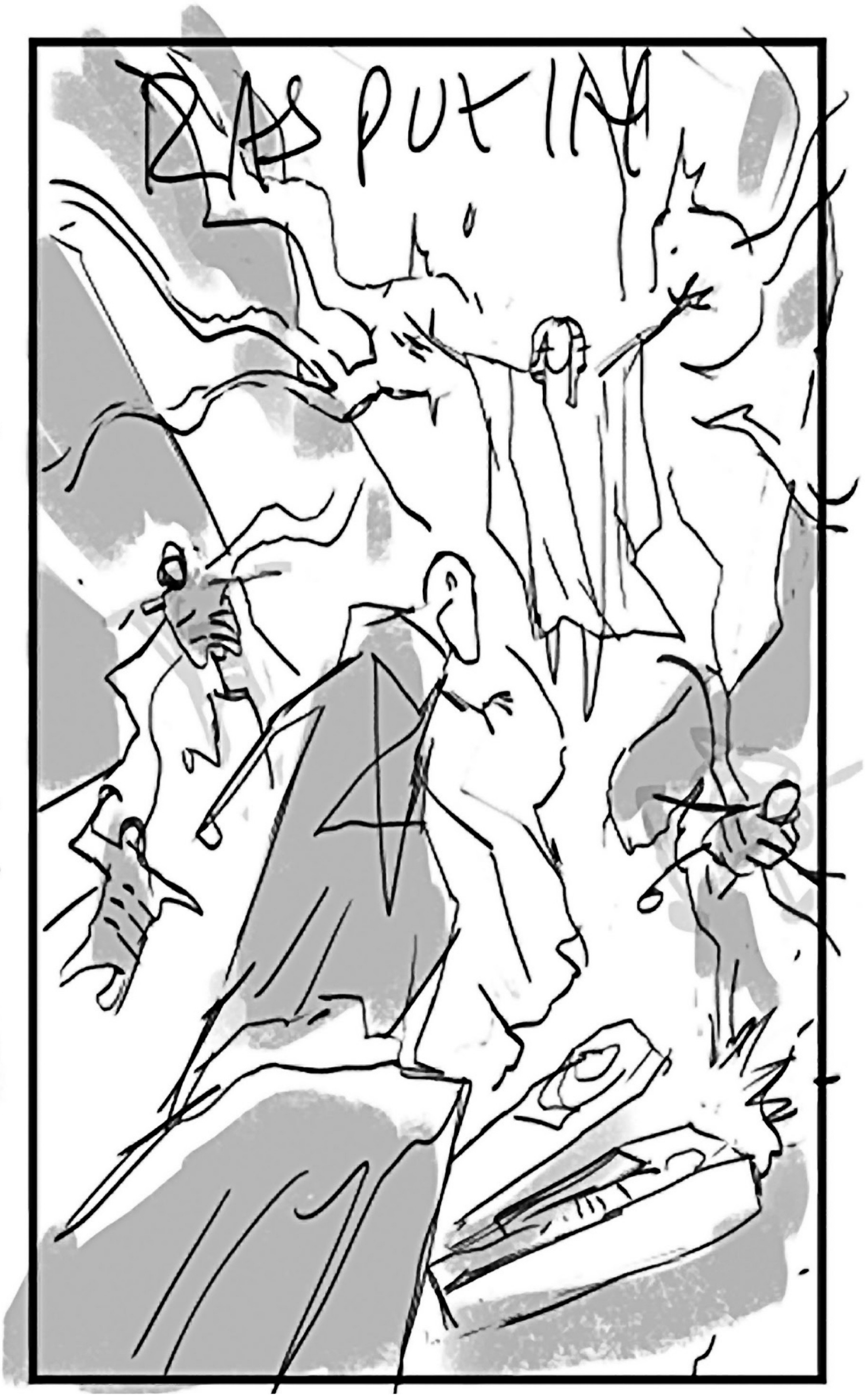
Above: Chris's initial layout of Bruttenholm and Sandhu infiltrating the Nazis' secret ritual with Rasputin. Changes made in the pencil stage (**facing**) allowed us to see more of the space by altering the angles.

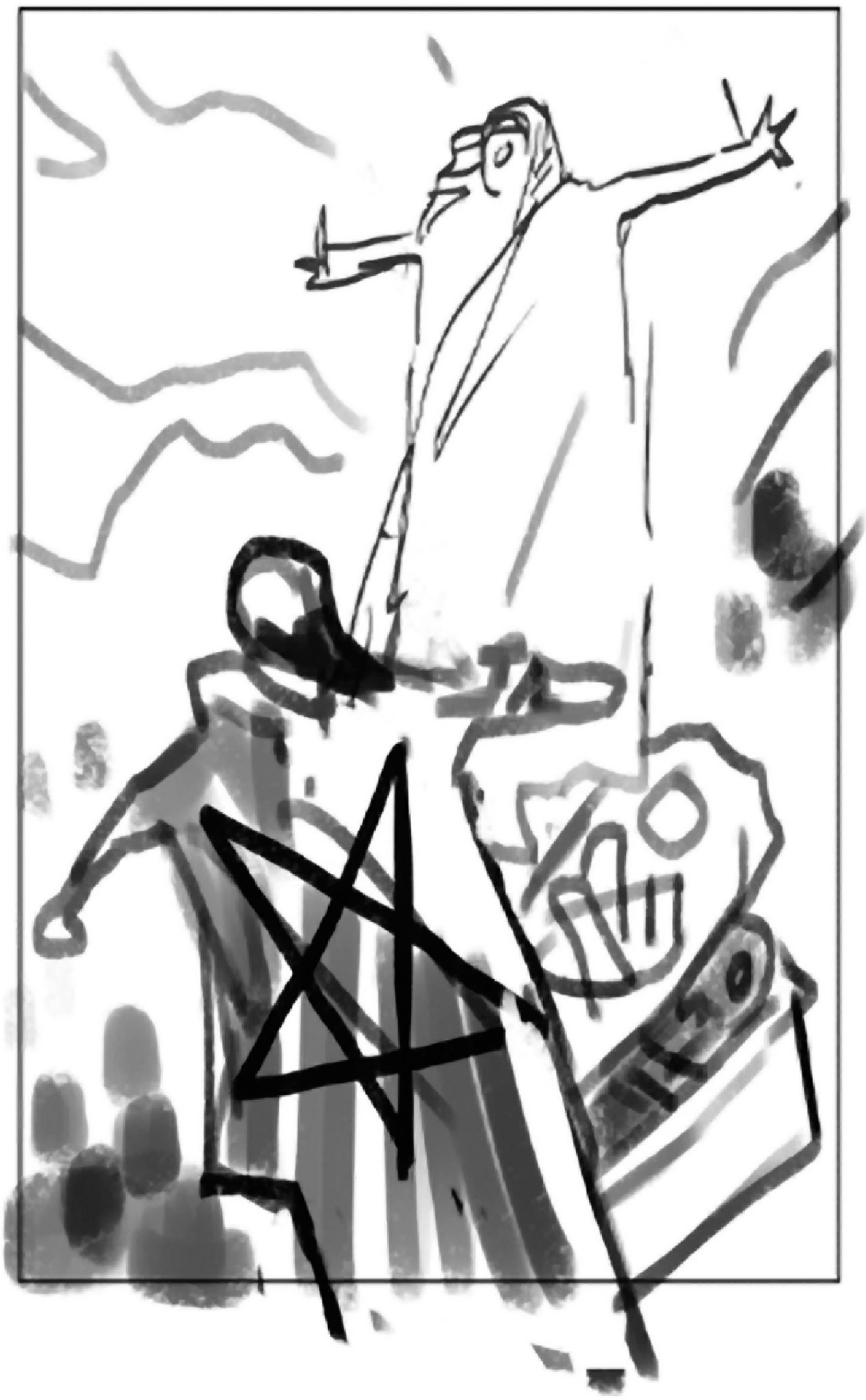
TRIM MARKS INDICATE WHERE A PAGE IS CUT TO SIZE.

THIS IS THE BORDER FOR A STANDARD, NON-BLEED COMIC BOOK PAGE.









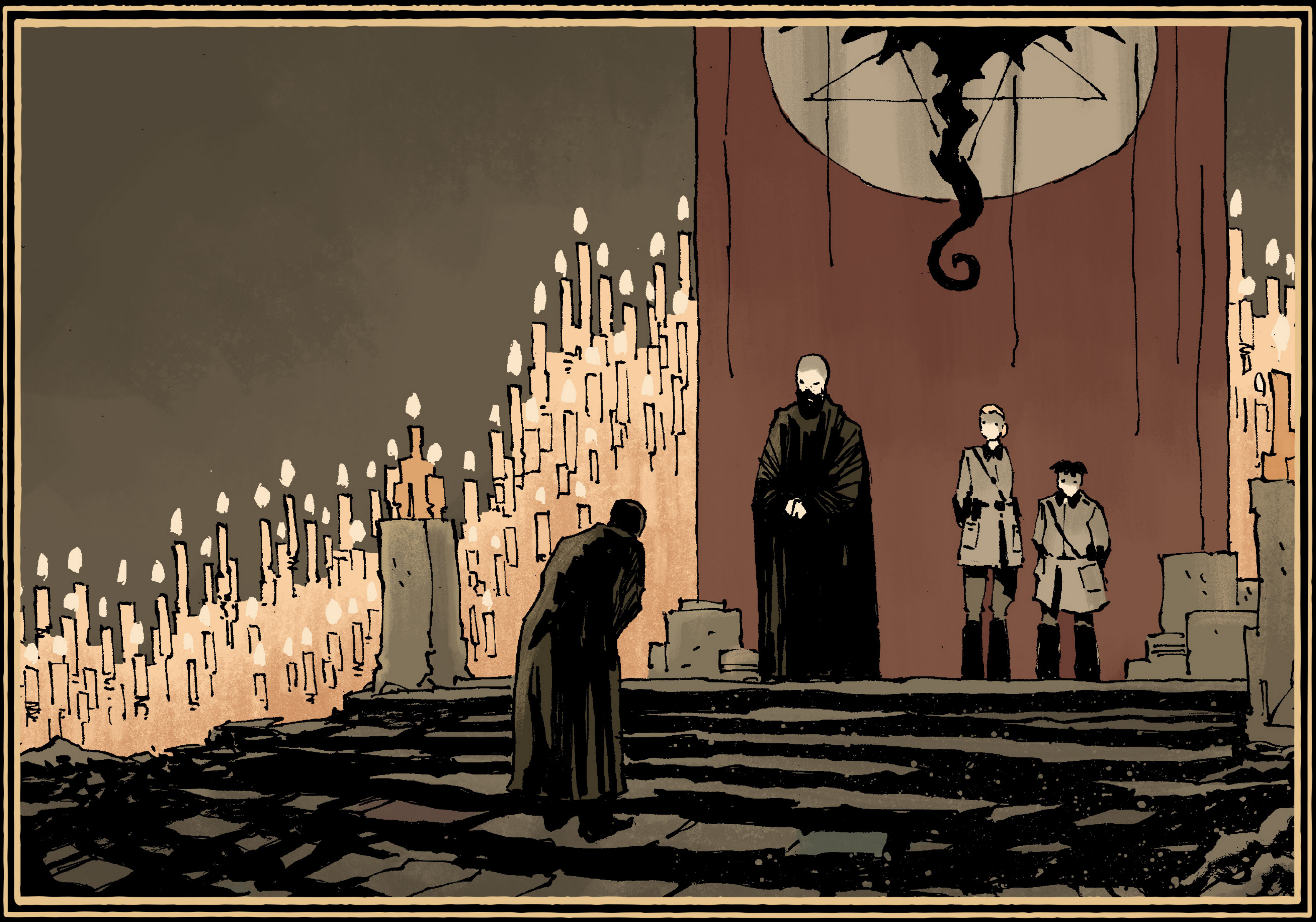
Some of Mike Huddleston's early concepts for the #5 cover.

Following pages: A portrait-style variant cover was done by a guest artist for each issue of the series. Mignola did the first variant, which is on page 2 of this volume. Following are the covers by Greg Manchess for #2, Francesco Francavilla for #3, Vanesa Del Rey for #4, and Michael Kaluta for #5.

DARK HORSE COMICS PRODUCTION
FROM THE PAGES OF HELLBOY
RASPUTIN
THE VOICE OF THE DRAGON
part 3 of 5
with
MIGNOLA
ROBERSON
MITTEN
STEWART
FRANCAVILLA F.17

MW Kaluta

COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS / HORROR



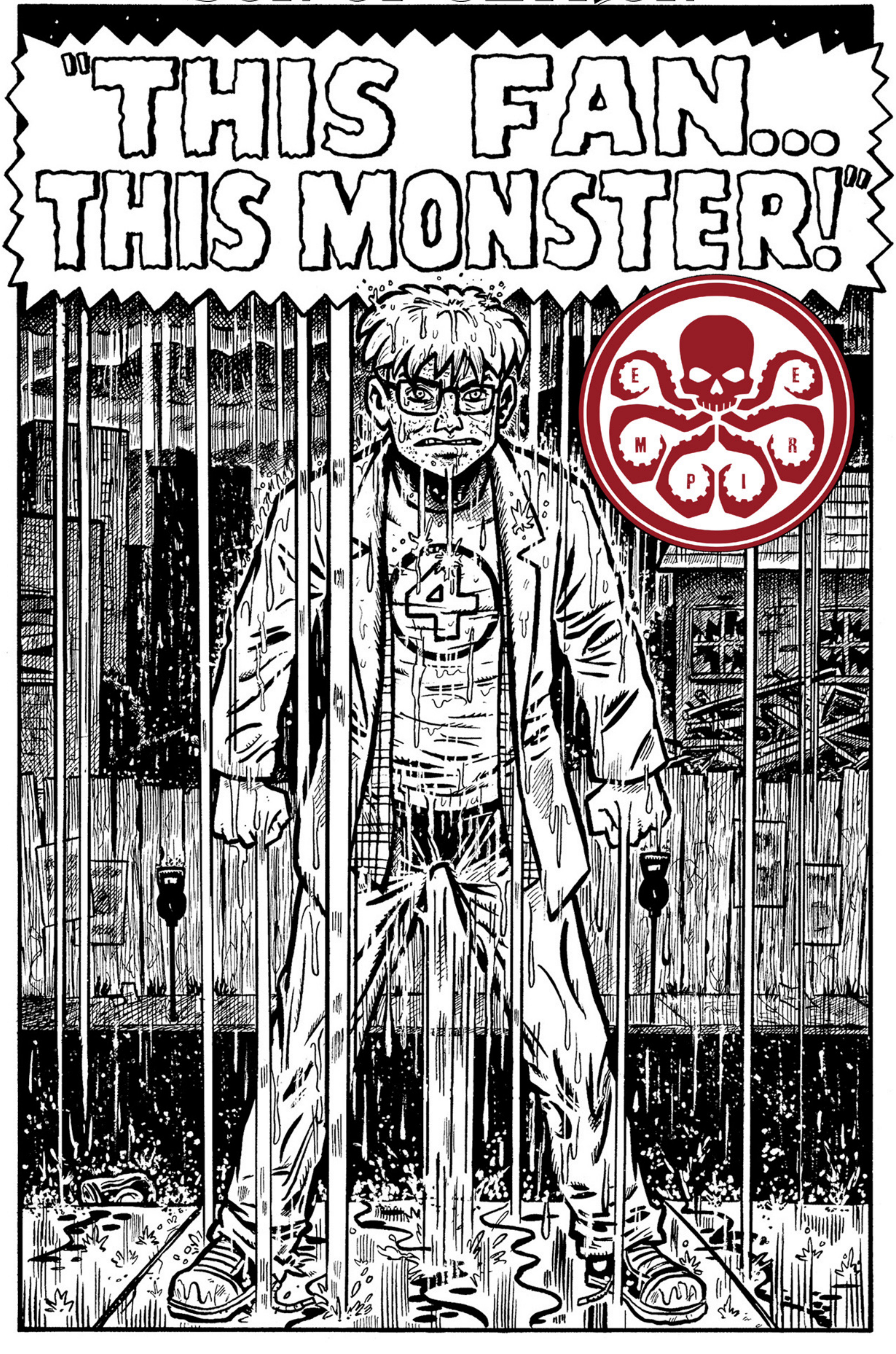
With the world at war, Hellboy's future guardian Trevor Bruttenholm enlists with Britain's Military Intelligence, where he uncovers a collection of strange messages. Believing it to be an occult language, he follows his hunch and is thrown into a world of animated corpses, deadly mystics, and Nazi agents. The treacherous journey leads him face to face with the man who will bring Hellboy to Earth—Rasputin!

* * *

"Long term fans know the fates of the protagonist and antagonist, yet Mignola and Roberson have created a tale that will swallow veteran readers and take them where they've never been before. New readers can start here, before Hellboy ever came to Earth, and enjoy each page of mystery and horror. The artwork masterfully captures the time period, while creating abominations that will thrill. I never thought I would have to say, 'Hooray for Rasputin.'"—SciFiPulse

DARK HORSE BOOKS

SON OF ULTRON


"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"